Saturday Review

MAY 1982 $1.75

# Gore Vidal's Latest Escapade

**nthony Burgess:**
talk with Graham Greene

**aul Theroux:**
S. Pritchett's stories

**heater:**
ommy Tune, Broadway's triple threat

**usic:**
hould Rostropovich conduct?

**rt:**
he meteoric rise of Mary Boone

MAY 17 1982

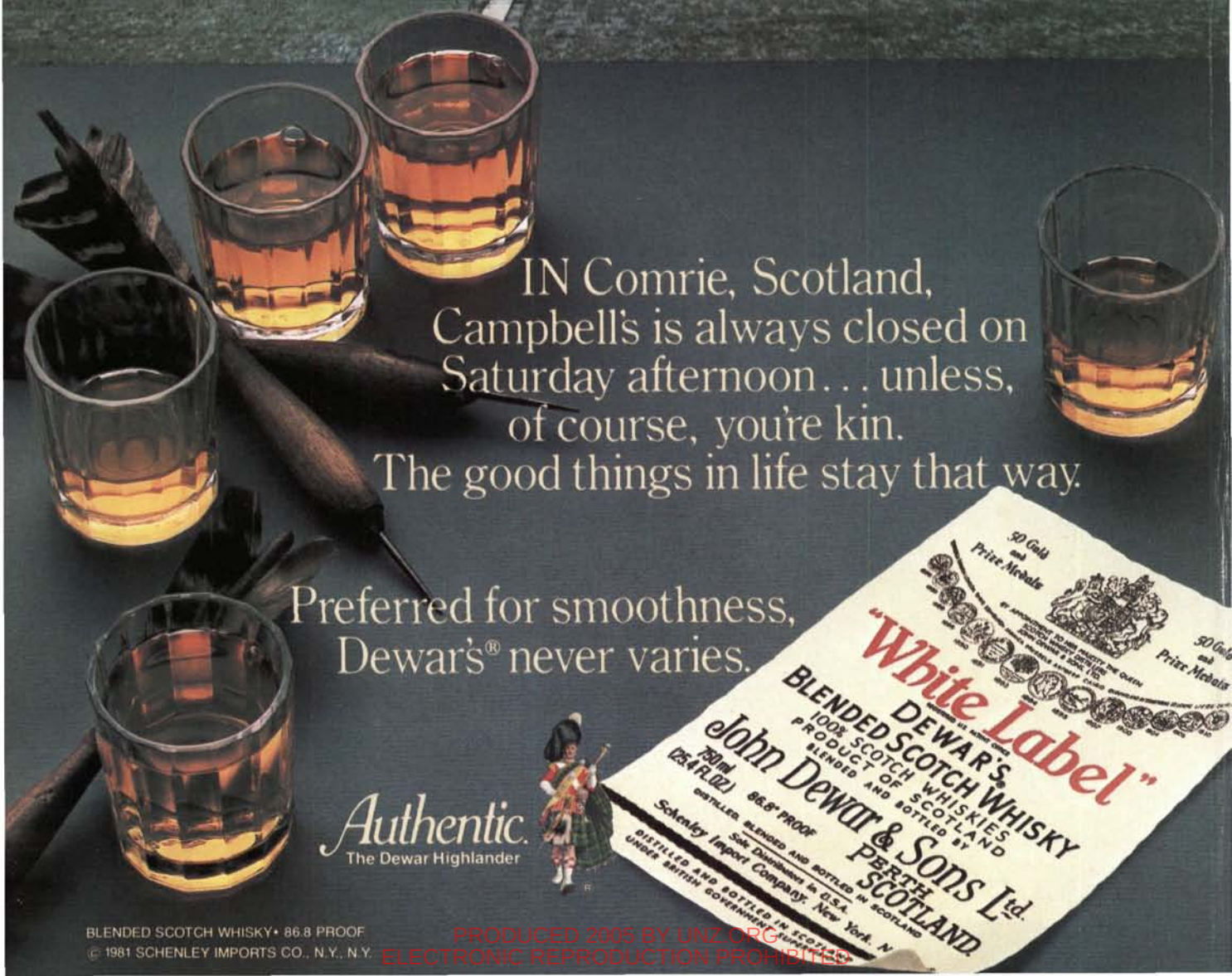
AMBASSADOR
COLLEGE LIBRARY

SLBRO 13006 GRE95 14K15 SEP82
275 012 1 SAT
AMBASSADOR COLL LIBR
300 W GREEN ST
PASADENA CA 91123 UCY

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IN Comrie, Scotland,
Campbell's is always closed on
Saturday afternoon . . . unless,
of course, you're kin.
The good things in life stay that way.

Preferred for smoothness,
Dewar's® never varies.


50 Gold and Prize Medals
"White Label"
DEWAR'S
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
John Dewar & Sons Ltd.
PERTH SCOTLAND
750 ml (25.4 FL OZ.) 86.8° PROOF
DISTILLED, BLENDED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
Schenley Import Company, New York, N.Y.
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND UNDER BRITISH GOVERNMENT SUPERVISION

Authentic.
The Dewar Highlander

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY• 86.8 PROOF
© 1981 SCHENLEY IMPORTS CO., N.Y., N.Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# WHY PEOPLE WHO DON'T JOIN BOOK CLUBS ARE JOINING QPB

**Four reasons: Great books. Great authors. Great savings. Great editions.**

**QPB books are softcover editions in hardcover sizes, durably bound and printed on fine paper. But they cost up to 65% less than their hardcover counterparts.**

**You don't judge a book by its cover, so why pay for the cover?**

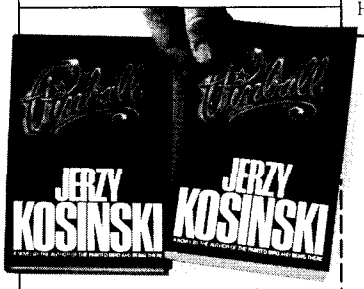
532. **From Bauhaus to Our House** Tom Wolfe
Hardcover: $10.95 **QPB Ed: $5.95**

653. **Watching TV:** Four Decades of American Television. Harry Castleman and Walter J. Podrazik
Hardcover: $22.95 **QPB: $10.95**

467. **The Diary of Virginia Woolf** Volume One: 1915-1919. Volume Two: 1920-1924. Volume Three: 1925-1930. Edited by Anne Olivier Bell
Hardcover: $41.85 **QPB: $14.95**

651. **Mrs. Harris.** Diana Trilling
Hardcover: $14.95 **QPB: $7.95**

**Compare**




**Hardcover: $14.95** **QPB Softcover: $6.50**

658. **Pinball.** Jerzy Kosinski
Hardcover: $14.95 **QPB: $6.50**

657. **Who Killed Karen Silkwood?** Howard Kohn
Hardcover: $16.95 **QPB: $7.95**

652. **The Oxford Book of Short Stories.** Chosen by V. S. Pritchett
Hardcover: $15.95 **QPB Ed: $9.95**

115. **Becoming a Writer** Dorothea Brande. **QPB: $4.95**

151. **The Lord of the Rings** (3 Vols., Boxed) J. R. R. Tolkien
Hardcover: $35.95 **QPB: $9.95**

160. **Camera Lucida:** Reflections on Photography. Roland Barthes Translated by Richard Howard
Hardcover: $10.95 **QPB Ed: $5.95**

177. **Let's Go:** The Guide to Budget Travel in the USA 1982. Written by the Harvard Student Agencies, Inc. Edited by Peter S. P. Sanborn. **QPB: $5.95**

647. **How You Can Make $25,000 a Year with Your Camera (No Matter Where You Live).** Larry Cribb
Hardcover: $14.95 **QPB: $7.95**

233. **King of the Confessors** Thomas Hoving
Hardcover: $16.95 **QPB Ed: $8.50**

472. **Special Effects in the Movies** How They Do It. John Culhane
**QPB: $8.50**

## Let's try each other for 6 months.

**Quality Paperback Book Club, Inc., Middletown, Pa. 17057.**
Please enroll me in QPB and send the 3 choices I've listed below. Bill me $3, plus shipping and handling charges. I understand that I am not required to buy another book. You will send me *QPB Review* (if my account is in good standing) for 6 months. If I have not bought and paid for at least 1 book in every six-month period, you may cancel my membership. A shipping and handling charge is added to each shipment. QB225-5

**Indicate by number the 3 books or sets you want** ☐ ☐ ☐

**Name**_____ 2-16
(Please print clearly)

**Address**_____ **Apt.**_____

**City**_____ **State**_____ **Zip**_____

**How membership works.**
1. You receive **QPB Review** 15 times each year (about every 3½ weeks). Each issue reviews a new **Main Selection,** plus scores of Alternates. QPB books are softcover editions in hardcover sizes, but they cost up to 65% less.
2. If you want the **Main Selection** do nothing. It will be shipped to you automatically. If you want one or more Alternate books—or no book at all—indicate your decision on the Reply Form always enclosed and return it by the date specified.
3. **Bonus books for Bonus Points.** For each QPB book or set you take (except for the books in this offer), you earn Bonus Points which entitle you to choose any of our softcover books. You pay only shipping and handling charges.
4. **Return privilege.** If *QPB Review* is delayed and you receive the **Main Selection** without having had 10 days to notify us, you may return it for credit at our expense.
5. **Cancellations.** You may cancel membership at any time by notifying QPB. We may cancel your membership if you elect not to buy and pay for at least one book in every six-month period.

Prices generally higher in Canada.

295. **After the Fact:** The Art of Historical Detection. (2 Vols.) James West Davidson and Mark Hamilton Lytle. **QPB: $12.50**

234. **Five Economic Challenges** Robert L. Heilbroner and Lester C. Thurow
Hardcover: $10 **QPB Ed: $5.50**

353. **Lucy:** The Beginnings of Humankind. Donald C. Johanson and Maitland A. Edey
Hardcover: $17.95 **QPB: $7.95**

414. **The Life and Times of Joe McCarthy.** Thomas C. Reeves
Hardcover: $19.95 **QPB Ed: $9.95**

421. ***Life on Earth:*** A Natural History. David Attenborough
Hardcover: $22.50 **QPB Ed: $9.95**

454. **Brewer's Dictionary of Phrase & Fable.** Centenary Edition, Revised. Edited by Ivor H. Evans
Hardcover: $24.95 **QPB Ed: $12.95**

471. **Shop New York by Mail** A Print Project Book. **QPB: $6.95**

518. **Japanese Classics:** *Seven Japanese Tales,* Junichiro Tanizaki; *The Sailor Who Fell From Grace with the Sea,* Yukio Mishima; *Thousand Cranes,* Yasunari Kawabata. (3 Vols.) **QPB: $12.95**

538. **Brideshead Revisited** Evelyn Waugh
Hardcover: $9.95 **QPB: $4.95**

598. **A History of Narrative Film** David A. Cook
Hardcover: $24.95 **QPB: $11.95**

628. **Garfield at Large** and **Garfield Gains Weight.** (2 Vols.) Jim Davis
**QPB: $7.90**

## Join now. Pick any 3 books or sets for $1 each—with no obligation to buy another book.

424. **The Electronic Cottage** Everyday Living with Your Personal Computers in the 1980s. Joseph Deken
Hardcover: $14.95 **QPB Ed: $7.50**

120. **First Family Paper Doll & Cut-Out Book.** Jim Fitzgerald and John Boswell. Illustrations by Al Kilgore. **QPB: $3.95**

524. **Science Observed:** Essays Out of My Mind. Jeremy Bernstein
Hardcover: $16.95 **QPB Ed: $8.95**

644. **Pills That Don't Work.** Sidney M. Wolfe, M.D., Christopher M. Coley and the Health Research Group. Hardcover: $15 **QPB: $5.95**

659. **The Film Encyclopedia** Ephraim Katz
Hardcover: $29.95 **QPB: $11.95**

QPB **The first book club for smart people who aren't rich.**

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# When golden eagles nest near a coal mine....

On the rolling prairie of northeastern Wyoming, a pole with a platform on top stands high against the sky. Later this year, an official of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service will take a golden eaglet from its nest in a nearby clump of cottonwood trees and put it in a man-made nest on top of the platform. The parent eagles are expected to move to the new nest and return to the platform again next year.

This nest-moving is necessary because the cottonwood trees stand just outside Mobil's Caballo Rojo property, where the company will begin mining coal next year. Although the section with the cottonwoods will not be affected directly for at least 20 years, the trees may be close enough to a county road for the eagles to be disturbed by the traffic associated with the construction of the mine.

The plan is just one example of cooperation between Mobil and federal and state authorities in protecting the environment while producing needed energy. Other Mobil activities at the mine site:

- A baseline survey estimated the number of pronghorn antelope and mule deer in the area, plus the approximate headcount for seven species of mammalian predators, seven of small mammals, 13 of birds of prey, 10 of migratory waterfowl, five of shore birds, and 31 types of other birds. The survey was based on direct observation on the ground and from the air to spot traces or remains of animals and on capture of some small mammals for identification.
- Special studies were made of bald eagles and sage grouse (less common in northeastern Wyoming than elsewhere in the state). A two-year study of the eagles' feeding habits showed that they hunted over a 15-to-20-mile area, so that the opening of the mine will not greatly affect them. In the sage grouse study, a number of male birds were marked with leg bands and, in some cases, equipped with radio transmitters to determine whether or not they will move from a "strutting ground" (where the males show their feathers to the females in annual courtship rituals) on the Mobil site to other areas as mining activity increases. (The birds are expected to return to their original habitat when the land is reclaimed after mining, and water and sagebrush are replaced.)
- Stockpiling of topsoil has commenced for use in reclamation when coal has been mined from a given area. During reclamation, seed mixtures, selected for their value to both wildlife and domestic livestock as well as for controlling erosion, will be sown. Rock cairns will be built to encourage hawks to reestablish their nests, and small boxes will be set on fence posts for sparrow hawks and other birds to nest in. Six ponds, which will collect and store surface water for use by livestock and wildlife, will be created to replace man-made stock ponds now on the mine site.

Such efforts involve cooperation between government agencies willing to set clear, realistic guidelines and companies willing to take steps to meet them. Caballo Rojo shows that, when such cooperation is a reality, the environment can be preserved while needed energy is produced.

OOPS! In a recent message about our concern for the environment of Canada's Sable Island, we made reference to the island's colony of Ipswich "swallows." Understandably, this ruffled the feathers of some graduate students at the Princeton University Department of Biology, who informed us that the birds in question were Ipswich sparrows. Absolutely right, and we regret our bird-brained error.

Mobil®

©1982 Mobil Corporation

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saturday Review®
May 1982

Page 16

Page 30

Page 36

## FEATURES

**Is Rostropovich the Wrong Man for the Job?** by Tim Page
*He's a brilliant cellist—but should he be conducting the National Symphony?* . . **16**

**Gore Vidal's Latest Escapade** by Joshua Gilder
*He's running for the Senate—a quixotic effort that offers wonderful theater* . . **20**

**Broadway's Triple Threat** by Ross Wetzsteon
*Tommy Tune—director, choreographer, and performer—has two new shows* . . **30**

**The Meteoric Rise of Mary Boone** by Susan K. Reed
*At 30, her drive, talent, and toughness have made her a force in the art world* . . **36**

**A Talk With Graham Greene** by Anthony Burgess
*"I'm not a Catholic novelist. I'm a novelist who happens to be Catholic"* . . . . . **44**

## DEPARTMENTS

**Letters** . . . . . **4**
**The Insider** . . . . . **9**
**May Spotlights** . . . . . **10**
**Editorial** by N.C. *Maximizing the Possible* . . . . . **12**
**Language** by Thomas H. Middleton *The Boo-Boo Watchers* . . . . . **48**
**Theater** by Stanley Kauffmann *How They Muffed Those Stories* . . . . . **49**
**Dance** by Walter Terry *The Royal Danes Are Coming* . . . . . **50**
**Art** by Carter Ratcliff *Video Art: Paik's Peak* . . . . . **52**
**Film** by Judith Crist *A "Dr. Strangelove" for the 1980s* . . . . . **54**
**Music** by Irving Kolodin *The Making of a Genius* . . . . . **55**
**Books:**
*Paul Theroux on V.S. Pritchett's* Collected Stories*; Anthony Burgess on Michael Millgate's* Thomas Hardy: A Biography*; Robert R. Harris on Richard Reeves's* American Journey . . . . . **56**
**Fiction Briefs** . . . . . **60**
**Nonfiction Briefs** . . . . . **62**
**Cultural TV Calendar** *The month's best offerings* . . . . . **67**
**Diversions** *Double-Crostic, puzzles, etc.* . . . . . **76**
**SR Recommends** *Worth seeing, worth doing, worth having* . . . . . **79**

SATURDAY REVIEW (ISSN 0361-1655) published monthly by SATURDAY REVIEW MAGAZINE CORP., a wholly owned subsidiary of MACRO COMMUNICATIONS INC. Robert I. Weingarten, Chairman and President. Alfred H. Kingon, Vice Chairman and Executive Vice President. 150 East 58 Street, New York, N.Y. 10155 (212) 826-4360. Subscription price in the U.S. and its possessions: one year—$21; two years—$40; three years—$57 (Canada and Pan Am—additional postage $3 per year; all other countries—$10 per year). Vol. 9, No. 5, May 1982. Back issues $2.00 each. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and at Hollywood, Fla. Postmaster: Please send address changes to Subscription Dept., SATURDAY REVIEW, P.O., Box 10010, Des Moines, Iowa 50340. © 1982 by SATURDAY REVIEW MAGAZINE CORP. All rights reserved under the Berne and Pan-American copyright conventions. Reproduction in whole or in part of any article (in English or other languages) without permission is prohibited. Printed in the United States of America. Available also in 35mm microfilm and microfiche. SATURDAY REVIEW MAGAZINE CORP. assumes no responsibility for any noncommissioned manuscripts, photographs, drawings, or other material. No such material will be returned unless submitted with a self-addressed envelope and sufficient postage. Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies, and changes of address to Subscription Dept., SATURDAY REVIEW, P.O. Box 10010. Des Moines, Iowa 50340.

**Cover:** Photo © Arnold Newman



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

**Inflammatory Scotto**

Although I am not a devout Scotto admirer, Carolyn Seebohm's article, "Renata Scotto: The Opera Star They Love to Hate" [March], angered me. One would expect booing at a fight or a football game; music buffs are supposed to have more intelligence and sensitivity. These rude and puerile hecklers should simply avoid her operas if they find her performances so unsatisfactory. Or were they merely showing off by implying that they knew more about singing than their neighbors who came to hear an opera? This is a disgusting state of affairs. Are manners dead in America, or just in New York?

*Blaine Crabill*
*Catonsville, Maryland*

If spitfire Scotto sings *Fedora* in San Francisco next fall as scheduled, look for claque trouble. San Francisco opera lovers are not likely to forgive or forget her choice epithet, "merda," directed at their city and venerated opera company. I look forward to the fun! *Alan W. Agol*
*San Rafael, California*

According to Carolyn Seebohm, Renata Scotto was scheduled to sing in all the performances of *Norma* at the Met this season. But Scotto did not sing in the February 13 matinee broadcast. For one reason or another, many Met artists have failed to honor their broadcast commitments recently. Out of 13 performances, six have included substitutions in major roles, a major disappointment from a company seemingly insensitive and unresponsive to its national (and international) audience. Let them eat cake, Met!

*R.E. Stratton*
*Peru, Nebraska*

**A Reply to Gail Godwin**

Author Gail Godwin's letter to the editor [March] requires a reply. She is amiss in her consolation that readers of her new book, *A Mother and Two Daughters*, will not agree with Laura Geringer's January Brief. The book is dull, as Geringer concludes, *and* simple. The characters appear shallow and unbelievable.

As for "themes," perhaps it was Ms. Godwin herself who failed to convey to us the central concerns of her book. *A Mother* reads like a set up for a soap opera. If the book itself can claim little depth, who can be accused of being "trendy"? Ms. Geringer was only being kind. *Carol Poor*
*Hyattsville, Maryland*

**Slam Dunked**

I enjoyed Scot Haller's article, "Jill Clayburgh: The Fine Art of Coping" [March], but it would never have passed the editorial scrutiny of *Sports Illustrated* or *Tennis World*. One can play a baseline game (like Chris Evert Lloyd and Tracy Austin) or a serve-and-volley game (like Martina Navratilova or Hana Mandlikova). But none of them could score an ace while rushing the net. If Clayburgh has a powerful serve, she might get away with it. That's my slam dunk for the day.

*Les Goldman*
*Santa Cruz, California*

**Sex-Role Cigarettes**

I would like to commend Thomas Middleton for his perceptive critique of cigarette advertising, "Where It's At" [March]. I'd also like to correct him. He reported that the "Marlboro Man" campaign was created in response to the cigarette filter and its nonmasculine image. Well, Mr. Middleton is only partially correct. The Marlboro brand was originally introduced as a woman's cigarette (predating Virginia Slims by three decades). However, Marlboro sales fared badly, and the then fledgling advertising firm of Leo Burnett & Company was brought in.

Burnett introduced the Marlboro Man with his ever-present macho tattoo and thereby performed what was then considered to be nothing short of an advertising miracle, transforming the product's image almost overnight.

*Michael Shadick*
*Minneapolis, Minnesota*

**Stravinsky's Crazy Baton**

Tim Page says in his March column ["A $400 Stravinsky Album"] that Stravinsky was a skilled conductor. That's not the way I heard it. Years ago, a friend of mine who played trumpet in a New York City orchestra that continually featured Stravinsky's music told me that Stravinsky was impossible to follow. Someone else rehearsed the orchestra until it had the complex music down pat. Then Stravinsky would come in to conduct the actual performance, and the orchestra would simply ignore his crazy baton and struggle through the best way it could. *John Pelham*
*Highland, New York*

*Please address letters for publication to Letters to the Editor,* Saturday Review, *150 East 58 Street, New York, New York, 10155. Letters may be edited for space and clarity. We are unable to acknowledge or return unused letters.*

**Publisher**
*Robert I. Weingarten*

**Editor-in-Chief**
*Alfred H. Kingon*

**Editor**
*Stephen B. Shepard*

**Editor Emeritus**
*Norman Cousins*

**Managing Editor**
*Henry Weil*
**Senior Editors**
*Scot Haller, Irving Kolodin*
**Literary Editor**
*Robert R. Harris*
**Copy Editor**
*Dorothy B. Humanitzki*
**Associate Editor**
*Joshua Gilder*
**Assistant Editors**
*Robert Goldberg, Susan K. Reed*

**Contributing Editors**
*Peter Andrews, Anthony Burgess, Peter Caranicas, Judith Crist, Roland Gelatt, Stanley Kauffmann, Ben Lifson, Thomas H. Middleton, Robert F. Moss, Carter Ratcliff, Walter Terry, Stephen Wadsworth*
**Editorial Assistants**
*Linda Hoff, Dorothy Murray Arlene Pueschel*

**Art Director**
*Victor Mazurkiewicz*
**Associate Art Director**
*Charles Dixon III*
**Photo Researcher**
*Sue Eddy Bloom*
**Art Associate**
*Tony Perrotti*

**Circulation Manager**
*Edward W. Martin*
**Circulation Assistant**
*Andrea Stoloff*

**Director of Manufacturing**
*Steven H. Lawsky*
**Assistant Production Manager**
*Gloria M. Perez*
**Typesetters**
*Martha Blomstedt, Marsha Goldberg, Rafael Ramos, Diane Lunde*

**Vice-President, Finance**
*John M. Reinhardt*
**Controller**
*Michael J. Scanlon*

**Asst. to Publisher-Corp. Mktg. & Comm.**
*Christine Schlagheck*

**Advertising Director**
*William S. Anderson*
**Advertising Representatives**
*Brette Popper*
*Kathleen Hoyne Smith*
*Susann Tapper*
*Susan Hendryx*
**Classified Manager**
*Jacqueline Nunez*
**Advertising Assistant**
*Dolores Camin*
**Manager of Advertising Services**
*Helen Winiski*

**Advertising Representatives**
**Denver,** *Michael C. Joyce (303) 355-5509*
**Western Region,** *The Pattis Group*
**Los Angeles,** *Merrill Cline (213) 462-2700*
**Southern Region** *The Pattis Group*
**Midwestern Region Group**
**Midwestern Region** *The Pattis Group*
**Chicago,** *Bob Sherman (312) 679-1100*



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# NOW THAT YOU'VE FINALLY FOUND A PRACTICAL, RELIABLE, INTELLIGENTLY DESIGNED WAGON, HERE COMES THE HARD PART.

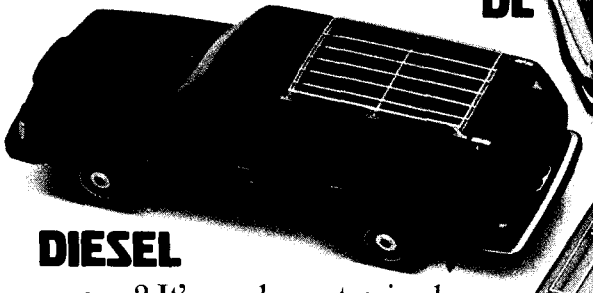
After you shop around and decide that a Volvo wagon is exactly what you want, you've got a difficult decision. *Which* Volvo wagon do you want?

Do you want a Volvo DL

DL

It not only goes far on a gallon,* it does it smoothly, quietly, and wonder of wonders in a diesel, quickly.

Do you want a Volvo GL wagon? A wagon as finely appointed as many fine luxury sedans.

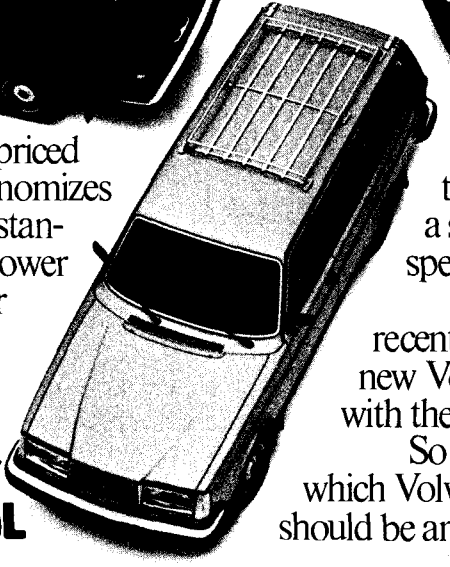


DIESEL

TURBO

wagon? It's our lowest priced wagon. But hardly economizes on amenities. Offering standard features such as power assisted steering. Power assisted brakes. Driver controlled power door locks. Even a rear window wiper. For starters.

Do you want a Volvo Diesel wagon?



GL

Or do you want a Volvo GLT wagon? Equipped with our 2.1-liter turbocharged engine, it'll leave many a startled muscle car owner sitting speechless at the traffic light.

All have one thing in common. A recent study showing that over 98%† of new Volvo wagon owners were happy with their purchase.

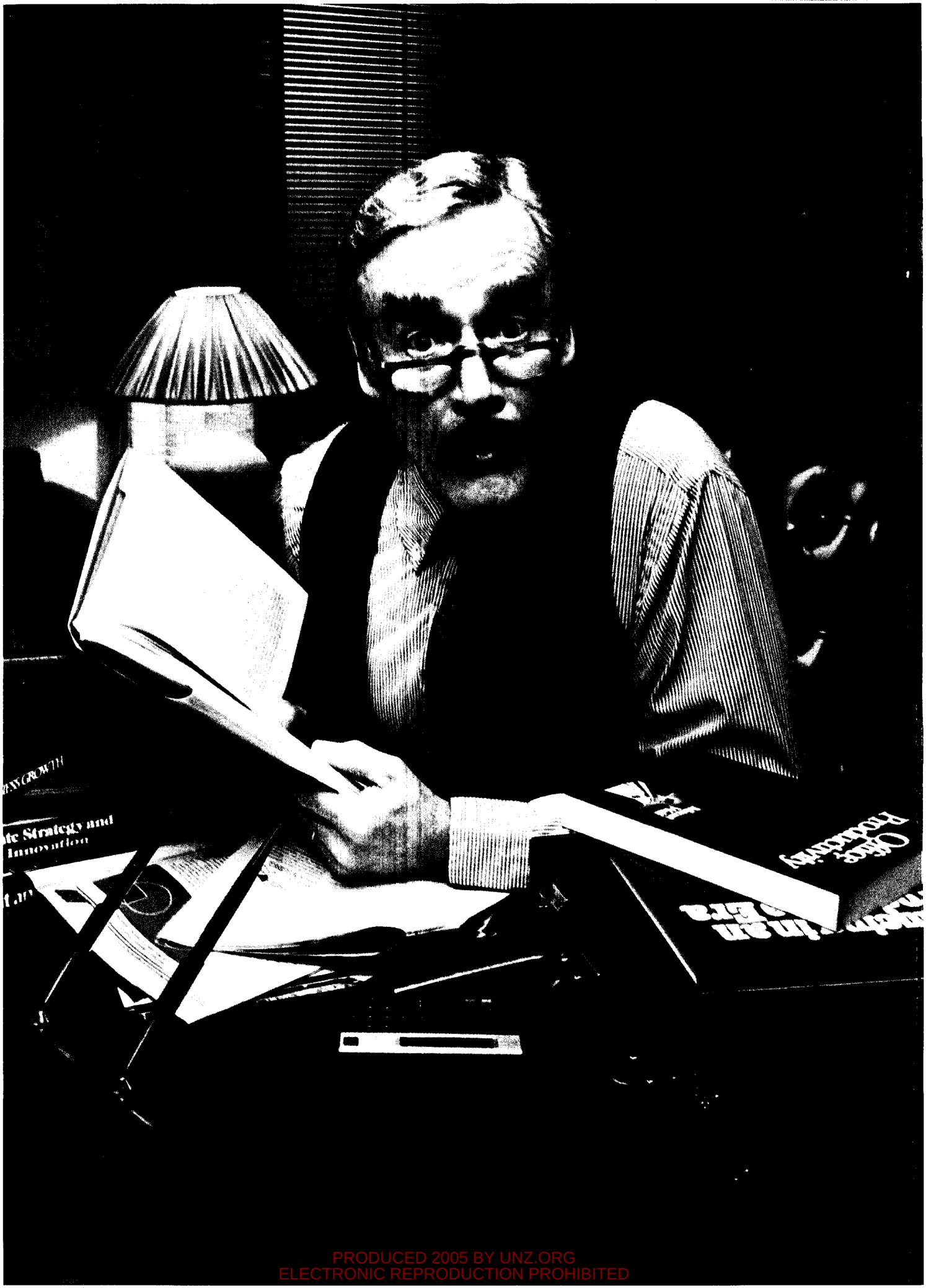
So while it might be difficult deciding which Volvo wagon you want, liking it should be an absolute cinch.

VOLVO

A car you can believe in.

29 EPA EST., 37 EST. HWY.* *The Volvo 4-door diesel sedan and wagon with manual transmission and overdrive. Use these numbers for comparisons. Actual mpg may differ depending on speed, trip length and weather. Actual highway mpg will probably be lower than EPA highway estimate. © 1982 Volvo of America Corporation. †1981 Volvo Buyer Survey. Roof rack optional.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

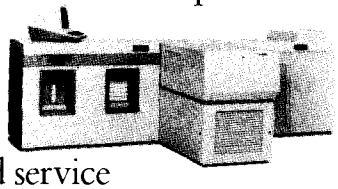
# IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR WAYS TO INCREASE OFFICE PRODUCTIVITY, HAVE YOU CONSIDERED THE LASER BEAM?

These concentrated beams of light perform incredibly precise micro-surgery, serve as signal lamps for space communications and track tiny shifts in the earth's crust.

But it was Xerox scientists who saw the laser as a ray of hope for increasing productivity and introduced it into the office. First they developed a laser scanner for Telecopier transceivers which brought new speed and clarity to facsimile transmission.

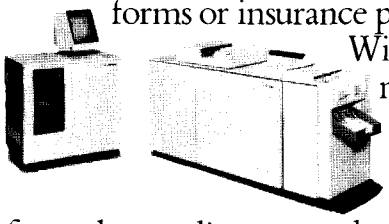
Xerox lasers are also used in another Xerox innovation: electronic printing. And we offer you the widest line of electronic printers available.

Xerox electronic printers are the most advanced information output systems in the business. They take digital information from computers and word processors and print out crisp, clear images at speeds of up to 120 pages a minute. They also let you choose from hundreds of different typefaces in a wide variety of sizes.



So you can make mundane facts and figures more memorable as well as more readable. And you can print texts, training and service manuals with new efficiencies. Which can help get information into people's hands and minds more effectively.

What's more, the Xerox 9700 Electronic Printing System, above, can actually create, store and print forms as they're needed with all the appropriate information filled in—like tax forms or insurance policies. You might say it's the world's smallest forms warehouse.



With it a corporation, or government agency, can eliminate their need to pre-print and store hundreds of thousands of forms. And no one gets stuck with obsolete forms.

The Xerox 5700 Electronic Printing System, at the left, works in the office with work stations and prints up to 40 times faster than ordinary word processing printers. It also handles electronic mail, remote computer printing and direct copying. (After all, it is a Xerox machine.)

And new Xerox electronic printers and accessory equipment are currently being introduced, along with expanded software and communications capabilities. All of which will bring the benefits of electronic printing to more and more businesses of all sizes.

So if you'd like to harness the speed of light to increase productivity in your office, consider Xerox.

XEROX

XEROX®, TELECOPIER®, 9700 and 5700 are trademarks of XEROX CORPORATION.

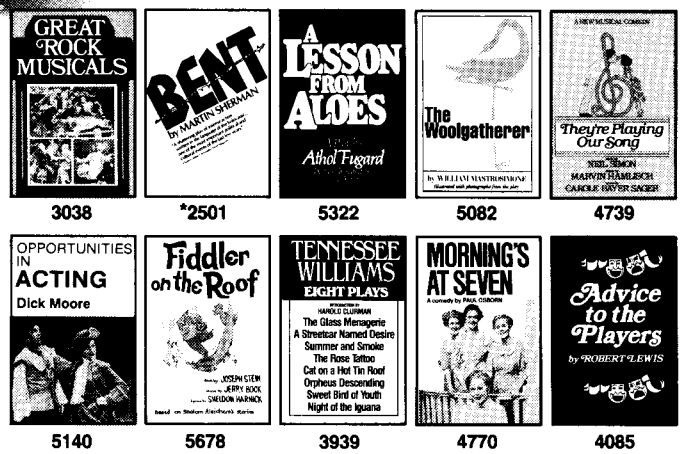
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Get these 8 great Neil Simon plays FREE

## and take any 3 books for only $1

## with membership in the Fireside Theatre Book Club!

This extraordinary collection contains Neil Simon's best and most entertaining plays. Displaying his rare talent for capturing the humor *and* pathos of contemporary living, this volume is certain to delight theatregoers and readers alike.

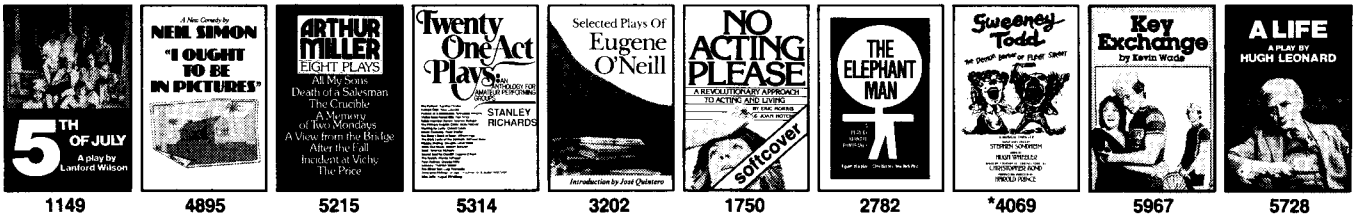



3038 *2501 5322 5082 4739

5140 5678 3939 4770 4085

DEATHTRAP A Thriller in Two Acts IRA LEVIN
Whose Life Is It Anyway? A Play by Brian Clark
CHILDREN OF A LESSER GOD
THE LION IN WINTER James Goldman
I'm Getting My Act Together And Taking It On The Road
A COUPLA WHITE CHICKS SITTING AROUND TALKING
On Golden Pond A PLAY BY Ernest Thompson
AMADEUS PETER SHAFFER
MASS APPEAL Bill C. Davis
Plays Children Love MARY MARTIN

1669 1735 5132 4929 4812 *4804 2147 5074 5975 5736


5TH OF JULY A play by Lanford Wilson
A New Comedy by NEIL SIMON "I OUGHT TO BE IN PICTURES"
ARTHUR MILLER EIGHT PLAYS
All My Sons
Death of a Salesman
The Crucible
A Memory of Two Mondays
A View from the Bridge
After the Fall
Incident at Vichy
The Price
Twenty One Act Plays STANLEY RICHARDS
Selected Plays Of Eugene O'Neill
NO ACTING PLEASE softcover
THE ELEPHANT MAN
Sweeney Todd
Key Exchange by Kevin Wade
A LIFE A PLAY BY HUGH LEONARD

1149 4895 5215 5314 3202 1750 2782 *4069 5967 5728

*Warning: Explicit sex, language, or violence.

### How the Club works:

Once your application for membership is accepted, you'll be sent your 3 books for only $1 (plus shipping and handling) and your FREE book and tote bag. If not delighted, return the 3 books within 10 days, your membership will be cancelled, and you'll owe nothing. The FREE book and tote bag are yours to keep in any case. About every 4 weeks (14 times a year), you'll receive the Club bulletin, *Curtain Time*, to preview the new Selection(s), always at discounts off publishers' prices. In addition, up to 4 times a year you may receive offers of special Selections. If you want the featured Selection(s), do nothing; it will be sent to you automatically. If you prefer an Alternate or no book at all, return the order form by the date specified. (A shipping and handling charge is added to all shipments.) You always have at least 10 days to decide. If you get an unwanted Selection because you had less than 10 days, return it and owe nothing. Fireside Theatre offers complete hardbound editions, sometimes altered in size to fit special presses, saving you up to 40% off publishers' edition prices. You need buy only 4 books at regular low Club prices within 1 year, after which you may resign at any time or continue to enjoy Club benefits.

### FIRESIDE THEATRE BOOK CLUB

Dept. FR-034, Garden City, N.Y. 11530

Please accept me as a member of the Fireside Theatre Book Club and send me the 3 books indicated below. Bill me just $1 plus shipping and handling. Also send my FREE book and tote bag, mine to keep even if I don't remain a member. I agree to the Club plan as described in this ad, will buy 4 more books at regular low Club prices during the coming year, and may resign any time thereafter.

| FREE BOOK | | | |
|---|---|---|---|

Mr.
Ms. _____
(Please print)

Address _____ Apt. # _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Members accepted in U.S.A. and Canada only. Offer slightly different in Canada.

**FREE TOTE WITH MEMBERSHIP**

36-FT31



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# ★★★ THE INSIDER ★★★

EDITED BY SCOT HALLER

## Hollywood's Top-Secret Director

When director-screenwriter Richard Brooks makes a movie, he tries to ensure that nobody knows what he's up to. In fact, he won't even let the studio keep a copy of his script on file. When the top brass of Columbia Pictures was debating whether or not to back his latest movie, *Wrong Is Right* (see page 54 for Judith Crist's review), Brooks brought the script for his topical comedy to Columbia's executive offices and read it to president Frank Price in private. Says actor George Grizzard, who plays the President of the United States in the film, "Only three actors in the movie ever saw the complete script—Sean Connery, G.D. Spradlin, and me—because we were in the movie throughout and we had to know what was going on. Adds co-star Katharine Ross, "All the while we were making this movie, I never knew what it was about. The night before we were to shoot a scene, Richard would give us a copy of our lines for that scene only. The next morning he'd grab the pages away from us and tear them up."

**Brooks wouldn't show his script to studio execs or his actors.**

Brooks, 70, can get away with such highhandedness because of his Hollywood track record (*The Blackboard Jungle*, *Elmer Gantry*, *In Cold Blood*, *Looking for Mr. Goodbar*). He explains that he has two motives. First, he wants none of his ideas stolen for television. "Columbia Television even steals from Columbia Pictures!" he says. He also feels actors are more naturalistic when speaking lines they haven't had weeks to think about.

Does he also hope to forestall power-plays with actors, executives, and designers who might try to introduce "improvements" into his script? Says Brooks, emphatically, "No." Says actor G.D. Spradlin, with a smile, "Yes." —H.W.

## The Richest Museum in the World

When the J. Paul Getty Museum in Malibu, California, bought Nicolas Poussin's "The Holy Family" at a Christie's auction last year, the price was $4 million—so high that the museum was forced to share the bill and the painting with its Pasadena neighbor, the Norton Simon Museum.

The Getty may never have to share another artwork again. In March, after a five-year legal battle waged by Getty's family, the museum was officially granted the $1 billion that the oil tycoon bequeathed to it upon his death in 1976. The Getty is now the richest museum in the world.

Harold Williams, president of the museum, will reveal next month how Getty's legacy will be spent. One portion will apparently be utilized for "art-related projects" separate from the museum, and another will be reinvested. But officials are already sensitive about the museum's newly acquired wealth: The Getty's director of public information insists, "We don't want to be viewed in terms of dollars and cents."

UPI

**The late J. Paul Getty left his museum a $1-billion endowment.**

But that's exactly how competitive curators are perceiving the institution. They are nervously speculating how much money the Getty will be able to spend for acquisitions. "I hear it's $55 million per year," says Franklin Pierce, associate director of public information at New York City's Metropolitan Museum of Art. "By comparison, the Met's yearly acquisition budget is only $5 million. The Getty is going to be able to go any place and buy anything it wants. There's a great concern in the museum world right now that it will inflate the prices for art all over the world. Nobody will be able to compete with them." —S.K.R.

## Turmoil at Pennsylvania Ballet

The Pennsylvania Ballet completes its spring tour this month, but there is doubt whether the company will perform its June season in Philadelphia. One of the most prestigious of American ballet companies, the Pennsylvania has been embroiled in behind-the-scenes infighting that threatens the existence of the company and resulted in the resignation last March of its controversial director, Barbara Weisberger.

Weisberger founded the ballet in 1963. But while the artistic reputation of the company rose under her directorship, so did offstage tensions. Weisberger tried to have a hand in all decisions—administrative, artistic, and financial—according to a board member, and many members of the company's staff found her difficult to deal with. At the same time, the company's deficit was growing, and when it reached $1.4 million last fall, chairman of the board David Brenner named the former head of an educational foundation, Charles Rannells, president to oversee all artistic and financial decisions. On January 14, Brenner announced that the company would suspend all activities for 120 days (except the spring tour), concentrating exclusively on necessary fund-raising. The board asked Weisberger to take a leave of absence and return merely as a fund raiser. "It was a power play," insists Weisberger. "I was asked to give up my job as director, then come back and volunteer my services to Rannells whose $60,000 salary is one of the highest in the ballet world." Instead she resigned. Says Weisberger of the board members, "They're killers."

"We need to raise $4.7 million over the next 18 months to keep explains Rannells. Of Barbara Weisberger's dramatic exit, Rannells says, "We simply asked her to take what we thought was a much-needed respite." —S.K.R.

## Blues on the Great White Way

There's an unexpected plot twist on Broadway this spring. After several years of booming grosses and the 1981-82 season's auspicious start with *Nicholas Nickleby* and a *Time* cover story heralding happy days, Broadway is (at least temporarily) suffering the blues. According to *Variety*, attendance has fallen 4 percent. Escalating production costs have driven prices up as high as $40 a ticket, making audiences more selective. And the usual march of incoming shows has slowed to a crawl. Between mid-February and mid-March, traditionally a high point of the season, not a single show opened.

The current season has produced few durable hits. In March, 15 of the 26 shows on Broadway were holdovers from previous years, and 11 were offering discount tickets to spark the box office. Surprisingly, even some of the season's critical hits were not enjoying the long runs that favorable reviews usually insure. The producers of a well-received drama, *The Dresser*, had approached Malcolm McDowell, among others, to replace Tom Courtney in the lead role this month, but they decided instead to close the show. Says a representative for the play, "It's doing OK at the box office, but this is an expensive production, and you can't do just OK anymore."

Last fall, Broadway had plenty of hits and too few available theaters for new shows. Now, there are not enough new plays, and at least six prime Broadway theaters will probably be dark this summer. Of the handful of shows scheduled to open this month, one of them, Tommy Tune's *Nine* (page 30), is the first original Broadway musical since *Dreamgirls* last December.

Veteran producers insist the present predicament is only the low point on a familiar cycle. But none could remember a season with longer dry spells between openings. —S.H



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# MAY SPOTLIGHTS

## FILM

### Arf!

"Little Orphan Annie" began life as a poem by James Whitcomb Riley. Then in 1924, she became the subject of a comic strip by an ex-farmboy from Kankakee, Illinois, Harold Gray. At the height of her popularity as a cartoon, she appeared in 500 newspapers, reaching 47 million readers. Fifty-three years later, the rich little poor girl who triumphs over kidnappers, the Depression, and a millionaire's stony heart triumphed on Broadway.

This month, **Annie** enjoys another incarnation—as a movie. Her film debut has been directed by John Huston, whose extraordinary 50-year career in Hollywood includes such winners as *The Maltese Falcon*, *The Big Sleep*, *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre*, and *The African Queen*. *Annie* will be Huston's first musical. Albert Finney stars as Daddy Warbucks, and the cast includes Carol Burnett, Tim Curry, Bernadette Peters, Ann Reinking, Edward Herrmann, Geoffrey Holder, and Aileen Quinn as Annie. (Premieres May 17.)

**Finney as Daddy Warbucks, Quinn as Annie, in the movie, *Annie*.**

### One of Hollywood's Greats

Now 75, **Billy Wilder** will tell you that over his long career he has worked as everything from a gigolo to the head of the U.S. Army's Psychological Warfare Division. But he is best known for writing, directing, and producing some of Hollywood's most successful and entertaining films. Wilder began as a screenwriter in his native Germany, fled Nazism in 1933, and landed in the U.S. a year later, where he helped write screenplays for such films as *Ninotchka*. In 1942, he started directing the films he wrote—becoming one of the few Hollywood *auteurs*—and turned out the classic movies *Double Indemnity*, *Sunset Boulevard*, and *The Lost Weekend* (for which he won two Oscars as writer and director). In later years, he gave us *Witness for the Prosecution*, *Some Like It Hot*, and *One, Two, Three*. In 1961, he became the first filmmaker to win three Academy Awards for one movie—Best Screenplay, Best Director, and Best Picture—for *The Apartment*.

**Wilder, center, directing Gary Cooper and Audrey Hepburn in 1957.**

Though the quality of Wilder's output deteriorated over the last two decades, his best films offer some of Hollywood's most enjoyable moments. This May 3, the Film Society of Lincoln Center will honor his lifetime achievement at New York's Avery Fisher Hall. The gala will feature highlights from his many films, and will be telecast live at 8:00 PM as part of PBS's *Live From Lincoln Center* series. On hand to honor Wilder will be Audrey Hepburn, Jack Lemmon, Walter Matthau, Tony Curtis, Shirley MacLaine, Barbara Stanwyck, and Marlene Dietrich.

## OPERA

### Eighteenth-Century Stagecraft

When Frederick the Great's sister became engaged to the Swedish crown prince, she received as a present a palace at Drottningholm. As Sweden's queen in 1766, she added the **Drottningholm Court Theater**. At its apogee in the late 1700s, the theater was an international center for the performing arts, complete with the latest scenic gadgetry. Then, lacking an arts patron, the stage fell silent for more than 100 years, and the theater was turned into a warehouse. Finally, in 1921, a young scholar at Stockholm's Royal Library stumbled upon the theater during his research. He found all of Drottningholm's original stage machinery intact, and he restored the theater to its original luster, reopening it on August 19, 1922.

Today, the theater is a small gem on the European operatic circuit. Performances there are reliably professional as opera—but they are unique as historical experiences. The stage machinery works just as it did more than 200 years ago, and productions are staged exactly as they were in the 18th century. Chariots descend from clouds, ships sail on rolling waves, and scenery shifts by itself before the audience's eyes to the grinding of immense wooden winches under the stage. No other theater in the world can duplicate Drottningholm's historic stagecraft.

This year, the theater is celebrating the 60th anniversary of its reopening with a summer-long program beginning with the ballet *Two Harlequins* opening May 29, Mozart's *The Magic Flute* opening July 10, and Rossini's *La Cenerentola* opening September 4. Drottningholm is located 10 miles outside of Stockholm and is accessible by boat, bus, or subway.

## PHOTOGRAPHY

### Indian Treasures

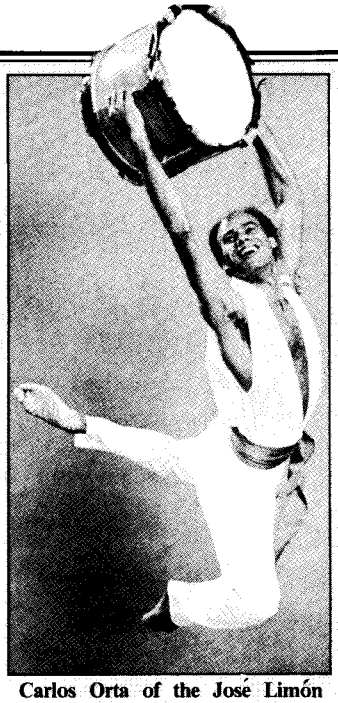
Photo-historian Judith Mara Gutman set off for India in November 1976 on a grant to study 19th-century photographs of the Asian subcontinent. As she traveled, she kept discovering pictures taken by indigenous Indian photographers that were "odd, commanding." Never before exhibited—or even known to exist by most Westerners—they were the work of photographers who knew nothing of Western preconceptions that, as Gutman puts it, "photographs must represent physical reality." The Indian photographers rejected perspective and depth, and painted many of their pictures in sparkling reds, blues, greens, and gold. Many times, the photographers used the photographic image as a kind of quick sketch on top of which they could apply the elaborations of traditional Indian painting. And even those photographs left unaltered seem to be flattened, to lack the rounded three-dimensionality Westerners expect to find in a photograph.

The 175 pictures that will appear in **Through Indian Eyes: An Exhibition of 19th and Early 20th Century Photographs From India**, at New York's International Center of Photography this month, are being shown publicly for the first time anywhere in the world. When the exhibit closes in New York, it will travel to Minneapolis, Washington, D.C., New Orleans, Portland, Oregon, Los Angeles, and Europe, before arriving in Bombay, where it will form the basis of a photography archive and exhibition space to be established in 1985. (In New York City, May 4 through July 4.)

**"Landowner Who Loved Music," ca. 1885, by an unknown photographer.**



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



MARTHA SWOPE

**Carlos Orta of the José Limón Dance Company, in Limón's *Scherzo*.**

## DANCE

### Two Anniversaries

Five years ago, in Charleston, South Carolina, Pulitzer Prize-winning composer Gian Carlo Menotti founded a counterpart to his festival of the performing arts in Spoleto, Italy. To celebrate its fifth anniversary this year, he has scheduled musicians Emanuel Ax, Yo-Yo Ma, Pinchas Zukerman, and the New York Philharmonic; dancers Laura Dean, and the Oakland Ballet Company; and the American premieres of two plays, *The Leper*, by Menotti, and *Monday After the Miracle*, by William Gibson, directed by Arthur Penn, a sequel to their triumphant 20-year-old collaboration, *The Miracle Worker*.

Still, the festival's biggest celebration will most likely be another anniversary—the 35th birthday of the Jose Limón Dance Company. Aside from Martha Graham's troupe, the Limón company is the oldest continuously active major dance ensemble in America. Founded by the Mexican dancer/choreographer in 1946, the company made its mark with the pioneering choreography of Doris Humphrey and Limón himself. Limón died in 1972, but his troupe dances on. At this month's Spoleto Festival, the Limón troupe will present four world premieres and selections from its regular repertory. (Spoleto Festival: May 21 through June 6.)

## ART

### The Old World at its Zenith...

Some historians would argue that France peaked in the 17th century. While French armies were conquering the Habsburg powers, Austria and Spain, Louis XIV—the Sun King—created at Versailles a dazzling court whose baroque protocol of politesse, couture, and cuisine was unrivaled anywhere. It was a period that saw a flowering of French literature (Pascal, La Fontaine, La Rochefoucauld), theater (Corneille, Racine, Molière), and music (Lully, Couperin).

Inevitably, these years were also rich in the visual arts: Painters like Poussin, Lorrain, Vouet, La Tour, and the Le Nain brothers were all key figures in the maturation of the baroque. This month, The Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City presents a selection of these painters' work in an exhibit called **France in the Golden Age**. Assembled by curators from the Louvre and the Metropolitan, the show is the first major American exhibit devoted to 17th-century French painting in 20 years, and the first exhibit ever to be drawn exclusively from top-flight U.S. collections. The 120 paintings chosen show the pervasive influence of Caravaggio on 17th-century French painters—from the powerful chiaroscuro of Vouet's "Saint Jerome and the Angel" to the human drama of La Tour's "Cheat With the Ace of Clubs"—and an interest in classical antiquities, as in the elegant landscapes of Poussin and Lorraine. (May 26 through August 22.)

### ...And the New World at its Inception

While France was at its crest, America was just beginning to take shape. During the 17th century, English settlers were just starting to carve homes out of the New World wilderness. And though these colonists were inhibited by their Puritan beliefs and exhausted by their efforts to tame a savage environment, they nevertheless found delight in the fine and decorative arts.

Paintings, furniture, maps, books, textiles, carvings, ceramics, pewter, glass—the objects in which the early Americans expressed their art—are all on view this month at Boston's Museum of Fine Arts in an exhibition titled **New England Begins: The Seventeenth Century (1620-1700)**. Approximately 500 objects are on display, including many recent discoveries, detailing the lives of Indians and the colonial yeomen and merchants who shaped 17th-century New England. Above all, the exhibition seeks to demonstrate, with its intricate carvings and its elegant silver, that America's newcomers populated the New World with a rich cultural life imported from the Old World. (May 5 through August 22.)

**"The Fortune Teller," by Georges de la Tour will be shown at the Met—even though some experts claim it may be a fake.**

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, ROGERS FUND, 1960

## THEATER

### My Collaboration With Twyla

As we go to press, its title is **Canticles**. But the week before, it was called *An Opera and a Ballet*. And two weeks before *that*, it was known as *His and Hers*. At one time the show's creators, Twyla Tharp and André Gregory, thought they'd use singers; now they're planning to use dancers. All anyone is certain of is this: *Canticles* explores the pain and joy of a couple in a stable relationship after 23 years. It marks Gregory's debut as playwright; he and Tharp are co-directing; and they will perform as the couple.

JODY CARAVAGLIA

**André Gregory and Twyla Tharp are evolving a play together.**

Despite their early uncertainty, the teaming of Tharp and Gregory sounds promising. Tharp first came to prominence as a choreographer in 1973, when she choreographed *Deuce Coupe* for the Joffrey Ballet. Since then, she has supplied her unique, lazily writhing choreography to the Joffrey, the American Ballet Theatre, her own company, and the movies *Hair* and *Ragtime*. Gregory became known as an imaginative experimental director off-Broadway in the 1960s, most notably with *Alice in Wonderland*. He recently resurfaced, co-writing and co-starring in the semi-autobiographical movie, *My Dinner With André*. With *Canticles* he returns to the theater after more than a decade. Tharp and Gregory's experimental collaboration will premiere May 19 at the Cubiculo Theater, off-Broadway in New York City.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Maximizing the Possible

For the past three years I have been studying some 40 patients who have recovered from supposedly irreversible illnesses. These cases include malignancies, cardiac infirmities, and diseases of joints and muscles. I have been trying to learn whether these recoveries had anything in common that might be useful to others similarly afflicted.

I might say at the outset that all these cases were far more dramatic than the one I described in *Anatomy of an Illness*. Indeed, I have been made to realize that my own experience was comparatively mild alongside the case histories of the persons I have been able to observe and interview in depth.

The first fact that ties all these cases together is that the illnesses were preceded by an emotional crisis of one form or another. The crises invariably produced severe and prolonged apprehension or depression.

The second fact is that when the diagnosis of the illness was made, the patients were told frankly that they didn't have much of a chance.

The third fact is that their illnesses became heavily intensified as soon as they learned how bad it was.

The fourth fact is that they all experienced panic.

The fifth fact is that, when the spiraling panic and illness reached a point of desperation, a conscious decision was made to reject all notions of inevitability.

The sixth fact is that they all decided they were not going to rely *exclusively* on treatment provided by others and that they were going to take an active part in the quest for their own recovery. In short, they all recognized they had to take a strong measure of responsibility for what would happen to them.

The underlying philosophy in these points is that all the patients decided they wanted to live and were prepared to make a supreme effort toward that end. They recognized that they were bucking unfavorable odds in the eyes of the specialists but they were not going to be deterred by expert opinion.

A case history from the group may be instructive at this point. It concerns a man, 42, married and the father of two children. He had lost his job as an assistant plant manager after 16 years with the same firm. It was the first time in his life he had been unemployed. He suffered a loss of self-confidence, reflected in increased tensions inside the family. He became morose and found it difficult to approach prospective employers. After three months, he developed a pain in his left hip. It became increasingly severe. Cancer cells were found in the hip. The precise extent of the spread of the cancer could not be determined, but there was no doubt in the mind of the specialist that metastasis had already taken place.

**These patients were going to prove the experts wrong—and they did.**

The patient was given an unadorned report. The effect was one of emotional devastation. He knew the cancer was spreading. There was no assurance it could be arrested. The radiation treatment caused his hair to fall out. The chemotherapy produced severe nausea and dizziness. All his savings were rapidly used up by medical and hospital expenses not covered by insurance. He could feel himself falling ever more deeply into a pit.

He decided to find out whether other people recovered under similar circumstances. He read the medical and popular literature. He found his way to a group called "We Can Do," an organization of cancer survivors founded by Barbara Coleman of Los Angeles, herself a cancer sufferer. The most important thing he learned is that members of the group had decided that they wanted to live, that they would not allow themselves to feel defeated, that they were going to experience joy and all the things that made life worth living, and that they were going to prove the experts wrong.

He said he could feel himself breathing more deeply and experiencing a surge of energy just in listening to the "We Can Do" members. He had no difficulty in adopting the same course for himself. This decision had some immediate results. First, when he took the chemotherapy he "programmed" himself for a good result. That is, instead of expecting adverse effects, he visualized the process by which his body would derive maximum benefits from the medication. He was delighted with the reduced nausea and other adverse effects.

He assured his family that he was now on high ground and would come through. He took genuine pleasure in his family life. He knew that money matters, however pressing, were actually secondary. He forced himself to do physical things. His appetite was better. He was able to sleep through the night. After two months, X-rays confirmed the retreat of his cancer. There is still some pain in the hip but it is significantly less than it was at the time of the original diagnosis and it is diminishing all the time. The oncologist now predicts a sustained remission.

What this case and others like it seem to indicate is that treatment for any disease has twin requirements. One is the availability of the best that medical science has to offer. The other is that the patient himself or herself become fully involved in the recovery effort. Brain research is now turning up evidence that attitudes have biochemical effects. Attitudes of defeat or panic will constrict the blood vessels and have a debilitating effect on the entire endocrine system. Attitudes of confidence and determination activate benevolent and therapeutic secretions in the brain.

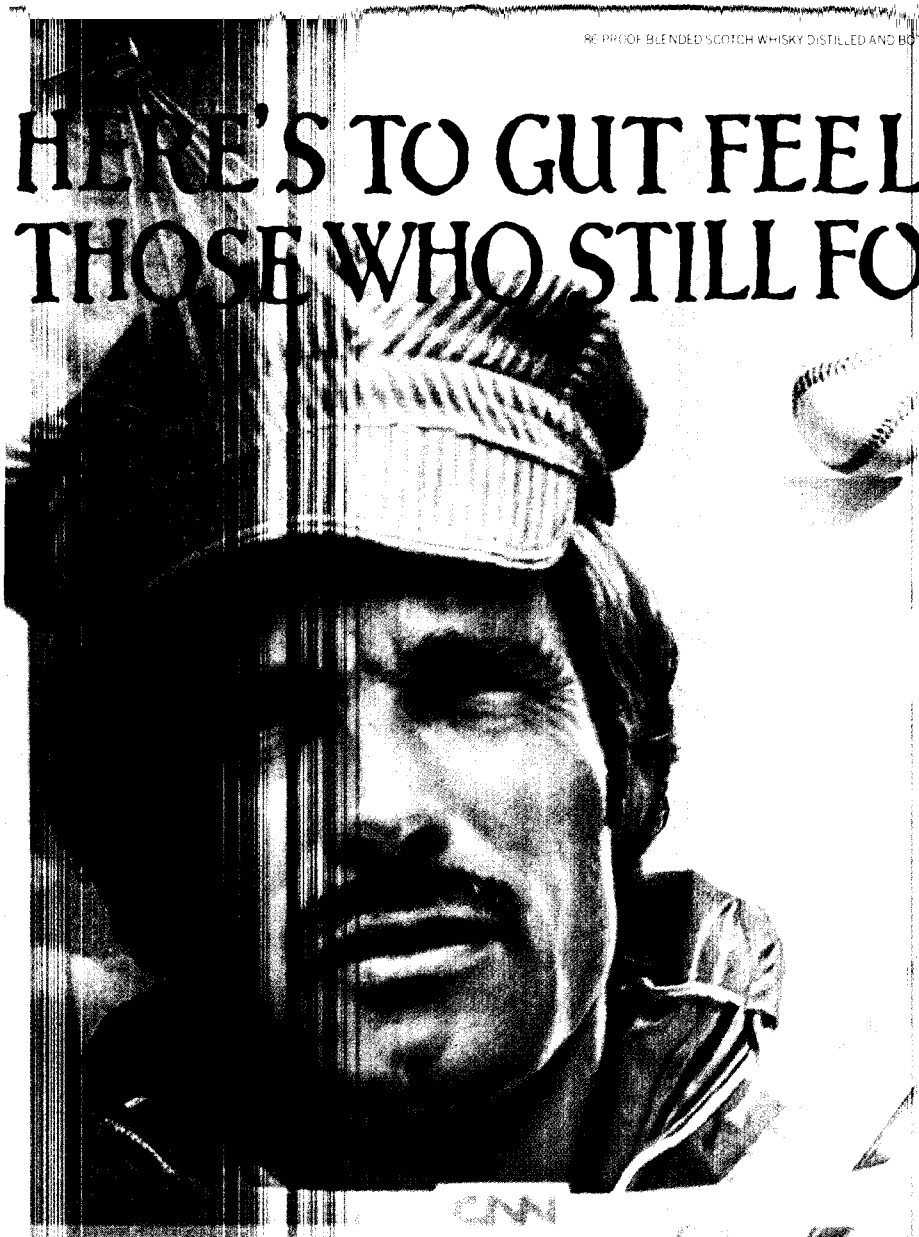
Obviously, we can't expect to live forever. We can't expect that every disease will be reversed. But we can get the most out of whatever is possible. We can give it our best shot. Not until then do predictions mean anything. **—N.C.**



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

86 PROOF BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. IMPORTED BY THE BUCKINGHAM CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N.Y.

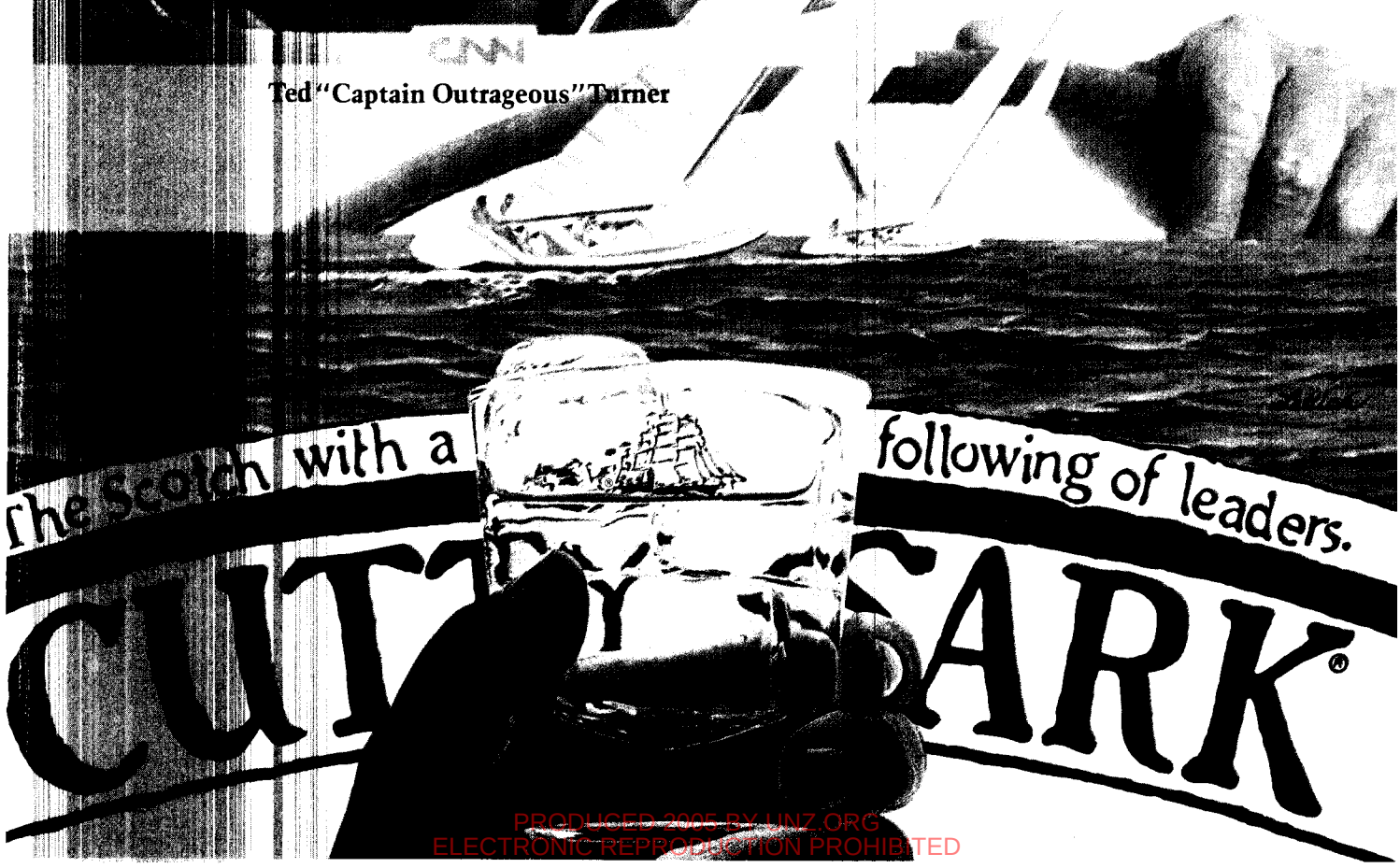
# HERE'S TO GUT FEELINGS AND THOSE WHO STILL FOLLOW THEM.



Ted "Captain Outrageous" Turner

Ted Turner does lots of things people advise him not to do. And he succeeds at them. He turned Atlanta's WTBS-TV into a "Superstation" using a communications satellite and recently founded Cable News Network, the world's first 24-hour TV news network. He bought the Atlanta Braves and moved them out of last place; won the 1977 America's Cup after being fired in the '74 races; and was named "Yachtsman of the Year" four times.

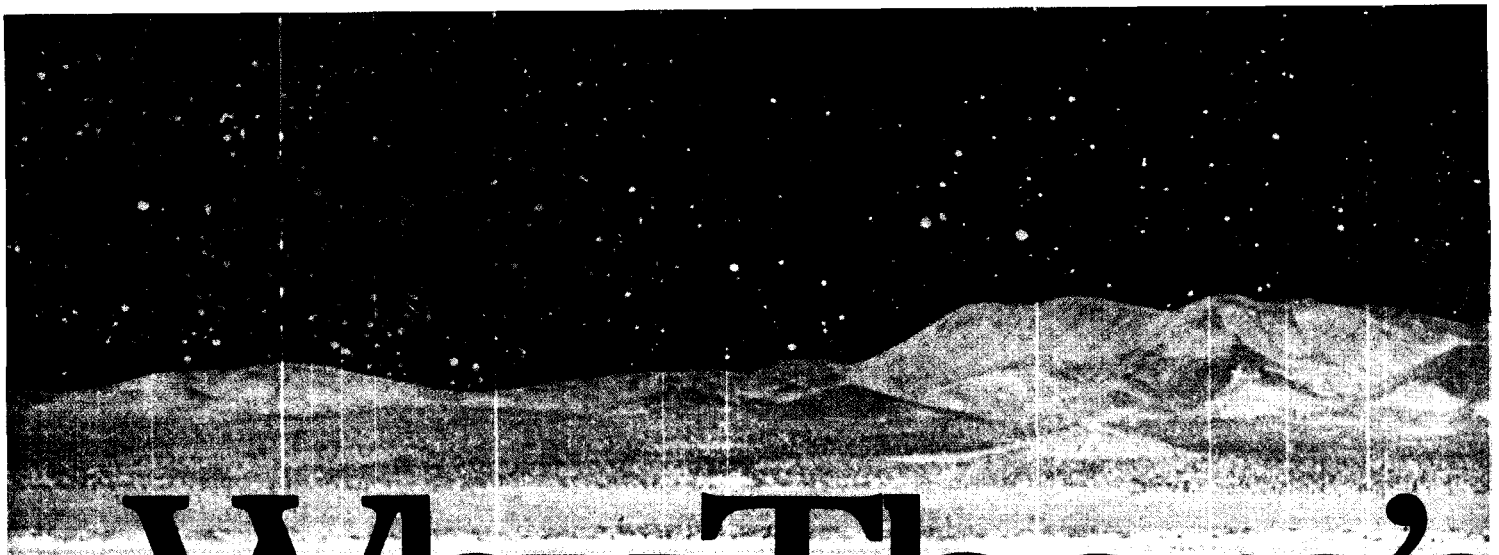
Ted Turner puts his feelings where his mouth is. He also puts a great scotch there: Cutty Sark. And while he's been called Captain Outrageous by some, one thing's sure: Ted Turner's enjoying himself.



The Scotch with a following of leaders.

CUTTY SARK®

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

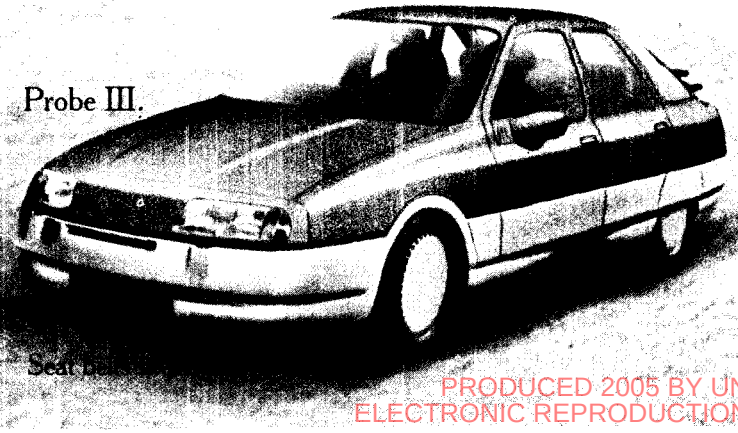


# Why There's America's

## BECAUSE WE'RE LEADING THE WAY WITH EXPERIMENTATION.

As you read this, Ford Motor Company experimental vehicles are criss-crossing the country using seven different alternative fuels. Last year in Brazil 37% of all Fords sold used ethanol.

Ford Motor Company leads the automobile industry in alternative fuel technology. Right now there are propane powered Ford Granadas and Mercury Cougars available to fleet buyers. Propane is not only cheaper than gas, it's cheaper than diesel.



Probe III.

## BECAUSE WE'RE LEADING THE WAY WITH RESOURCES.

The Ford family of affiliated people is 400,000 strong, and lives and works in thirty-one countries of the world.

This extended family supplied the worldwide design and engineering cooperation that developed the successful world cars, Ford Escort and Mercury Lynx.

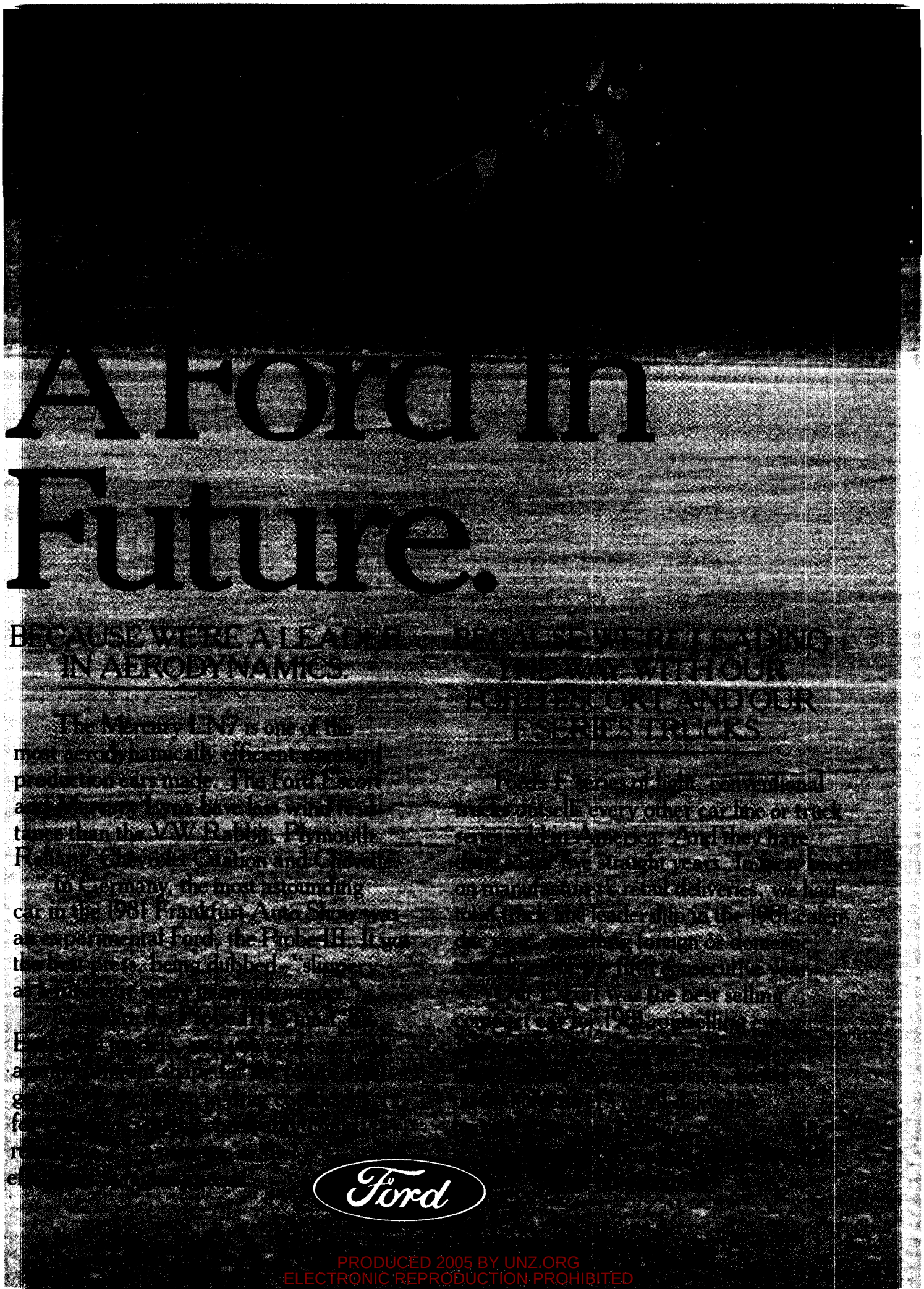
Overseas we've outsold General Motors for sixteen years in a row.

Ford Aerospace & Communications Corporation is another major resource, which, if shown separately, would rank in the Fortune 500.

Forty-seven satellites that have been successfully launched have been built by Ford Aerospace. Soon two-thirds of all overseas communications will travel by Ford Aerospace built satellites.

So will almost all intercontinental television programming.

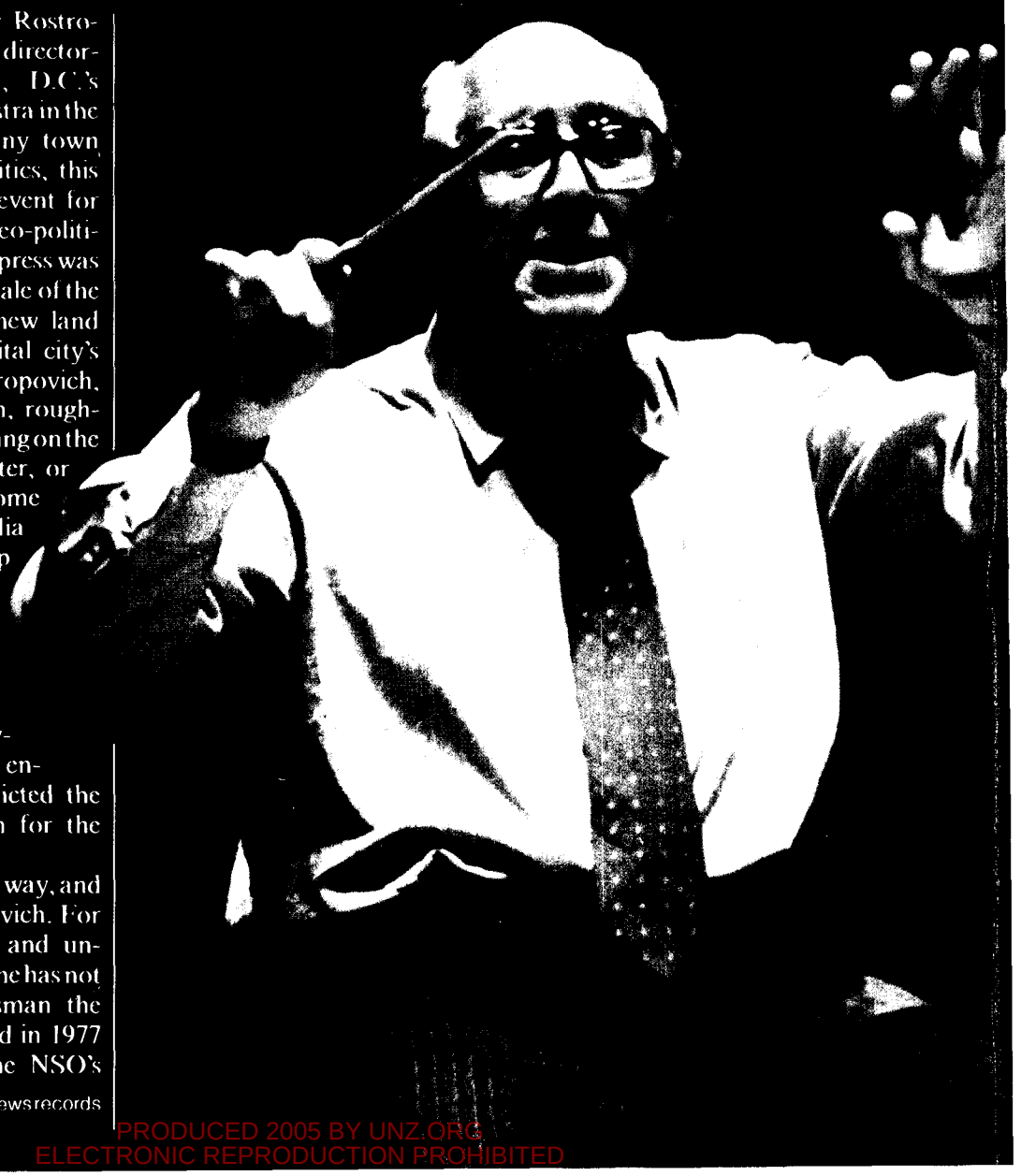
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


A Ford in the Future.
BECAUSE WE'RE A LEADER IN AERODYNAMICS.
The Mercury LN7 is one of the most aerodynamically efficient standard production cars made. The Ford Escort and Mercury Lynx have less wind resistance than the VW Rabbit, Plymouth Reliant, Chrysler Citation and Chevette.
In Germany, the most astounding car in the 1981 Frankfurt Auto Show was an experimental Ford, the Probe III. It got the best press, being dubbed "slippery as an eel."
BECAUSE WE'RE LEADING THE WAY WITH OUR FORD ESCORT AND OUR F-SERIES TRUCKS.
Ford's F-series of light, conventional trucks outsells every other car line or truck series sold in America. And they have for the last 9 straight years. In fact, based on manufacturers' retail deliveries, we had the leadership in the 1981 calendar year. Foreign or domestic. And for the first consecutive year, Escort was the best selling
Ford
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Is Rostropovich the Wrong Man for the Job?

*A master cellist and heroic Soviet émigré, he has been conducting Washington's National Symphony since 1977. But he has been unable to make it a first-rate ensemble.*

BY TIM PAGE



Soviet émigré Mstislav Rostropovich assumed the directorship of Washington, D.C.'s National Symphony Orchestra in the fall of 1977. In a company town where business means politics, this was not only an exciting event for music lovers but brilliant geo-political propaganda as well; the press was quick to jump on the juicy tale of the Russian's odyssey to the new land and his ideas for the capital city's orchestra. There was Rostropovich, struggling with his English, roughhousing with his dog, clowning on the stage of the Kennedy Center, or posing in front of his new home at the Watergate. The media took him to heart, playing up his legendary capacity for food and vodka, his flirtatious style, his courage in the face of Soviet oppression, and almost incidentally his sublime cello playing. Everywhere, gushing encomiums confidently predicted the dawn of a glorious epoch for the National Symphony.

It hasn't worked out that way, and some now blame Rostropovich. For all of his publicity value and unquestioned musical genius, he has not developed into the helmsman the National Symphony needed in 1977 and still needs today. The NSO's

Music critic Tim Page currently reviews records for *Saturday Review*.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

problem is not poor playing by individual members, but rather the lack of a rudder. Under Rostropovich, the many excellent contributions of the musicians seldom add up to a persuasive whole. Today, the NSO, put simply, is decidedly less than the sum of its parts.

In truth, the NSO has never been a great orchestra. It was founded in 1930 as a semiprofessional group and was for many years far inferior to America's orchestral big five (the symphonies of Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, New York, and Philadelphia). Money and time had never been spent to turn the NSO into a first-rate ensemble. It remained a part-time organization with no clear direction, even though it was Washington's only major orchestra. As such, for too many years, the National Symphony was a national disgrace.

In 1970, however, with the Kennedy Center due to open the following year, Washington was mapping plans to turn itself from a cultural backwater into a city with serious artistic ambitions. The NSO would get a 2,700-seat home at the Kennedy Center, and the musicians would get full-time contracts, the first steps toward becoming a prominent national orchestra. Antal Dorati was hired as music director, largely on the strength of his reputation as an "orchestra builder" a man capable of dramatically upgrading substandard ensembles. He did not disappoint Washington. By the time he left in 1977, the focus of the NSO had sharpened, the tone improved, and it had begun to show signs of real promise.

Enter Rostropovich. There is no question that he is a fine musician and probably the greatest cellist alive. While still in his teens in the Soviet Union, his brilliant, impassioned cello playing won three international competitions, and he was concertizing throughout the world by the time he was 20. From there, Rostropovich embarked on a career that can legitimately be described as meteoric. He has recorded extensively more than 10 recordings of the Dvořák concerto alone and he has become the most celebrated cellist since the late Pablo Casals. Though some have complained that Rostropovich's Byronic interpretations often emphasize his personality at the expense of a composer's, others are grateful for a real artistic identity in these days of faceless virtuosos and scale machines.

Similarly, there is little doubt that Rostropovich, 57, is one of the era's moral giants. When he took the NSO job, he was still a Soviet citizen but already on bad terms with the Politburo. Rostropovich had been an embarrassment to the Soviet oligarchy for too long. Most famously, he spoke out against the invasion of Czechoslovakia in 1968 and later sheltered Alexander Solzhenitsyn in the Rostropovich *dacha* during the novelist's protracted battle against government censorship. Less than a year after assuming the NSO post, Rostropovich was stripped of his Russian citizenship for "acts harmful to the prestige of the USSR," and the portals of the Motherland closed behind him, probably forever. As a political and musical hero, Rostropovich has come to epitomize the tragedy of the Soviet artist.

But until he became head of the NSO, Rostropovich had had little experience as a conductor. He was offered the NSO music directorship for the wrong reasons—his skill as a cellist and his moral standing. Rostropovich's technique has improved enormously over the years, and he has grown with the orchestra. But not enough. If Rostropovich had been a great conductor, the struggling NSO might have learned a good deal from him. Conversely, if the National Symphony had been a finished ensemble, Rostropovich might have developed into an important director. But with both partners in such shaky condition, the marriage has not been ideal.

This was apparent at a recent performance of the Beethoven Sym-



PHOTOS BY BERNARD HARLOW/GAMMA LIAISON
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

phony No. 8. During the finale, a marvelous, brisk theme is passed from instrument to instrument almost telepathically—or so it should sound. In the NSO's hands, however, the passes were fumbled; there was little grace, less dexterity, and none of the magic one can mine from a proper performance. Likewise, in Schumann's Symphony No. 2, which features a fast, contrapuntal scherzo, the orchestra played quickly and passionately, but never quite seemed secure; and once the movement was over one sensed a general feeling of relief on the part of the players.

At other times there are signs that the NSO is playing better than it ever did. Unfortunately, this is usually within a very limited repertoire. While Rostropovich has difficulty with the romantic meat and potatoes of the orchestral literature, he is unexcelled in the interpretation of 20th-century Russian music. The NSO is equally effective in Russian music of a higher caliber, as evidenced by a recent rendition of Shostakovich's Symphony No. 5. Rostropovich knew the composer well, even studying under him for a time as a young man, and he always interprets Shostakovich's music with spirit and élan. The fifth symphony dates from 1937—the peak year of the Stalin terror—and Rostropovich admits that it touches him deeply: "There are places in this work where I have to forget the music and concentrate on something else or I will simply lose control, break down, and lose the beat. Then nobody would be able to follow me."

As it happens, orchestra members have a difficult time following Rostropovich no matter what he is playing. "If we could only temper him on the podium—give him a more solid and predictable style—the orchestra would be much improved," sighs one prominent NSO member. Another adds, "Rostropovich has so much love, so much passion for the music, that his technique is sometimes overwhelmed. He loses his beat somewhere in his rapture."

Watching Rostropovich on the podium, one can see the basis for some of the complaints. He usually begins a piece in deliberate, almost four-square fashion, but soon, almost imperceptibly at first, he becomes excited and begins his dance. The spare, economical gestures employed only a moment before are suddenly replaced by ecstatic choreography: Rostropovich shakes his head and arms, pleading, his mouth wide open, gulping like a grouper, occasionally indulging in an amusing, oddly aggressive gesture that consists of stabbing his baton into the belly of an imaginary enemy, and then twisting the make-believe knife. This is the awkward vision of a man in love—making love—to his music.

Orchestra members, while acknowledging Rostropovich's shortcomings, genuinely like and respect him. One player speaks of Rostropovich's "adolescent, paralyzing fear of losing his place in a score," but he quickly adds that the maestro is nonetheless a genius who "feels music like nobody else alive."

It is difficult to be negative about Rostropovich. He is a first-rate musician on his own turf, and a warm, passionate man in cynical times. And the NSO did perform reasonably well on its recent European tour. But much remains to be accomplished.

***"When I took this job," Rostropovich concedes, "I did not have any idea that it would be so difficult."***

When I took this job," Rostropovich concedes, "I did not have any idea that it would be so difficult." It is late afternoon, three days before the NSO's European tour, and the music director is tired. The afternoon rehearsal has gone on too long and Rostropovich—a man whose time is entirely booked through the winter of 1984—is a precious hour behind schedule. Yet he greets me with great warmth and enthusiasm and betrays not the slightest impatience during the course of our interview.

"Promise me, as a *personal* favor, that you will come to our show tonight. It would make me *so* happy." One has the feeling that there is no pretense to Rostropovich's show of interest; it seems genuine, spontaneous, from the heart. Rostropovich understands English, but generally answers in Russian, translated by an interpreter. He looks older than his 57 years, but he speaks of youth.

"We are such a young orchestra now—young people, young energy." Indeed, Rostropovich has made several changes since his arrival in Washington, allowing some old NSO contracts to expire while recruiting new talent. In all, about 10 members have been added to the NSO, mainly in the string section, bringing the total size to 106, a good-sized ensemble.

He has also spent a good deal of time encouraging solo and chamber playing, and there are now several modular ensembles operating out of the NSO—string quartets, a brass quintet, a new-music group. But his most innovative idea has been to institute a literal game of musical chairs. With the exception of the lead players, hierarchical positions in the string sections change every few weeks. "It not only helps morale for a third violin to know he'll be playing second chair next week, but it may also inspire harder work," Rostropovich explains. "In addition, the rest of the orchestra gets to hear which performers are good, and which are not so good, as there is a continuous shifting process happening within the orchestra."

Rostropovich also holds master classes for individual players on Sundays. Each member of the orchestra has a chance to play privately for the music director. "We talk about style, specific instrumental approach, but mainly about the best way to express the feeling within the music. There is too much emphasis on technical perfection nowadays, and not enough on what music is actually about—irony, joy, human suffering, love. Music must reveal the human condition; I want it all to be as clear as the pictures in a book."

This concentration on individual and chamber playing has paid off; section for section, the NSO is now on a par with all but the very best orchestras in the world. In the last analysis, though, the ensemble playing is not yet very well focused.

Rostropovich is often asked why he wants to be a conductor when he could more easily concentrate on his career as a master cellist. He generally shrugs off the question. Yet there are several possible answers. First, the cello has only a limited repertoire. By contrast, the orchestral canon is virtually limitless. Second, there is the bracing challenge of handling the larger forces of an orchestra. And finally, for one who has spent his life coaxing dark, expressive hues out of a cello, conducting offers an orgiastic immersion in the entire palette of instrumental color.

Whatever his motivations, Rostropovich has not developed the technique to match his unquestioned musical insight. He may yet perfect his ability—but in the meantime, if the NSO truly wants to become the national orchestra of the United States, one must finally wonder whether Mstislav Rostropovich is the best of all possible leaders. ■


PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# FLY TO THE POST OFFICE AND CULTIVATE A NEW INTEREST.

*Right now, your Post Office is filled with fifty of the most beautiful birds and flowers in the country.*

*They're on the latest U.S. Commemorative stamps.*

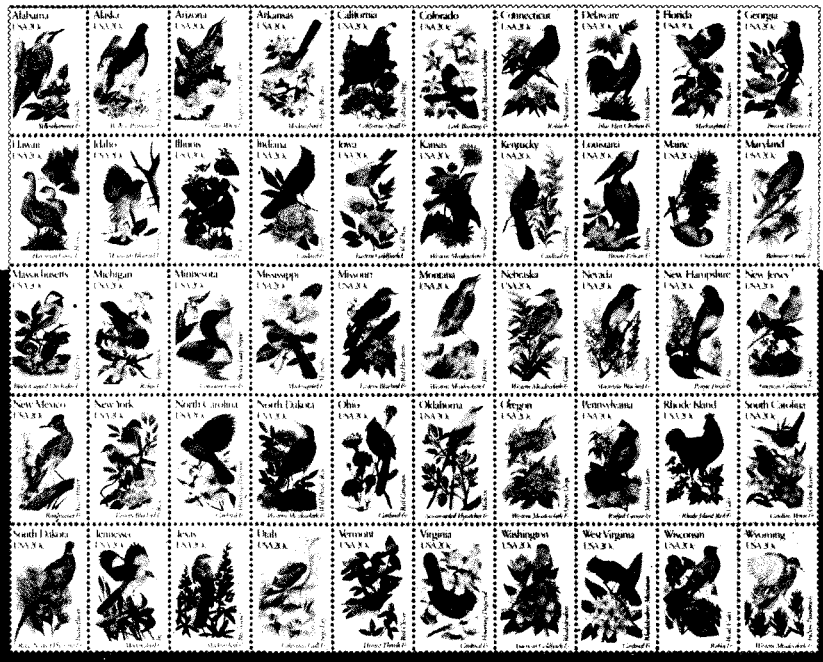
*These stamps are a perfect way to start your collection or add to it. Because they are a collection in themselves.*

*Every state, every official flower and every official bird is represented on a different stamp.*

*Your new interest will bloom in fifty bright and colorful ways.*

*And when you add the other U.S. Commemoratives issued every few weeks, you'll discover the full beauty of America. Its history and heroes. It's an America you may never get to see on your own.*

*To get your collection off the ground, come to the Post Office and discover America's birds and flowers. Once you do, you'll find stamp collecting perfectly natural.*



**U.S. Postal Service**

© USPS 1982

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Gore Vidal's Latest Escapade

*Author, celebrity, and provocateur, he is now running for the Senate against Jerry Brown of California—but he's given little chance of winning. So what makes Vidal run?*

BY JOSHUA GILDER

The guy up there on the TV set who has the talk-show host in stitches with a Ronald Reagan impersonation is not, as it may appear, a stand-up comic. That's Gore Vidal, literary celebrity. A consummate TV performer, Vidal, 56, is a regular on the talk-show circuit in his capacity as best-selling author, most recently of the novel *Creation*. These days, however, he's taking time off from his multiple projects—screenplays for his 1978 novel *Kalki* and Lucian Truscott's West Point novel *Dress Gray*; a TV mini-series on Abraham Lincoln—to jump into politics. He is challenging Governor Jerry Brown for the Democratic nomination for the United States Senate seat from California, the one being vacated by S.I. Hayakawa.

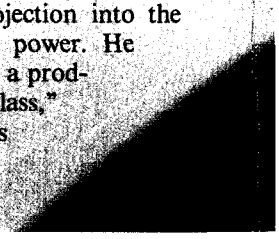
Labeling himself a populist on the order of Huey Long, Vidal wants to take on "Big Business," especially "Big Oil" and the defense industry. He advocates cutting the Pentagon budget in half, a decidedly impolitic position in a state with the largest defense industry in the country. In an even more radical vein, he is calling for a constitutional convention (he would prefer, among other changes, a parliamentary system of government to our present arrangement); he also wants to tax religions; and he proposes that "victimless crime"—drugs, gambling, prostitution—and laws restricting the activities of "consenting adults" be removed from the statute books. "It's time to get the government off our fronts," says Vidal.

Brown, or "the Lord of the Flies," as Vidal calls him in reference to his disastrous handling of the med-fly emergency, is heavily favored to win the Democratic primary. Vidal's candidacy is viewed by many as nothing more than a lark—rather like Norman Mailer's campaign years ago to be elected mayor of New York. But Vidal could hurt Brown—by forcing him to spend more money, by putting him on the defensive, and by giving ammunition to the GOP candidate in the general election campaign. Some in the Brown camp claim Vidal is just a "spoiler" and have urged him to withdraw lest he "trivialize" the race. Vidal's response is that, given the nature of the competition, the race would be hard to trivialize. "The idea of running against a Zen-Jesuit is irresistible," quipped Vidal recently. "Brown has a Jesuitical trick of answering every question with a question, and if you know the trick, you do it right back. It should be exciting."

It is, perhaps, unusual to see a senatorial candidate doing impersonations on TV, but in California, politics frequently mixes with show business. Most of Vidal's heavyweight support comes out of Hollywood. As a frequent guest on talk shows, says Vidal, he's become something of a media celebrity, and "these people really look out for their own." In the Hollywood in which Ed Asner, president of the Screen Actors' Guild, is raising money for the Marxist guerrillas in El Salvador, Vidal's mixture of left-wing radicalism and what might be termed neo-federalism is just one more acceptable eccentricity. In his corner he counts Norman Lear, partner and co-producer of his Lincoln mini-series, and millionaire Max Palevsky, who made his money in computers and now hopes to establish himself as a heavyweight money raiser for the liberal-left (he organized George McGovern's presidential campaign, ran Tom Bradley's first successful race for mayor of Los Angeles, and has been involved in the Senate campaigns of Ted Kennedy and Alan Cranston). Vidal's longtime friend Johnny Carson relaxed his policy of not inviting a guest to return more than once every six months to bring Vidal on for a second time just before he declared his candidacy.

Vidal knows he hasn't any real chance of winning—though, of course, he can't say as much now. So what makes Gore run? If you ask him these days, he'll insist on the importance of the issues he's raising. "The oil companies..." etc. But what, *personally*, makes him run? "Well I feel very strongly...," and he's soon talking about the oil companies again. Certainly, he may feel very strongly about "Big Oil" and the Pentagon, but as an explanation of personal motivation it would never satisfy Vidal the author, even if it's *sine qua non* for Vidal the politician.

Vidal has always been fascinated by political intrigue. Much of his writing, especially his historical novels, has been an imaginative projection into the realms of political power. He describes himself as a product of the "ruling class," an identification less



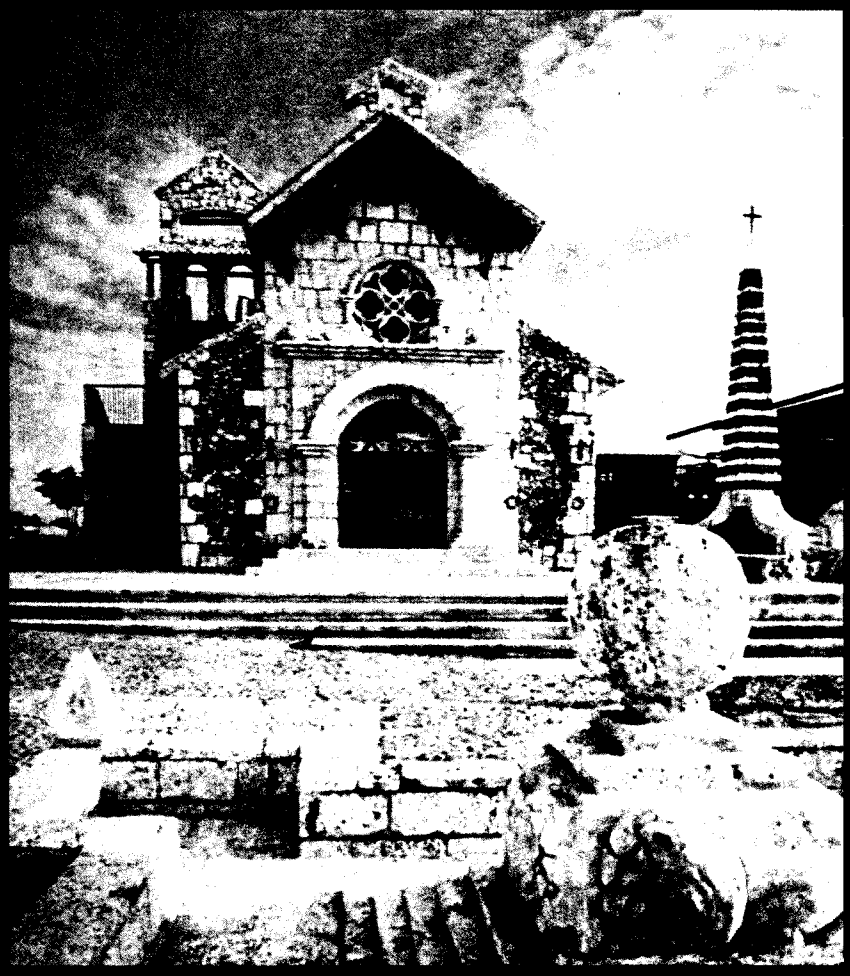
Joshua Gilder is associate editor of *Saturday Review*.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# From Dream to Reality



Five years ago, there was nothing here but a a dream—the dream of a company that believes in dreams. Today, on this ruggedly beautiful site in the Dominican Republic, sits a small village built from scratch by Dominican craftsmen to blend into their environment and culture. Its main purpose: to serve as an artists' colony, a refuge for dozens of artists to live and work. This unique place is called Altos de Chavon.

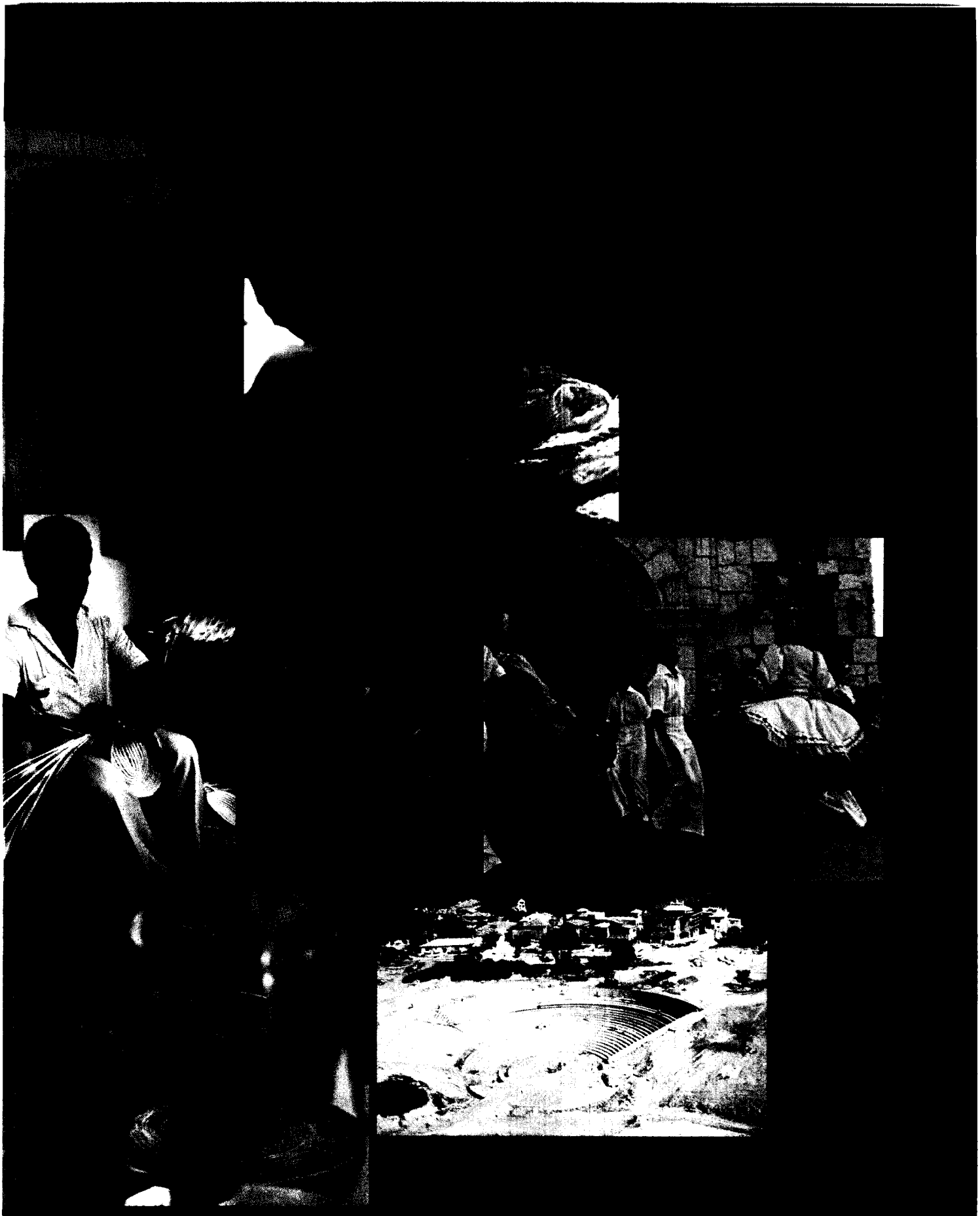
In one workshop, a weaver is crafting a wall hanging. In another, a potter turns a ceramic vase. In yet another, an artist is teaching graphics. There are three art galleries. There is a museum of archeology with a rich display of pre-Columbian artifacts. And this summer, a 5,000-seat amphitheater will open—one of the largest showplaces in the Caribbean for dance, music or theater.

Artists in residence come from all over the globe—expressionists from Germany, landscape painters from Italy, a novelist from the United States. And, of course, some of the foremost Dominican painters. Altos de Chavon welcomes the famous and the emerging, the prize winner and the aspiring. Here they find challenge, opportunity, and encouragement—all in an atmosphere of unparalleled natural and architectural beauty.

Gulf & Western is a company that understands dreams. In less than 25 years, we ourselves have grown from scratch, from a small auto parts supplier to a diversified corporation that does $5.7 billion worth of business a year around the world. We're still building our dreams—and helping others build their own. That's why we sponsored Altos de Chavon.

G+W

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ambivalent than his left-wing politics might suggest. If we know so much about Vidal's family connections, it's because he's told us; and sometimes it does seem that he is related to every "important" family in America. He is the grandson of a senator and the son of a cabinet Secretary. This is his birthright. "Politics was the family trade, after all," says Vidal.

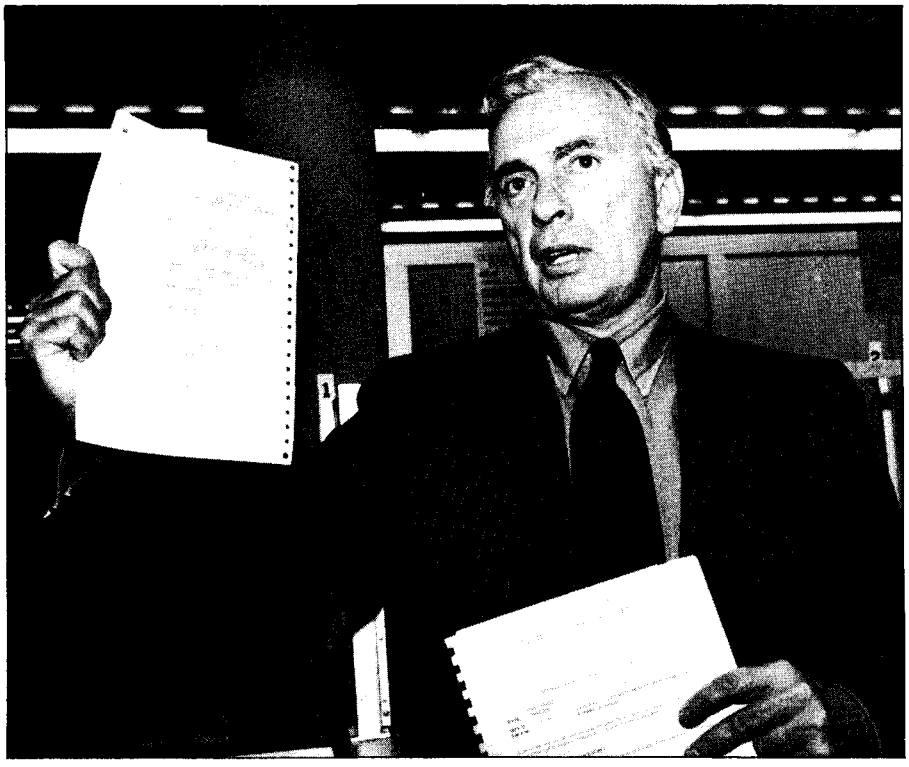
Then there's Vidal's desire to play founding father at a new constitutional convention and his role as the misunderstood outsider, both of which come together in his identification with Aaron Burr, the narrator-subject of *Burr* and the forebear of another important Vidal character, Charles Schermerhorn Schuyler in *1876*. Here we see Vidal as the exiled aristocrat (until recently he lived in a bucolic villa in Ravello, Italy, in part to escape the "land of the dull and the home of the literal," as he's called America). All his life he's been yearning to exercise a little *noblesse oblige* for a populace too obdurately plebian to understand what he has to offer.

Vidal's status as an outsider may have originated in his outspoken advocacy of homosexuality before such opinions became fashionable, but it's a status he has assiduously nurtured. Vidal is thus able to have the best of both worlds, the snob-appeal of the upper class and the righteousness of the disenfranchised.

On the stump, Vidal can be a crowd pleaser. At Stanford University recently he delivered his own "State of the Union." We have in this country only a one-party system, he said. That party is the "Property Party," divided into two, almost identical factions, Democratic and Republican, in order to fool the naive. (The audience applauds.) The government in Washington, he says, has been bought by "certain great financial entities," the "ruling classes," who have turned America into a "garrison state," a nation "occupied by the defense industry and the defense department." (More applause.) "War has been the business of the United States for almost half a century. Why? Because it is through war or its threat that those who control the economic life of the country can make maximum profits." (Sustained applause.)

Then Vidal launches into his conspiracy theories. "Our rulers...have more spies in America spying on Americans than the Soviets have spying on their own people." He tells of Huey Long, whom Vidal met while a young boy living in Washington, and whom he still idolizes. Long took on Standard Oil, and when he tried to mount a third-party challenge to Roosevelt in 1935 he was shot by "a lone, crazed assassin who," Vidal says cryptically, "just happened to keep a diary, just to prove how lone and crazed he was. Neither Norman Mailer nor I nor Truman Capote keeps a diary. But Sirhan Sirhan did, and all those assassins, it turns out, keep diaries just to show how lone and crazed they are." The suggestion is obvious: FBI, CIA, conspiracy. The audience is cheering.

Vidal has been an on-again off-again participant in the political arena for much of his life, perhaps attracting most attention during the nationwide television broadcast of the famous Buckley-Vidal contretemps while the two were co-commentators at the 1968 Democratic convention. That was when Buckley, peeved at Vidal's repeated references to him as a "crypto-Nazi," responded, "Now listen, you queer. Stop calling me a crypto-Nazi or I'll sock you in your goddamned face and you'll stay plastered." Mutual lawsuits were dropped before they reached court.



UPI

**Vidal, campaigning for the Senate in 1982 (above) and for Congress in 1960 (right).**

In 1960, Vidal ran as a Democrat in the heavily Republican 29th District in Dutchess County, New York, advocating admission of Red China to the United Nations and federal aid to education. His slogan was "You'll get more with Gore," and though he didn't win, he made an impressive showing, polling 20,000 more votes than John F. Kennedy.

"The only thing I ever really wanted in my life was to be president," Vidal has said. Though he acknowledges it unlikely that someone who's written the "shall we say sophisticated" novels *Myra Breckenridge* and *Julian* could ever make it into the White House, Vidal has already earned the distinction, during the Kennedy years, of having been thrown out of the place. At least, that's what Truman Capote says, alleging that Bobby Kennedy got mad when Vidal, who was drunk, became overly familiar with his own stepsister, Jacqueline Kennedy; but Capote's account of that evening was the subject of a lawsuit Vidal brought against him. (Said Vidal of Capote: "He's made lying into an art form—a minor art form.") Whatever happened, Vidal soon thereafter wrote a scathing article about the Kennedys for *Esquire* magazine. Jackie is still not speaking to him.

Since the beginning, Vidal has existed in exalted political company. Born Eugene Luther Gore Vidal in 1925, he spent most of the first 10 years of his life in Washington, with his maternal grandparents. His grandfather, Thomas Pryor Gore, was the first senator from the new state of Oklahoma. He was also blind from the age of 10. Vidal remembers those years in Washington as idyllic. He used to read to his grandfather from the Congressional Record and from the classics (the first book was *Tales From Livy* and, says Vidal, he's been a Romanophile ever since), and he used to accompany the senator to the Senate


PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

chamber and sit by him there.

Gene Vidal, the author's father, a "glamorous football jock" at West Point, was apparently away much of the time starting airlines. He was in on the formative stages of TAT (Transcontinental Air Transport), which later merged with Western Airlines to become TWA, and together with Amelia Earhart he helped found National Airways, the predecessor of Northeast Airlines. In between, he served under Roosevelt as director of air commerce, a post of cabinet rank that was retired when he left. Vidal has characterized his mother as a "hopeless alcoholic" and a woman with a "gift for doing

the wrong thing." When he was 10, his parents divorced. His mother soon after married Hugh D. Auchincloss and moved with her son to Auchincloss's Virginia estate. Vidal's mother then divorced again, and Hugh Auchincloss went on to marry Mrs. Janet Bouvier, Jackie's mother. Jackie moved into Vidal's old room and, he says, used all his old shirts for riding. Vidal recently discovered that through similar marital jugglings he has become related to both John Mitchell and Brooke Shields.

When he was in his teens, Vidal decided that he was going to be famous, and since there was already one well-known Gene Vidal, he took his mother's maiden name as his first. World War II came, and Vidal—then 17—volunteered for the army. His first novel, published two years later, was a Hemingwayesque story drawn from his experiences while stationed in the Aleutians. It was a great success, and Vidal and Truman Capote, who had just published *Other Voices, Other Rooms*, became celebrity prodigies. They would meet at the Palm Court in New York and exchange barbed witticisms over linzertortes.

It was with his third novel, *The City and the Pillar*, a straightforward account of homosexual relations in the armed services, that Vidal ran into trouble. The *New York Times* refused to run ads for the book, and Orville Prescott, who had favorably reviewed Vidal's two earlier novels, said, "Not only shall I never review Vidal again, but I shall never read him again." Thus began the enmity—Vidal insists it's mutual—between the author and that paper. Vidal says the *Times* continues to be homophobic and is convinced that it's out to "ax" him. Several books written after that time were commercial failures, and Vidal took to writing under the pseudonym Edgar Box in order to get reviewed by the *Times*. The Box books did, in fact, get good reviews there.

In the 1950s he turned to writing plays for live television—one of these, *Visit to a Small Planet*, later became a hit on Broadway—and then moved on to Hollywood where he wrote screenplays for, among other projects, *Ben Hur*. In 1964, Vidal returned to the novel and best-sellerdom with *Julian*, an historical fiction about the late Roman emperor who tried to reverse the tide of Christianity. It is an effort with which Vidal certainly sympathizes. He has commented that Christianity is "the single greatest disaster that ever happened to the West."

Soon after followed *Myra Breckenridge*, Vidal's "mad hymn to bisexuality," and *Washington, D.C.*, a tale of power and corruption in the nation's capital. *Washington, D.C.*, together with *1876*, timed to appear during the nation's bicentennial, and *Burr*, a somewhat revisionist history of the early years of the Republic from the point of view of America's most famous traitor, form a trilogy spanning most of the country's history. In 1981, Vidal published *Creation*, an historical novel of the 5th century B.C., containing the author's negative appraisal of Athenian democracy.

In addition, Vidal has also been a prolific essayist. His criticism, many feel, represents some of his most cogent writing. He's augured the end of literature, done in by the "University novel," or "U-novel" for short—the increasingly common phenomenon of novels written by English professors to be studied, but not read, in university English departments. He's analyzed the macho writers' romance with violence, coining the term "3M Man," which stands for Miller-Mailer-Manson Man. Norman Mailer, apparently resenting being stuck in the middle of an implied progression leading from Henry Miller to Charles Manson, punched Vidal in the nose the next time they met at a cocktail party. He was only acting in character, said Vidal.

Vidal's latest collection of essays, *The Second American Revolution* (published last month by Random House), is about evenly divided between literature and politics, but whatever the subject at hand, the essays usually revert to a discussion of sexuality. Vidal's theory is that we are all bisexual. "Homosexualists," the awkward neologism he prefers, have simply chosen one end of the sexual spectrum; some choose the other; and some aren't so picky.

Even in these uncloseted days, Vidal must feel embattled on this point. The essays in *The Second American Revolution* seem stuck on the subject of homosexuality: "F. Scott Fitzgerald's Case" (was he or wasn't he?—Zelda knew for sure); "Edmund Wilson: This Critic and This Gin and These Shoes" (pedophilia and homosexual fantasies); "The Oz Books" (boycotted by librarians because they subvert sex-role indoctrination). Then there's the essay entitled "Sex Is Politics." With Vidal it often seems the other way around.

And sometimes on the sex issue Vidal gets riled and loses all sense of proportion. Provoked by an article by Midge Decter in *Commentary* magazine that discussed the pathology of homosexuality, Vidal responded with an attack on Jewish neo-conservatives (as represented by *Commentary*). To many, the piece bordered on anti-Semitism. The *Nation* published Vidal's piece under the title "*Some* Jews and *The* Gays," the editors obviously hoping the qualifier before Jews would forestall criticism (the article had already been turned down by the *New York Review of Books*, Vidal's usual outlet). Richard Goldstein, the gay-Jewish writer for the *Village Voice* answered with "Gore Vidal's 'Mein Camp,'" accusing the author of reinvigorating "the matrix of anti-Semitism."

Even when they're not sexual, Vidal's politics tend toward the reductive. They can be summed up by one word, the conspiratorial "They." What's wrong with America, as Vidal spells it out in *The Second American Revolution* and as he has been saying throughout his campaign, is quite simply a conspiracy of the "giant corporations" (for which read the


PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

oil companies, with Chase Manhattan Bank and Boeing thrown in once in a while) to squeeze the country and a docile populace for their own profits.

Then there's Vidal's proposal for a constitutional convention. "Those conservatives known as liberals have always found the notion terrifying because they are convinced that the powers of darkness will see to it that the Bill of Rights is abolished. This is always a possibility, but sometimes it's better to know the worst all at once rather than to allow those rights to be slowly taken away from us by, let us say, the present majority on the Supreme Court, led by Banksman Burger." Vidal would like to see America institute a parliamentary system of government, with the powers of the president severely restricted and the Supreme Court removed from legislation, "even though we like them when they do things we like and don't like them when they do things we don't."

Vidal also thinks that a regional division on the order of the Swiss canton system would work here: "The United States could be divided into autonomous regions: northern California, Oregon, and Washington would make a fine Social Democratic society, while the combined states of Texas, Arizona, and Oklahoma could bring back slavery and the minstrel show." One fine source of revenue, he says, would be to tax the religions, "both portfolio and television. The Reverend Falwell could still act as God's broker; the IRS would just be standing there taking its cut."

While he comes on these days as a populist, Vidal evidences little love for the common man. The wine-and-cheese set and the university audiences who give him standing ovations are his natural constituency. But he's written off whole non-hip sections of the state. (Of Stockton, a center of the California farming industry, where he spoke recently: "It was really grim. Real American Gothic.") And for a putative man of the people, Vidal doesn't much seem to enjoy politicking. He gets little charge out of the human contact of campaigning. He sizes people up with suspicious eyes, holding himself in reserve, and looking relieved when someone hands him a book to sign so that he's spared for a moment the labor of making conversation. Even to his admirers he appears standoffish, acknowledging compliments almost reluctantly.

One might expect that an American populist would be the candidate of the middle classes—a group for which Vidal shows only contempt. He comes, he says, from a class "totally divorced from middle-class standards." And it is those standards that keep the populace so docile: "A society of singles and homosexuals would be less easily manipulated by the rulers...and it would keep the baby population down, too." In Vidal's brave new world, everyone, of every socioeconomic standing, would be freed of the bonds of Puritan morality, like the people he came from, "a family and a class," as he describes it, "that was totally promiscuous—men, women, boys, whatever."

***Vidal has always been fascinated by political intrigue. Much of his writing has been an imaginative projection into the realms of political power.***

In understanding Vidal's relation to humanity at large, *Kalki* suggests itself as his seminal work. In that novel, a megalomaniacal Vietnam veteran, believing himself to be the reincarnation of Vishnu come upon earth to bring this phase of the cosmos to a close, lets loose a deadly microorganism that wipes out the whole human race—all, that is, but a chosen few who have been inoculated beforehand. The hero has made sure, however, that he and his chosen mate are the only fertile ones left, his plan being to father a new, presumably better, race. The lonely band ends up living in the White House, the corpses of presidents, senators, and other detritus pretty much decomposed; but things don't work out the way they were planned and humanity never gets a second chance.

When *Kalki* was published several years ago, Vidal said he was sure it would be misunderstood. He no more wanted the world to end than Swift wanted to eat Irish babies, "but satire is foreign to the American mind." It's hard to understand, however, just exactly who or what Vidal is satirizing in *Kalki*. And when the novel came out, Vidal was full of Club of Rome gloom and doom, talking about "entropy" and how the world was "running down." We are depleting our resources and poisoning the environment. The world, he was sure, would end in his lifetime. "There is no way out."

The most remarkable thing about *Kalki* is the absence of any ostensible regret over the extinction of the human race. Nobody really seems to miss it much. Sure, there's some inconvenience at first, what with all those rotting senators and congressmen, but in general, the world seems a more peaceful place with them gone.

Actually *Kalki* reads more like an Elysian fantasy than satire. It's not impossible to imagine Vidal in one of his blacker moments, when he's had it up to here with "the land of the dull" and all those American critics suffering from "terminal envy," thinking, with a wry smile and a sigh of relief, the unthinkable. Vidal characterized Senator Gore as "a great misanthrope." "If there was any race other than the human race," the senator used to say, "I would join it." The grandfather finds reflection in the grandson, who has himself proposed a legal curb to human breeding.

The world-weariness that afflicts Vidal's characters also afflicts his politics. What is this escape into the simple-minded comforts of conspiracy theories but a failure of the imagination? It denotes a mind too tired to grapple with the full complexity of the issues. If "they" are running everything, what's the use of really working on the problems? He can content himself instead with the sarcastic verbal flourish or the dramatic gesture.

In 1967 Vidal published an essay titled "Paranoid Politics," which reads with telling irony today. He writes of an America "obsessed with the idea of conspiracy. From the John Birchers who regard General Eisenhower as a crypto-Communist to those liberals who find it thrilling to believe that Lyndon Johnson was responsible for Kennedy's murder, paranoid delusions afflict millions. Knowing this, even the most responsible of politicians finds it difficult not to play upon the collective madness of the electorate."

Vidal would now like nothing better than a televised debate with Jerry Brown. Vidal is a master of the medium, with his quick wit and ready one-liners. It has been suggested that he work up an impersonation of Brown to add to his Reagan (he also does a very good Nixon and JFK). He says he'll have to work on it in front of a mirror when he gets home. The image occurs of a televised Vidal-Brown debate. In the midst of answering one of those Jesuitical questions, Vidal would slip into a Jerry Brown impersonation. It might not make great politics, but it would sure be great theater. ■


PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# "I stay here because of Jacques, and Teleplan."

What makes this my favorite hotel when I'm overseas?

Jacques, for one reason. Knowing he cares about the people he cooks for is as important to me as the meal he serves. And when I see the *Teleplan* sign, I also know this hotel cares enough about me as a guest to make sure that I can make an international call at a reasonable charge.

That means no unreasonable surcharge fee. And that's pretty important.

Because many hotels without *Teleplan* often charge $50 or more for a $20 phone call. That's why the Bell System, working together with leading hotels, initiated *Teleplan*.

Who has *Teleplan*? The hotels are listed on the right.

The next time you take a trip, stay where they care. You'll find a great hotel with your very own Jacques. And you'll find a hotel with *Teleplan*.

Teleplan
The fair-cost way to call home.

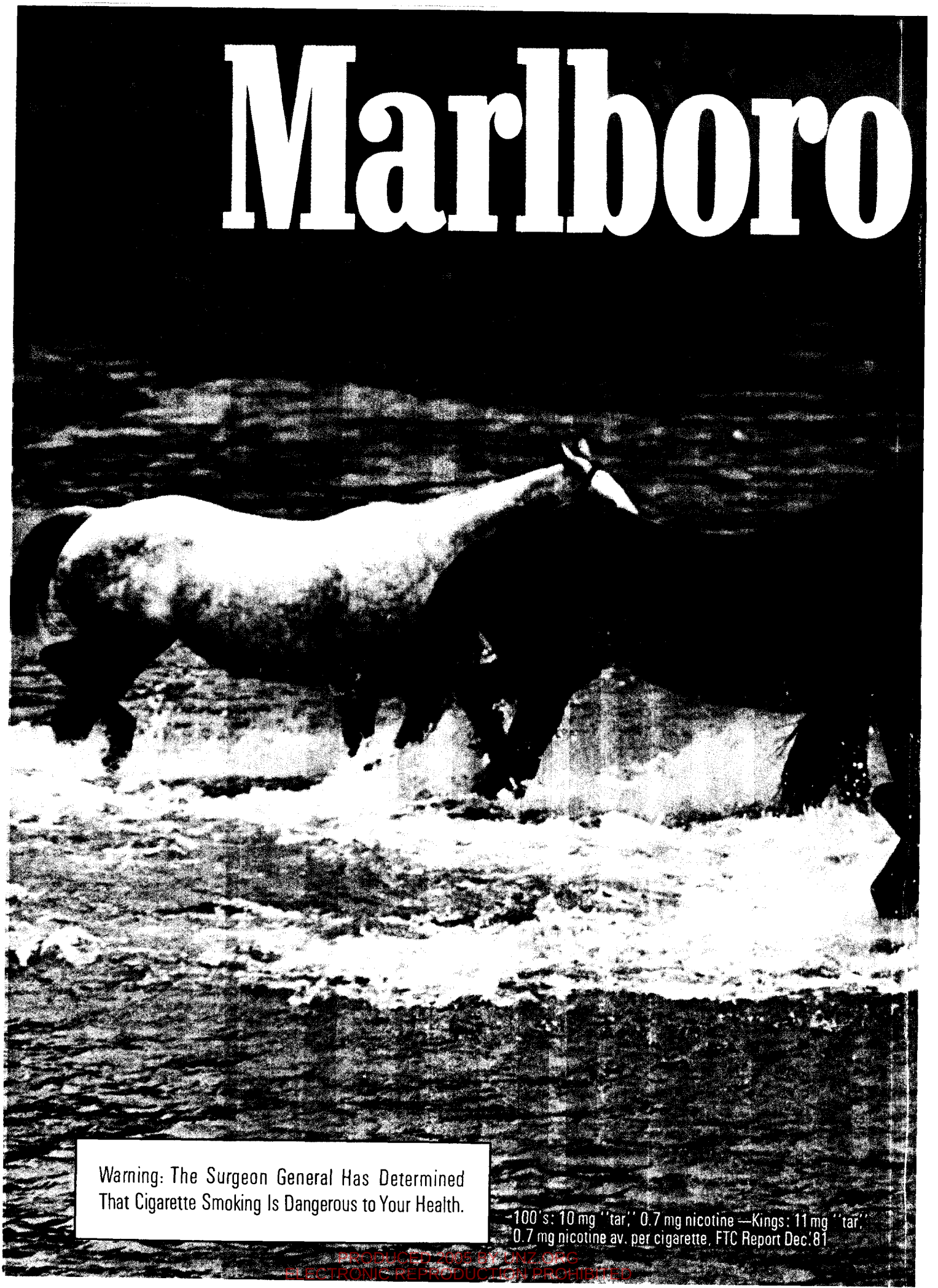
**THESE LEADING HOTELS ARE TELEPLAN HOTELS**

GOLDEN TULIP HOTELS HOLLAND
HILTON INTERNATIONAL
**Worldwide**
LEDRA HOTEL
**Nicosia, Cyprus**
THE LYGON ARMS
**Broadway, Worcestershire**
**England**
MARRIOTT HOTELS
TRUSTHOUSE FORTE
**United Kingdom**
HOTEL ASSOCIATIONS OF:
**Ireland, Israel,**
**Portugal**

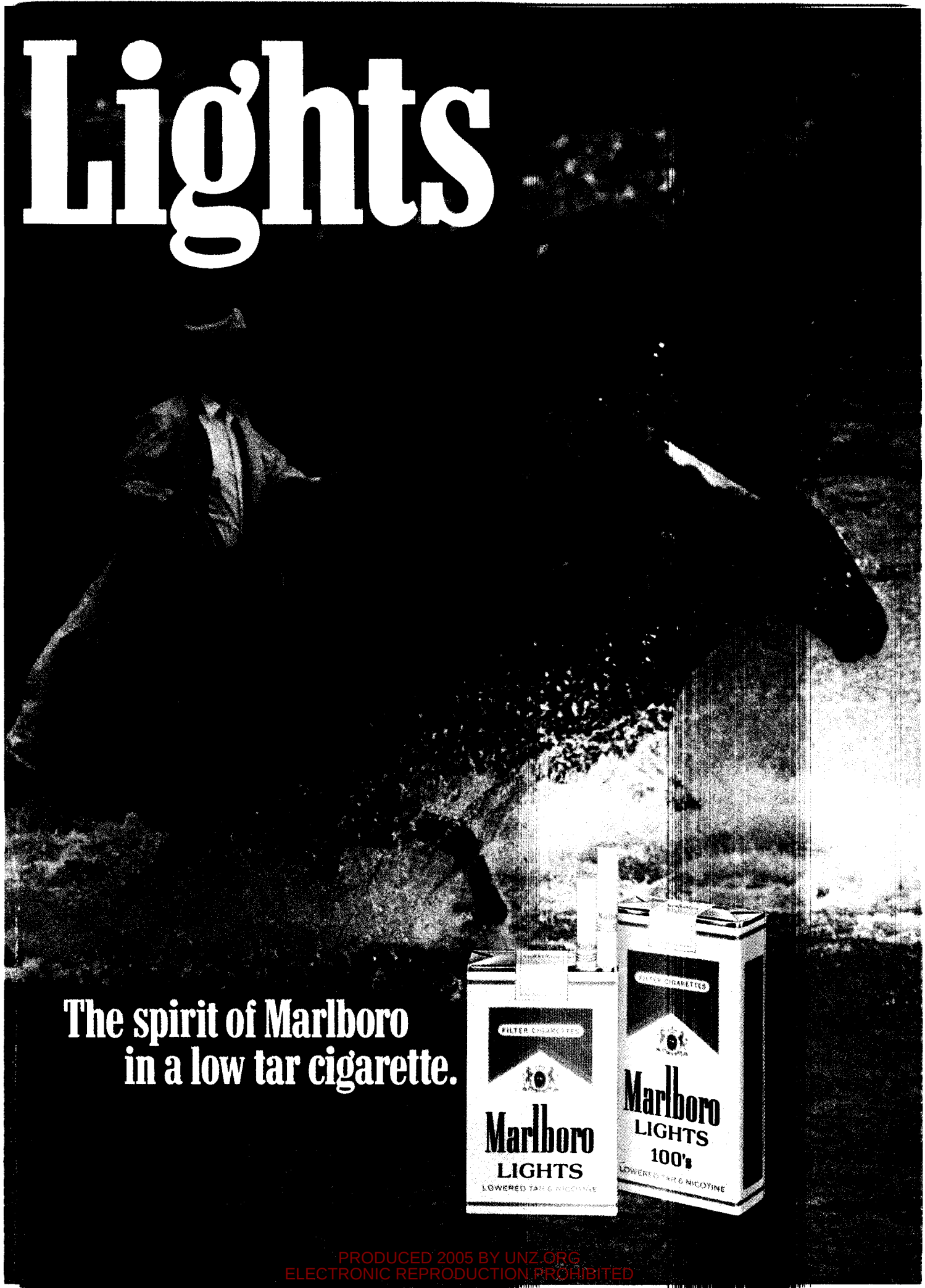
Want to know more? Call our International Information Service, toll free: 1 800 874-4000
In Florida, call 1 800 342-0400

Bell System

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


Marlboro
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.
100's: 10 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine—Kings: 11 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec.'81
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Lights




PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Broadway's Triple Threat

*Tommy Tune has scored big as director, choreographer, and performer. This month he is staging a major new musical, "Nine," and next fall he will star in a revival of Gershwin's "Funny Face."*

BY ROSS WETZSTEON

I knew how to make shows long before I knew how to make babies." Tommy Tune is sitting in the lotus position in the middle of his living room. There's not a single piece of furniture in his apartment, just plush rose-colored rugs, trees in tubs, whole walls covered with mirrors. "I'd been involved in theater since I was five years old, but I'd never been outside Texas. I was so *green*. Anyway, for a high school graduation present, my parents gave me a trip to New York, and my dancing teacher told me—I'll never forget it—'Tommy,' she said, 'you go out of your hotel, you turn right, you walk three blocks, and you know where you'll be? You'll be on *Broadway*.'" Tommy Tune places his palms together beneath his chin, lifts his elbows straight out, and leans forward. "I can't get over it," he says in his sweet boyish drawl. "Three blocks and you'll be on *Broadway*. She sure had a good sense of direction."

Now it's Tommy Tune who has a good sense of direction. Since 1976, he has staged four New York productions—and every one has been a success. As a result, he has emerged as the hottest director/choreographer in the American theater. His two Broadway musicals have each won Tony awards. *The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas*, which he directed, is now touring the country after three years on Broadway. *A Day in Hollywood/A Night in the Ukraine* was an imaginative tour de force last year. And *Cloud 9* is currently the biggest off-Broadway hit in many years, acclaimed by virtually all the critics.

Ross Wetzsteon is a senior editor at the *Village Voice*.

What's more, Tommy Tune is a triple threat. Not only has he proven himself a first-rate director and choreographer, he performs as well—and the last time out as an actor/dancer (in the musical *Seesaw*), he won a Tony Award. This fall, for the first time since that triumph nine years ago, he is scheduled to return to Broadway as a performer in a revival of the George Gershwin musical, *Funny Face*. He will star opposite Twiggy, and he will choreograph the show, but he won't direct. *Funny Face* will be staged by Peter Sellars, a wunderkind director out of Harvard.

Tune's fame and fortune today rest chiefly on his skill as a director, however, and this month, his latest musical opens on Broadway. It's called *Nine*, and it's a loose adaptation of Federico Fellini's autobiographical film, *8½*.

"A musical based on *8½* called *Nine*? When I first heard the idea it seemed so *mar*velous I just fell over." Tommy Tune clasps his hands together in front of his chest, slowly falls over onto his side, then resumes the lotus position. "The whole project is Maury Yeston's idea—remember that name—he's a young musicologist at Yale and this is his first show. He came to me two years ago with this score, and that night I played it on my funny little tape recorder and it's like he's the heir to Rodgers and *Hammerstein*. I mean the return to ro*mance*."

Why is it called *Nine*? "I think I'd rather let the show answer that question," he says. "It's such a multileveled answer. Actually, it's not so much based on *8½* as in*spi*red by it. I mean we don't follow it scene by scene or anything. We got Arthur Kopit to write the book and Raul Julia to play the Fellini character, and, well...the project's been in the works on and off for two years, but this winter we spent six weeks in workshop to be sure we were really ready to *go*."

At a time when the American musical seems hopelessly mired in the past, its frequent desperate revivals threatening to turn the Great White Way into Memory Lane, Tommy Tune is one of the few people who seem to have any idea where musicals should go next. In the 1940s and 1950s, choreographers like Agnes de Mille and Jerome Robbins, in such milestone musicals as *Oklahoma!* and *West Side Story*, transformed the formulas of show biz into the freshness of folk art. In the 1960s and 1970s, their successors—choreographer/directors like Bob Fosse and Michael Bennett—attempted to take musical comedy a step further, to move beyond folk art to modernist angst. While de Mille's square dances and Robbins's street rumbles had brought a stylized realism to Broadway dance, the Fosse-Bennett generation turned inward, to more psychological, more sexual rhythms. Broadway had caught up with the Age of Anxiety.

But Tommy Tune along with the late Gower Champion seems to have leaped back over the two preceding generations, back to the energetic razzmatazz of pre-war Broadway, back to the unabashed hokyness of Busby Berkeley, back even to vaudeville, to the music hall, to ballroom, to tap. Though Gower Champion returned to the past as if nothing had happened in the intervening 40 years, Tommy Tune not only enthusiastically taps Broadway's roots but reinvigorates them with the hippest sense of irony,

© 1982 NANCY RICA SCHIFF



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ambiguity, and sophistication.

In short, Tommy Tune has become the heir to the great line of American choreographer/directors not by moving farther away from Broadway's past but by bringing it up to date. His great achievement is to infuse old forms with new feeling, to convert nostalgia into creative force, to give show biz back its good name.

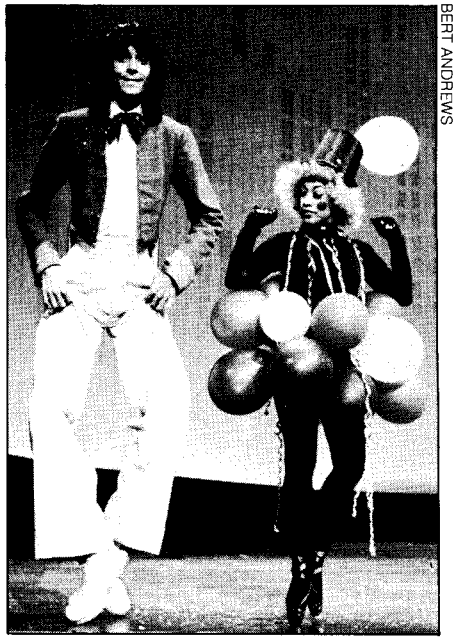
Tommy Tune's first New York production, the Obie-winning, off-Broadway feminist vaudeville *The Club*, was set in an Englishmen's club in the 1890s, but hilariously, horrifically exposed Victorian misogyny by having all the male roles played by women. But playwright Eve Merriam and Tommy Tune had far more in mind than such facile role reversals, for in the last third of the play the "men" in the club put on a revue within the revue in which they played "women," and suddenly, far from merely adding one more reversal, the reversals endlessly multiplied. At first, the female performers enacted men awkwardly trying to enact women (one thinks of the same device in *Figaro* and *Der Rosenkavalier*), but gradually, as the plot turned into a melodrama of sexual revenge, glib sexual politics shaded into a dismaying, sexual ambivalence.

Pay attention now. That's an actress, enacting a man, pretending he's a woman in a play within a play, a woman acting coquettishly in order to conceal the fact that in having an affair she's behaved like a man—and she's confronting a man, played by an actress, also pretending she's in a play, commenting ironically on the sexual role-playing of her performance, yet at the same time passionately conveying her/his/her outrage at sexual duplicity. So many levels of identity were simultaneously present that our bewilderment itself became revelatory.

Merriam recalls that Tune was perfectly suited for this drama of deeply disquieting sexual disorientation because "he's such a unisex person himself," but adds that even more important was "his amazing ability to put the cast at ease. He's extremely sweet, vulnerable, almost other-worldly—directing for him is like a laying on of hands. 'I don't know what to do here,' he'd say, asking the cast to come in and help him out. He's not at all wary or intellectual, but he's extremely smart—he just *acts* wide-eyed, as if *you're* the smart one. It's a very endearing quality, and it got the very best performances the cast could give."

Tune's first Broadway venture, *The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas*, is the only one of his four shows that doesn't feature cross-gender casting. But another Tommy Tune signature appears in a rousing Dallas Cowboy cheerleader parody. Each cowgirl carries a cowgirl dummy in each hand, thus multiplying the chorus by three while at the same time suggesting how little difference there is between cheerleaders and mannequins. And in the first-act finale, the chorus of football players manages to dance up a storm while remaining seated on a locker room bench, an amazing choreographic *coup de théâtre*.

EILEEN JONES



BERT ANDREWS

**As director of *The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas* in 1978 (above), Tune achieved his most commercial success. As a performer in *Seesaw* in 1973 (below), his first solo on Broadway, he won a Tony award.**

*A Day in Hollywood/A Night in the Ukraine*, for which he won a Tony, may be the most intimate blockbuster ever staged. With a cast of eight, no stars, and an "orchestra" consisting of two pianos, it was a charmingly low-key tribute to frenetic smash-hit show biz. The first act consisted of a nostalgic revue celebrating Hollywood in the 1930s, a parody with far more affection than bite. In one skit, Tune evoked elaborate Busby Berkeley production numbers by having only five pairs of hands mime through portholes. His most striking invention? A mini-stage appeared at the very top of the set, a kind of window three feet high, through which we saw just the legs of dancers whose movements suggested specific, easily identifiable Hollywood dancers, proving that in the hands of a gifted director even feet can become characters.

*Cloud 9*, Tommy Tune's directorial masterpiece, is an exhilarating hybrid of the most disciplined 1920s vaudeville slapschtick and the most with-it 1980s sexual ambivalence. Although it's his first nonmusical, it's choreographed as much as directed. "Once we got it together," he has said, "I realized that the whole show was one gigantic, never-ending musical number." In fact, he brought to Caryl Churchill's text such sing-along rhythms, such a rat-a-tat beat, that you leave the theater with a tap dance in your pulse.

The first act takes place in colonial Africa in 1880, and reveals how Victorian sexual repression led to virtually every form of sexual expression except heterosexual intercourse—a kind of polymorphous, perverse Plato's Retreat. But behind the sexual tour de farce is a political tragedy, for Churchill and Tune have crossed Freud and Lenin to show the libidinous sources of imperialist tyranny. The second act takes place 100



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

years later but the characters are only 25 years older, as if to say that political and erotic evolution don't always coincide. The characters are in some ways more "liberated," but in a sense this means only that they have more opportunity to act upon and are thus more under the control of their obsessions—as striking a commentary on the sexual revolution as anything in contemporary theater.

The sexual ambiguities of the carnal roundelay are brilliantly underscored, as in *The Club*, by cross-gender casting. The

PETER CUNNINGHAM

***Cloud 9*'s cross-gender casting: Don Amendolia as Cathy, Concetta Tomei as Edward.**

wife in the first act is played by an actor (who plays a male homosexual in the second act), the gay son in the first act is played by an actress (who plays an incestuous bisexual in the second act), and so on. The conception is Churchill's but the execution is Tune's. In fact, people who have seen both the current production and an earlier version in London staged by a different director say that what had once seemed merely gimmicky now seems integral to the play's vision. By the end of the evening, the very categories male and female seem as insubstantial as liberal and conservative—we hop into bed as we enter the polling booth, with certain inclinations to be sure, but with more and more of us declaring ourselves "undecided." The analogy isn't as far-fetched as it might seem, for ultimately *Cloud 9* is more about politics than about sex—or rather, about the ways in which the two interact to repress freedom of self. In the 19th century men colonized Africa, while in the 20th they continued to colonize women.

What could easily have become coarse and merely campy is handled with the most delicate finesse. Both the text and the acting brilliantly blend the familiar show-business traditions of melodrama, music hall, and vaudeville into a kind of comic seriousness—never quite straight, but never quite parody either. Then these "old-fashioned" styles are in turn blended with the most sophisticated sexual ambiguity, the most contemporary radical politics. Any aspiring director would do well to see *Cloud 9* for a textbook lesson in how to find the tone of a play, how to keep it perfectly on pitch, how to avoid letting it go shrill or flat for a single second—the most skillfully seamless piece of direction currently visible on the American stage.

Tommy Tune himself is an appealing combination of the naive and the hip, the boyishly exuberant and the immensely inventive. He has the uncanny ability—Andy Hardy as Stanislavski—to make you hear a star-struck "golly" in nearly every sentence he speaks, and at the same time see theatrical genius in nearly every decision he makes. "He was a gypsy himself, he really believes in all those show-business myths," says an old friend.

His name, of course, comes right out of a 1930s movie. "But it's really my name," he says, "*really*"—still shyly embarrassed, though he must have explained it a thousand times. "It's an English name—my father was of English stock. And my mother was a Shawnee Indian so I'm both a cowboy *and* an Indian. Of course, I got a lot of ribbing about my name—I still do—it's a scream of a name, don't you think? But every time I start to change it, something stops me."

Tune sprawls on his stomach on the floor, his chin in his hand, his left leg bent at the knee, lifted in the air. "I was born in Wichita Falls, Texas, 43 years ago. My parents met while dancing, if you can be*lieve* it. I started dancing in Houston when I was five years old. It was a class of all boys, 30 minutes tumbling and 30 minutes tap. I was good at tumbling but I was a *speed* at tap." But when the class began again the next year, all the boys had dropped out, now it was a class of all girls so they added ballet. "From then on it was all ballet for me. I *loved* the sensation of flying, I couldn't get *over* it. Then I started to grow when I was about 12. Before you know it, I was six-foot-six. I just looked ri*dic*ulous in tights. Right away I knew I'd never make it as the prince in *Swan Lake*."

He pauses for a moment, runs his hand in a circle over the rug. "You're probably wondering why I don't have any furniture in my apartment, aren't you? Well, furniture just doesn't fit me. I feel more comfortable sprawling in the middle of the floor. Being this tall means I never have to worry about seeing at parades, but otherwise—let me tell you—it's a nuisance. Sometimes, instead of thinking of myself as six-foot-six, I tell myself I'm only five-foot-eighteen.

"Anyway, one day, the star of our dance studio—I had such a mammoth crush on her—suggested that I major in drama in high school. 'What's drama?' I asked her. You can't imagine how green I was. 'Well, they put on plays,' she told me. So the first day in high school, I signed up to major in drama." Then, two years later, his crush invited him to go with her to a road-company dress rehearsal of *The King and I*. "For the first time," he says, the boyish reverence returning to his voice, "for the first time I saw singing and dancing and acting all woven together—color, movement, laughter, tears—laughter and tears at the same *time*, I couldn't be*lieve* it—and that was the place in the road where I turned. From that moment on, it had to be musical comedy. And I never turned back."

Just like the 1930s movie, Tune went back to the drama department and said, "Let's put on a musical comedy." The first show he ever staged was *Pajama Game*. It was still running on Broadway, so of course he didn't have the rights, but he bought the record and did a 50-minute show based on the music—just a few lines of dialogue between the songs. "It was *grayy-t*, just *grayy-t*. It was the hit of the *school*." Then *Damn Yankees*, *Plain and Fancy*, and on the night of his graduation he was directing *Once Upon a Mattress*; someone else picked up his diploma.

After two years in junior college, two years at the University of Texas, and a masters degree in directing at the University of Houston, the 1930s movie resumed. "A friend just put me in his car and closed the door and said, 'It's time for you to go to New York.' I still wouldn't have been here otherwise. My *dream* was to be in the chorus of a Broadway show, but I was so *ner*vous. I knew the theater, but I didn't know anything about the world." Tune arrived in New York on St. Patrick's Day, bought a copy of a theatrical trade paper, saw an audition notice for the road company of *Irma La Douce*, tried out, and got a job in the chorus—all



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# FOUND!

## IN GUARDED VAULTS! 5,000 ORIGINAL, U.S. GOV'T. MORGAN SILVER DOLLARS that escaped Gov't. meltdown!

### Rare Surviving Hoard of Original U.S. Gov't. Coins To Be Released To U.S. Citizens For Only $30 Each ...ACCEPTANCE DEADLINE: MAY 28

Tonight at midnight, history will be made when the National Monetary Center opens its vaults and releases to the public some of the last surviving ORIGINAL, U.S. GOV'T. MINTED MORGAN SILVER DOLLARS IN EXISTENCE IN ALL THE WORLD. Yes, a valuable hoard of 5,000 Morgan Silver Dollars . . . that escaped Gov't. meltdown over a half a century ago . . . and have become one of the rarest coins on the face of the earth.

**THE DAY THE SILVER DOLLAR ARMY MARCHED OFF TO WAR!**

You see, in World War I, due to severe silver shortages, the U.S. Gov't. drafted from circulation and melted down some 270 million Morgan Silver Dollars. In one single action—"Operation Meltdown"—the Morgan suddenly became one of the rarest coins ever minted. Which is why the release of this hoard of 5,000 original U.S. Gov't. Morgans is such a significant event in the world of valuable coins.

**FOR THE RELEASE TO INDIVIDUAL CITIZENS ONLY— FOREIGN AND DEALER ORDERS WILL NOT BE HONORED!**

Most significant, each of these original Morgan Silver Dollars, is guaranteed to "contain 412.5 grains of ninety per cent fine silver," to measure 38.1 mm in diameter with weight of 26.73 grams and will be accompanied by a Certificate of Authenticity to this effect for your own insurance purposes.

**PRICE GUARANTEED FOR THIS SPECIAL RELEASE ONLY! SUPPLY GUARANTEED FOR ONLY AS LONG AS THEY LAST!**

Due to limitations of our available supply, and the acute scarcity of original U.S. Gov't. Morgan Silver Dollars still in good condition, we can only guarantee this initial offering price of $30 per coin plus $2 postage, handling and insurance per coin for this special release only.

In addition we must set a strict limit on no more than ten (10) original Morgan Silver Dollars per order. AND SINCE THIS OFFER IS BEING MADE AVAILABLE TO PRIVATE U.S. CITIZENS ONLY, NO ORDERS FROM DEALERS OR INDIVIDUALS FROM OUTSIDE THE UNITED STATES WILL BE ACCEPTED and uncashed checks will be returned.

But once again . . . this is a STRICT LIMITED OFFERING TO U.S. CITIZENS ONLY. All orders will be filled on a first-come, first-serve basis; and of course your purchase price refunded in full, anytime within 14 days if not completely satisfied. **SPECIAL COLLECTOR'S DISCOUNTS: 3 COINS for $75** plus $5 postage, handling & insurance; **5 coins for $120** plus $5 postage, handling & insurance; **10 coins for $225** plus $5 postage, handling & insurance. To avoid disappointment or future regret, you must place your orders immediately. ACT NOW!

**NATIONAL MONETARY CENTER, DEPT. SWNM-31 Box 37438, WASHINGTON, D.C. 20013**

NATIONAL MONETARY CENTER INC. A private firm, separately run and affiliated with the U.S. Mint or any gov't. agency.


in the first day. "Right away I was on the road for six months, and I've never been out of work since. Knock wood."

Several years in chorus lines and as a part-time choreographer followed, on Broadway, in summer stock, in night clubs. "In *Baker Street* I had to wear a symmetrical—you know, one of those fake bodies?—I had to wear one so it'd at least look like I had muscles. And one day I happened to look inside and I saw the name Laurence *Olivier* printed there." He tilts back his head and giggles in glee. "For one whole season I had Laurence Olivier's *body*."

Finally, "the big break"—a screen test for Gene Kelly for a small role in the film version of *Hello, Dolly*. But Tune didn't like making movies. He'd show up at 8 AM with all his Broadway energy "rarin' to go," and it'd be 3 o'clock in the afternoon before they'd get around to his first shot. He stayed in California for three years, choreographing Dean Martin's television show—"I want you to pass right over *that* period, I didn't learn a *thing*"—until director Ken Russell called from London and offered him a part in the movie version of *The Boy Friend*.

"After filming with Ken Russell, Michael Bennett—I knew him from the days when I was in the chorus of *A Joyful Noise*—offered me his apartment for a few weeks while he went to Detroit to direct the musical version of *Seesaw* in its pre-Broadway run. I'd just dropped my bags when the phone rang. It was Michael. 'Don't unpack,' he said. 'I need you in Detroit.'" So Tune went out to help him choreograph, and within three weeks he had a part in the show. "All my life I'd dreamed of dancing on Broadway, and the first time I did I won a Tony. It was the happiest time of my life."

But until *Funny Face* came along this year, he was not offered another acting role. "A Tony winner and no one could find a part for me," he says. "So I had to move to directing to make a living. That's the truth! But performing is my first love."

Tommy Tune's work is his play. "I'm dying to meet nuclear physicists or restaurateurs or *any*body outside the theater, but there just aren't enough hours in the day. All my friends are theater people and all my time is spent in the theater—besides my own work, I go to at least three plays a week. There's not even time for *mo*vies. Oh, I sometimes run on the beach, or paint and draw, or cook a little—but other than that my entire life is singing, dancing,



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

acting, choreographing, and now directing."

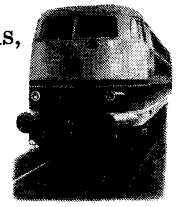
Tune's work is usually inventive, graceful, charming, magical, hilarious, but it can convey unutterable poignancy as well. The final speech of *Cloud 9*, in particular, fulfills Tommy Tune's desire, since the age of 15, to bring us "laughter and tears at the same time." Throughout the play, the characters have tried to achieve fulfillment by extending their erotic lives further and further, as if yearning could only lead outward, as if the apocalyptic orgasm lay just beyond the unexplored horizon. But the prim and prissy wife, hardly even sexually aware in the first act, shyly explains that she has discovered masturbation in the second, and her tearfully joyous monologue about the joys of onanism soars beyond sexual satisfaction into liberation of self. When she finishes her monologue, the actor who played her role in the first act slowly approaches from the back of the stage, the two recognize one another, and as they ecstatically embrace, there isn't—old forms, new feelings—a dry eye in the house.

"I cry too," Tune says. "I'm the director, I'm supposed to be immune, but that last scene always gets to me every time I see it. And that's what it's all about—*getting* to people.

"You know, it's a funny thing, when my friends see one of my shows they always say, 'Oh, Tommy, that's just like *you*.' I mean they said it after *The Club*, all those men in tuxedos, and they said it after *Whorehouse*, all those rowdy guys in western outfits. What am I? An elegant gentleman or a stomping cowboy? *You* figure it out. All *I* want to do is make it get to the *aud*ience.

"I've never told anyone this before," he says, sounding slightly surprised—Tune has a way of making everything he says sound like he's just thought of it for the first time—"but I have a little thing I do. Once I think the show is all together I sit through it twice more. The first time I slouch back in my seat and close my eyes and just listen to it as if it were on the radio. If it passes that test, if it gets me on just a verbal level, then I sit through it one more time, only this time I stuff up my ears and watch it without sound, to see if it gets to me on a *visual* level. When the two levels come together, I know we're ready.

"I mean even if the audience is *deaf*, even if the audience is *blind*," Tommy Tune beams like sunshine, "I'm still *getting* them." ■

Also storybook towns, historic cities and all the other wonderful attractions Germany has to offer. That's the beauty of exploring with GermanRail.

And the GermanRail Tourist Card is the most convenient and economical way to do it. It's the unlimited mileage ticket that puts all of Germany in the palm of your hand for less than $14.00 a day for 9 days–or less than $11.00 a day for 16 days.

You should also know about our "Germany by GermanRail" tours. Featuring the GermanRail Tourist Card and a choice of money-saving accommodation plans, these do-it-yourself holidays are as exciting as they are affordable.

**We brake for castles.**

And if your travel plans go beyond Germany, GermanRail can also provide you with the economical Eurailpass or Eurail Youthpass.

For further information, flag down your travel agent or use the coupon below.

So, instead of dreaming about castles, you'll soon be visiting them.

Send me more information on touring Germany with GermanRail. SR-5-82

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

DB GERMAN RAIL

Mail coupon to: GermanRail, Box G, Staten Island, N.Y. 10305




PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# The Meteoric Rise of Mary Boone

*At the age of 30, she has become one of the nation's leading art dealers, specializing in neo-expressionist paintings by young artists. But some critics say her success is just art-world hype.*

BY SUSAN K. REED

Thirty-year-old art dealer Mary Boone reaches to answer the telephone, four diamond rings on her hand flashing. The caller is trying to reach Leo Castelli's art gallery, located one flight up over Boone's in the Soho district of Manhattan. She hopes to buy a painting from artist David Salle's upcoming one-man show. "The show is being put on by me *and* Leo," Boone tells the caller evenly, "in both our galleries. David is *my* artist. Who recommended that you call? I don't understand why they wouldn't have mentioned *my* name.... I'm sorry, but other collectors have been waiting six months and more for the paintings in the show. Of course, you're certainly welcome to come by the gallery when you're in town...."

Boone leans forward and pours herself a cup of tea. She is dressed in a gray suit—hip-length jacket and short pleated skirt—designed by her favorite New York couturiere, the trendy Norma Kamali. She is also wearing gray stockings and gray spiked heels by designers Susan Bennis and Warren Edwards. Boone's manner is cool, confident—and tough.

At a surprisingly tender age, Mary Boone is on her way to becoming one of the country's most powerful art dealers. The shows that fill her gallery are sold out before they open. Many of her clients are recognized as pivotal tastemakers on the international art scene. And she sometimes shares exhibits with Leo Castelli—for the last two decades the world's most influential dealer, a man whose interest usually assures an artist's success.

But the most significant reason for Boone's success is that five of the 11 painters she represents are on the cutting edge of today's hottest trend in art—Julian Schnabel, David Salle, Rainer Fetting, Gary Stephan, and Ross Bleckner. Like Boone, each is young—but already their paintings sell for between $10,000 and $30,000 apiece (though one European collector reports a recent offer of $75,000 for his Schnabel). Prices for Schnabel's and Salle's paintings have increased phenomenally—tenfold in the last two years.

The paintings produced by Boone's artists are wildly imagist, expressionistic, often crude. Their work has yet to find a collective label, though it has been called "neo-Expressionism," "New Image," "New Wave," and "Maximalism" (in response to its austere predecessor, Minimalism). The figurative is combined with abstraction; images seem arbitrary, chaotic. Similar developments are taking place in Europe: in Germany with the work of Anselm Kiefer, Rainer Fetting, and Helmut Middendorf; in Italy with artists who have become known as the "three C's," Francesco Clemente, Sandro Chia, and Enzo Cucchi. "I'm not worried that their work is not understood yet," Boone says. "Pop art wasn't named until halfway through the movement. Anything that's understood too quickly has ended up not lasting."

Collectors must wait for a painting by Boone's artists anywhere from two months to two years, depending on how frequently they buy from the gallery and how influential they are in the art world.

Susan K. Reed is an assistant editor of *Saturday Review*.

The days are gone when anyone could walk unannounced into a major gallery and pick up an important work for ready cash. Sales are now carefully planned by dealers to promote and publicize the artists. Galleries give shows of paintings that have already been sold to reinforce the image of demand. In effect, dealers today serve less as agents for a buyer's collection than as managers of a painter's career.

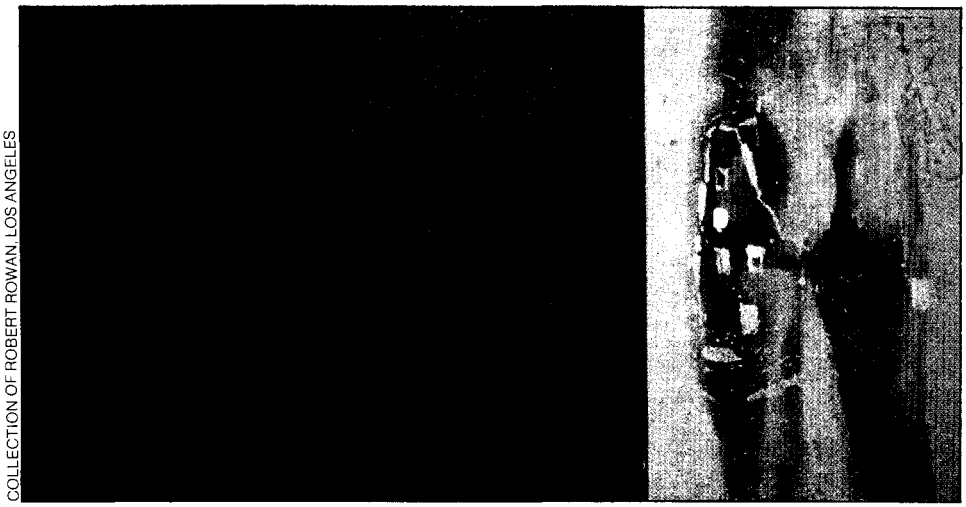
Prior to the 1960s, the art world was much simpler—and much less profitable. But with the explosion of art prices in the last 20 years the courtly art market changed dramatically. To command high prices requires, first, attracting the interest of affluent private collectors who are recognized as tastemakers. Once such collectors are buying, important critics must publicly approve of the collectors' selections. In what often evolves into a mutual-admiration society, dealers will recommend favored critics to art magazines to review their artists' work. Boone often provides such a service, though she insists that "intelligent reaction is more important than favorable reaction." Museum curators then recognize that educated tastes are buying and writing favorably about the work of these artists, so that the curators feel compelled to acquire examples of the art as a record of current history. Acceptance by a museum, of course, only increases the "historical importance" of an artist's output, and the price tag increases accordingly. To be successful, in other words, a dealer's taste is still crucial, but it is not enough in itself; more than ever, a dealer must also convince

©1982 JACK VARTOOGIAN MARY BOONE COLLECTION

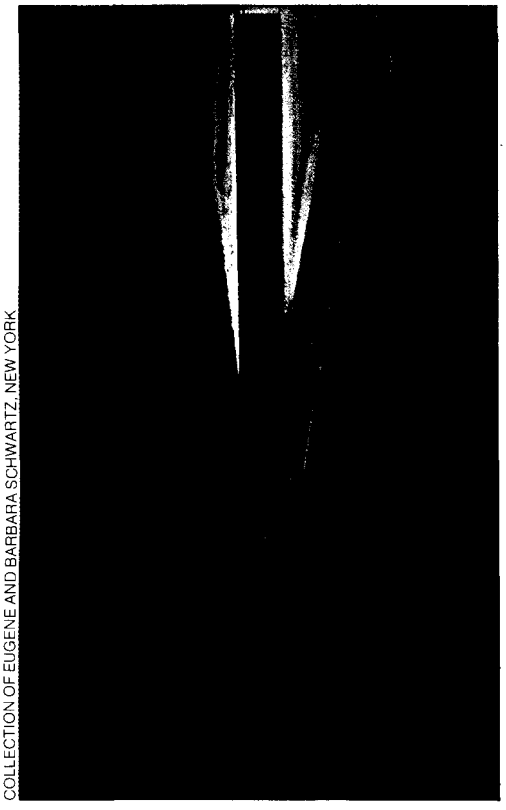
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mary Boone, with Julian Schnabel's "The C... Paul" (1980).

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



COLLECTION OF ROBERT ROWAN, LOS ANGELES



COLLECTION OF EUGENE AND BARBARA SCHWARTZ, NEW YORK

COLLECTION OF BASELKUNST MUSEUM, BASEL, SWITZERLAND

**Paintings by three of Boone's top artists show strong contrasts of figurative and abstract elements: Above, "I Like Intransitive Verbs" (1981) by David Salle; middle, "Madhouse of God" (1981) by Gary Stephan; below, a plate painting, "Head (for Albert)" (1980) by Julian Schnabel.**

collectors, critics, and curators.

The dealer as artists' manager is not an entirely new phenomenon. Boone finds her own career similar to those of other prophetic dealers, Daniel-Henri Kahnweiler (who promoted the Cubists), Ambroise Vollard (Cézanne and Pissarro), and Leo Castelli (Rauschenberg, Johns, Lichtenstein, and Stella). "Kahnweiler was only 19 when he opened his gallery," Boone points out. "He was really the first dealer to pioneer the idea of building an artist's career and following it through."

At the moment, Boone appears to be their natural heir. Her taste—or her intuition about other pivotal tastes—has led her to artists whose work appeals to the right people. Her drive, her appearance of total self-confidence, her willingness to insult when challenged ("That's the stupidest question I ever heard," she snaps when asked how she met collectors when she began), and her willingness to flatter when it will work to her advantage ("Of *course*, you're invited," she coos to an influential art critic who has called her on the phone), all have led to her present, powerful position as the sole representative of artists whose work is very much in demand. Beginning as an assistant in a small New York gallery, she gradually accumulated introductions to important collectors and members of the art Establishment. But once past the initial contacts, she had artworks that she *knew* would intrigue the movers and the shakers. And as a result, Mary Boone is now a mover and a shaker herself.

The fact is," Boone says, "I never planned to be an art dealer. I just fell into it." Born in 1951 in Erie, Pennsylvania, Boone's family moved to California six months later. Her father died when she was three, and she grew up shy and serious. She and her mother frequented museums, and she was singled out in school as being artistic. "All that meant at age eight, though, was that I could draw better than anyone else in the class.

"I was very studious, and the idea of art history appealed to me—cataloguing, archiving information." After finishing college at Michigan State, Boone decided to pursue art rather than art history, and she enrolled in the Rhode Island School of Design in Providence, from which she received a BFA in 1973. During her student years, Boone recalls, "I wasn't very comfortable around people my own age. It was a really unhappy time of my life."

Things began to look up, however, when she moved to New York City, intent on becoming an artist. To support herself, she took a job as a girl Friday at a respected Minimalist gallery, Bykert, which, like Boone's present gallery, specialized in the work of young artists. Bykert's owner, Klaus Kertess, was more interested in trying to be a writer than in running the gallery, and Boone slowly took over. "Unlike a lot of people in that situation," says artist Gary Stephan, "Mary was perfectly willing to take up the slack." Boone's friend Barbara Jakobson, a collector and board member of the Museum of Modern Art, says, "Klaus and Mary were a good team. He was rather dreamy and she was extraordinarily capable." Boone gradually began to sell work, make deals, and meet collectors. "It had all the aspects of art history that I liked," she explains, "but it was very creative. You were dealing with living artists."

When Kertess decided to close Bykert in 1976 to pursue his career as a writer, Boone felt she needed time to think about her career. "From 1973 to 1977, I had been looking at a lot of art," she explains. "I would basically go to anybody's studio who asked me—I must have gone to about 800 studios a year."

Boone continued to deal the work of several artists out of her loft in New York's Soho, to collectors she had met at Bykert and to others she managed to meet. "I knew by the end of 1976 that I really missed art-dealing," Boone says. "I decided that's what I wanted to do. By then I knew quite a few of the artists I represent now—I met Gary Stephan in


PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# "YOU CAN ALWAYS TRUST THE TASTE OF A BOLLA"

—Franco Bolla

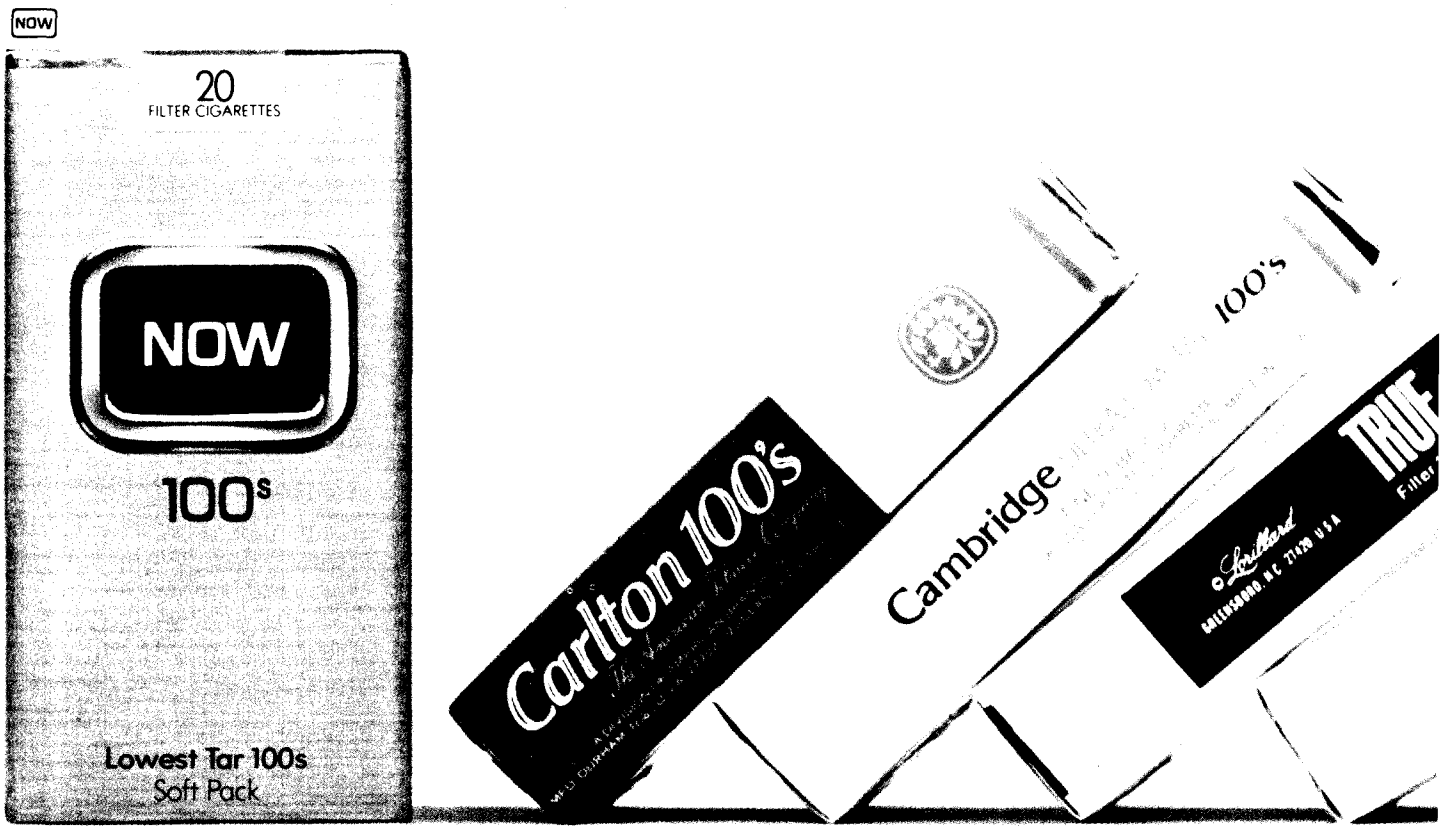
"Why do so many people prefer the Bolla family of great wines?

"Taste. Not just exceptional taste, but exceptional taste, bottle after bottle. So whether you choose the full-flavored Valpolicella, the mellow Bardolino, the crisp, refreshing Soave or the light, dry Trebbiano, you won't be disappointed. No matter how many times you choose it. After all, when you're a Bolla, you don't let your friends down."

FROM THE BOLLA FAMILY OF GREAT WINES.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Will the real lowest tar




Comparative tar levels reflect the lower of either FTC method or Dec. '81 FTC Report.

BOX, BOX 100's: Less than 0.01 mg. "tar", 0.001 mg. nicotine, SOFT PACK 85's FILTER, MENTHOL: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine, SOFT PACK 100's FILTER, MENTHOL: 2 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method.

# NOW

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# 100's please stand up?

4 mg 4 mg

# The Lowest

**The lowest in tar of all brands.**

©1982 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1973, Ross Bleckner in 1975, David Salle in 1975 when he was right out of Cal Arts, and Julian Schnabel in 1976. I reevaluated everything I had looked at, and made a conscious decision to deal with artists of my own generation. I had a conviction that they stood for something different."

Boone began looking for space to open her gallery. Shrewdly, she rented a small, unoccupied gallery on the first floor of 420 West Broadway, the building whose upper floors were occupied by the four most influential modern-art dealers of the day: Leo Castelli, André Emmerich, John Weber, and Ileana Sonnabend. "Nobody can go unnoticed at 420," says another Soho dealer, Holly Solomon. "It was very smart on her part. It's where everybody interested in contemporary art goes."

Boone opened her gallery on January 6, 1978, at the age of 26. "It was humiliating sometimes," she recalls. "There wasn't much attention being paid at first. I was just a young girl downstairs at 420 with a lot of crazy artists."

Among the artists Boone had taken on was Julian Schnabel. His first show at Mary Boone took place in February 1979, a year after the gallery opened. No one seemed to know what to make of him. He gouged holes in his canvases, pasted shards of crockery onto his paintings, and blatantly appropriated techniques of great historical painters from Caravaggio to Gaudí to Kokoschka, throwing them onto his canvases with bizarre and evocative images. One critic proposed warily that Schnabel had "reinvented the art world." Hilton Kramer wrote in the *New York Times*, "Despite the crockery and the claptrap, Mr. Schnabel is at times a painter of remarkable powers.... If this work can be taken to represent a new wave, then painting is in for some interesting times." Boone sold Schnabel's paintings for $2,500 and made sure the show was sold out before it opened.

She scheduled Schnabel's second show four months later in San Francisco. This time, the canvases were priced at $4,500. "It's important when building the reputation of an artist," explains Holly Solomon, "to spread the work around and to create as solid a base as possible." Boone was also carefully cultivating well-known collectors, convincing them to buy her artists' efforts—and many of them, seeing her artists' work, began seeking *her* out. Adds Jakobson, "Much of what happens in an artist's early career is not just presenting the work, it's placing it and limiting it, in a sense." In short, every dealer wants the collectors who collected Picasso, Mondrian, and Johns. Boone succeeded with many of those collectors—Morton Neumann, Vera List, Charles Dyker, Dr. Peter Ludwig of West Germany. And with an eye on future markets, Boone began pursuing younger collectors—among them Charles Saatchi, an English advertising executive, and his wife, Doris, and Michael Ovitz, a Hollywood agent.

The next major breakthrough for Boone came when she staged a Schnabel show jointly with Leo Castelli in April 1981. Castelli, the dean of modern-art dealers, had only gradually become aware of Boone. "When she moved in," he recalls, "I was told that a young lady was taking the space on the ground floor. I asked, 'Who the hell is she?' Then I found out little by little." Through Boone, Castelli also found out about Julian Schnabel, whose paintings had increased in size and had come to require more room than Boone's small gallery. "Mary came to me and asked me to lend her my space," says Castelli. "I couldn't really do that, but I was very interested in Julian, and I offered to put on the show jointly with her. That's how the relationship started."

The show rocked the art world. *Artforum* wrote, "Julian Schnabel's is that overnight success story everybody dreams of.... [His work's] flashy excitement calls for those now meaningless words 'breakthrough' and 'compelling.'"

But other critics resented the hype that accompanied Schnabel's art. Critic Grace Glueck quoted one New York dealer in the *New York Times*: "If you took a Julian Schnabel into an auction without Mary Boone and Leo Castelli, it would just be paint and crockery."

Last January, when a major Schnabel retrospective took place at the Stedelijk Museum in Amsterdam, critic Peter Schjeldahl wrote in the *Village Voice*: "That's right, a retrospective of Julian Schnabel, age 30, barely two years in the public eye, an artist who has stormed to international fame as the boy genius—part Picasso avatar, part media darling. His dealers, Leo Castelli and Mary Boone, were at the opening, looking very pleased with themselves, as was Bruno Bischofberger, Zurich collector and dealer instrumental in the Schnabel juggernaut's campaign."

These days, in fact, Boone does 50 percent of her business in Europe. Jakobson explains: "The relationship with Leo has projected Mary much more quickly into the international orbit. That's where Leo's reputation is so solid—in Europe."

Despite the occasional skeptic, the reputation of Boone's artists had begun to soar at home as well. Schnabel was picked to represent the United States in the 1980 Venice Biennale; Stephan and Schnabel have each exhibited at New York's Whitney Museum; and Salle will show at the Walker Art Institute in Minneapolis following *his* show with Castelli and Boone that opened last March.

Boone resents the criticism that her success is based more on marketing than on quality. But she agrees that quality alone can no longer succeed without promotion. "The world has changed from a place where all the people who are interested in art could fit into Gertrude Stein's living room to a place where thousands upon thousands of people are walking into galleries," she says. "It gives you a lot of responsibility."

> ***"In each generation there are only a handful of geniuses. I'm not saying they're all in my gallery, but I'd say I have a fair number of them."***

Only time will tell whether the work of Boone's young artists will achieve long-term stature, whether they will be go-go stocks or blue chips. "In each generation, there are only a handful of geniuses," Boone says. "This generation will probably be defined by five artists. I'm not saying they're *all* in my gallery, but I'd say I have a fair number of them."

At the same time, Boone has no intention of relaxing and letting the market move on without her. She has recently signed on another young neo-Expressionist, Troy Brauntuch, and she is constantly on the alert for new trends and young unknowns. "There's one thing I always wonder about," she says, "and this isn't a rhetorical question. Running concurrent with the early Pop artists was an absolutely refreshing, magnificent, totally abstract painter named Frank Stella. I wonder who that is now."

If he's there, Boone intends to find him. At the ripe age of 30, it's no longer success she's chasing; it's history. ■


PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*The renowned illustrator of "Little Women" creates her first porcelain sculptures ...*

# Amy by Tasha Tudor

*Inaugurating Tasha Tudor's first collection of porcelain sculptures. Individually crafted, hand-painted and issued in limited edition. Art of enchanting beauty, at the very attractive price of $75.*

Figure shown actual size of 5¼" in height.

In today's world of fine book illustrators, there is one name that stands out among the rest—*Tasha Tudor.* An artist who, for almost fifty years, has been capturing the hearts of millions with art that is happy, innocent and filled with old-fashioned charm. With delicate use of colors and a wealth of detail, her illustrations create a magical world of make-believe with characters as loveable as they are unforgettable.

Now, to celebrate the 150th anniversary of author Louisa May Alcott's birth, Tasha Tudor has created her very first works in porcelain. A collection of limited edition "Little Women" sculptures that are sure to be of exceptional interest to collectors.

"Amy" portraying Louisa May Alcott's charming, blue-eyed beauty, inaugurates the collection. Crafted in fine, hand-painted porcelain, it is a thoroughly delightful work of art. And it will be issued at the very modest price of just $75—which may itself be paid in convenient monthly installments.

The figure that Tasha Tudor has designed is so vivid, so alive, it's as if "Amy" had invited you into the pages of "Little Women" to come pay a special visit. There she sits with bent head and dreamy eyes fixed on the sketchpad in her lap. From her golden curls cascading down her shoulders, to the ruffled pinafore she wears as an artist's smock—she's the very vision of loveliness. A captivating and compelling sculpture as charming and full of grace as Louisa May Alcott's young artist.

To ensure that every small detail of Tasha Tudor's art—every nuance of expression—is faithfully captured, each sculpture will be individually crafted by master porcelain artisans in Japan. Each sculpture will be hand-cast ... hand-assembled ... and meticulously hand-painted with uncompromising care.

In the tradition of classic works in fine porcelain, "Amy" will be issued in a single limited edition, reserved exclusively for those who order from the collection by November 29, 1982—the 150th anniversary of Louisa May Alcott's birth. When all valid orders from these individuals have been filled, the edition will be permanently closed.

"Amy" will bring her own personality and charm to your home and any room in which you choose to display her. And in time to come, this engaging work of art is likely to become a treasured family heirloom, lovingly passed on from mother to daughter.

To acquire your own hand-painted fine porcelain sculpture of "Amy" by Tasha Tudor, it is important to act promptly. Please be sure to mail the accompanying advance reservation application by May 31, 1982.

© 1982 FP

ADVANCE RESERVATION APPLICATION

## Amy *by Tasha Tudor*

48

Franklin Porcelain
Franklin Center, Pennsylvania 19091

Please accept my reservation for "Amy" by Tasha Tudor, to be handcrafted for me in fine, hand-painted porcelain.

I understand that I need send no money now. I will be billed in four equal monthly installments of $18.75* plus 75¢ for shipping and handling, with the first payment due in advance of shipment.

*Plus my state sales tax.

Signature_____
ALL APPLICATIONS ARE SUBJECT TO ACCEPTANCE.

**Valid only if postmarked by May 31, 1982.**

**Limit: One sculpture per person.**

Mr.
Mrs.
Miss_____
PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

Address_____

City_____

State, Zip_____

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# A Talk With Graham Greene

*"I'm not a Catholic novelist. I'm a novelist who happens to be Catholic. The theme of human beings lonely without God is a legitimate subject. To want to deal with that doesn't make me a theologian."*

BY ANTHONY BURGESS

*I don't know how many British novelists live on the Côte d'Azur these days, but I am certainly in the Condamine of Monaco and Graham Greene, certainly, when he is not in Paris or Anacapri or on his remoter travels, lives on the Avenue Pasteur, Antibes. I do not see him as often as I should, but I left England in the first place, 13 years ago, in order not to have to meet other English novelists. But he is what I am not, namely hospitable to fellow-writers, and it was time for me to take advantage of his hospitality. For I was feeling despondent about my art, my soul, and my health. My left leg was hurting, probably the arteries seizing up, and my imagination was drained of invention and my soul arid. So I telephoned him and, the following morning, took the train from Monaco that crawls along the coast.*

*It was, for me with my leg, like plotting a major campaign. I took the dawn train, limping up the Rue Grimaldi to the station, sprayed by the hoses of the darkling street-cleaners. Stations of the Cross: Cap d'Ail, Eze, Beaulieu-sur-Mer, Nice, St. Laurent-du-Var, Cros-de-Cagnes, Cagnes-sur-Mer, Villeneuve-Loubet, Biot. Antibes is quiet at this season, though its harbor is crammed with small shipping. The sun is bright and mild, the air like chilled Pouilly Fumé. Greene's apartment is a hundred meters up the hill. I have, blast this left leg, to take a taxi.*

*Greene is on the fourth floor. His balcony overlooks the crammed yachts, like teeth so close set you couldn't twang dental floss between them. In summer the noise of motor traffic is as loud for him as for me. The days of authorial seclusion, Maugham and the Villa Mauresque, are long over. Writers live in small flats and hope to have a daily help. The best décor in the world, which you can't get in London or Paris, is marine sunlight. Greene looks well in it. In his middle seventies, he is lean, straight, active. The blue eyes startle in this light. We sit. We talk.*

**BURGESS** *Graham, you've practiced all the literary forms—verse, drama, the novel, the short story, the essay, even biography. I wonder if you ever wanted to practice any other art.*

**GREENE** I'm tone-deaf. I can't draw or paint. I've worked in the cinema, of course, as critic, scriptwriter, even in the cutting-room—that was when I was a co-producer. All my novels have been filmed, with one exception—*It's a Battlefield*. Ironically, that was the one book I wrote with the intention of adaptation to the screen.

**BURGESS** Doctor Fischer of Geneva *cries out to be filmed, doesn't it? It's short, so no director is going to want to cut it. There's a fine scenic background—winter Switzerland—and a climax, an elaborate dinner party in the snow with great bonfires, which you must have seen as film even while you were writing it. Oh, by the way, there's a small error in the book—the adjective from* Gibraltar *isn't* Gibraltan, *it's* Gibraltarian. *I know, I lived on the Rock for three years.*

**GREENE** Really? I'll make a note of that. (*Does so.*) As for filming, the preliminaries are already under way. I suppose you could say that, just as landscape painting was behind Sir Walter Scott, film is behind or before me. It's the great visual art of our day, and it's bound to influence the novelist.

**BURGESS** *With all except one of your novels filmed, and several short stories, you're exemplary as the filmable novelist. How many of the films do you find satisfactory—I mean, as saying in dialogue and image directly what you've already said to the reader's imagination?*

**GREENE** *The Third Man* certainly works, but of course I wrote that as a film—having first done a kind of literary treatment which reads well enough as a story in its own right. I saw *The Third Man* again recently in Paris. There's a whole new generation discovering it. Yes, it still works. *The Fallen Idol*, too. I'm not happy about a good number of the others. Endings get changed. *Travels With My Aunt* stops before the story I wrote really gets started. When *The Heart of the Matter* was filmed we weren't allowed to show a suicide on the screen. That ruined the whole point—self-elected damnation on the part of Scobie. Seeing *The Human Factor*, I was disappointed that so much of the book couldn't find a correlative in cinematic images.

**BURGESS** *Without having seen it, I'd say right away that it wasn't possible to deal with Buller, the boxer dog, who needs the devices of literary description to turn him into a character.*

**GREENE** Both Kim Philby and Harold Acton said that they liked Buller better

Anthony Burgess is a contributing editor of *Saturday Review*. His most recent novel is *Earthly Powers*.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

than anyone.

**BURGESS** *No wonder. Buller licks his testicles with the juicy relish of an alderman eating turtle soup. He leaves trails of spittle on the bed like bonbons. You can't film the phraseology. I'd say also that you can't translate that bit about the alderman into another language. We make literature out of our own traditions as well as our own language. Which brings me to the Graham Greene style, which is wholly a matter of words. What is it that's peculiarly Graham Greeneish in the way you use words?*

**GREENE** I started off with the desire to use language experimentally. Then I saw that the right way was the way of simplicity. Straight sentences, no involutions, no ambiguities. Not much description, description isn't my line. Get on with the story. Present the outside world economically and exactly.

**BURGESS** *You're a strongly visual writer. I mean, I see things clearly when I read your work. The cinema images are redundant. It's all in the book.*

**GREENE** You think so? I think there are solidities—I mean I try to be accurate. Then someone comes along and says that boxer dogs don't salivate like Buller. Or (it was you who said this) there are no carrots in Lancashire hot pot. Or there isn't an ABC restaurant on the Strand.

**BURGESS** *I see you have a volume of Borges here, the man who kindly calls himself the Argentine Burgess. He seems to think that a fiction writer ought to be able to make the external world out of his head and then, if he wishes, just make it collapse into nothing.*

**GREENE** Yet Borges is devoted to the very writers I admire so much. Chesterton, for instance, and Stevenson. I was walking on a crowded street with him in Buenos Aires. Totally blind, he was clinging to my arm. I mentioned Stevenson's best poem and he stopped, in all that traffic, and recited it from beginning to end.

**BURGESS** *If Borges had written* Doctor Fischer, *or Nabokov for that matter, the critics would start wondering why its hero has an artificial hand.*

**GREENE** The best answer would be because he lost his real hand in the London blitz, which he did. The artificial hand is there so that the ghastly Dr.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fischer can insult him by referring to a "deformity." Also to stimulate the reader's imagination, make him wonder about the problems of making love with a false hand. But there's no deep symbolism—or if there is, it's not my job to find it. Critics and university professors rejoice in the *sous-texte* these days. The study of fiction has become less the study of the narrative art than a search for arcane meanings. Take *The Third Man.* One distinguished critic looked for arboreal meanings in the names Harry Lime and Holly Martins. Now the original name of Martins was Rollo, which the actor Joseph Cotten wouldn't accept. If Lime has a connotation it's to do with quicklime, the disposal of bodies. No, it's dangerous to dig too deep. I try to be a straight writer.

**BURGESS** *A highly readable one—not like Joyce or Faulkner. I approach your books in two ways. I swallow a new Greene novel whole, with great or greedy speed. Then I slow down for a second reading and taste it. Then three months later I go back to it for the various aftertastes I must have missed.*

**GREENE** I'm happy to think I'm read that way. The more I think of it, the more I worry about the division of literature into the great, because hard to read, and the not so great—or certainly the ignorable by scholars—because of the desire to divert, be readable, keep it plain. You don't find Conan Doyle dealt with at length in the literary histories. Yet he was a great writer. He created several characters—

**BURGESS** *T.S. Eliot admired him, but he didn't think him worthy of a critical essay—not like Wilkie Collins. And yet Eliot lifted a whole chunk of "The Musgrave Ritual"—*

**GREENE** Where?

**BURGESS** *In* Murder in the Cathedral. *You remember—"Whose was it?"—"His who is gone."—"Who shall have it?"—"He who will come."—"What shall be the month?" And so on. In the Sherlock Holmes story we have "Whose was it?"—"His who is gone."—"Who shall have it?"—"He who will come."—"What was the month?" Almost identical.*

**GREENE** Something ought to be done about this double standard. I admire writers like Stanley Weyman. Victor Pritchett had the nerve to write about Rider Haggard after reading only two of his books. Haggard has to be read entire. H.G. Wells too. I've been seeking out the novels of the so-called middle period in old bookshops and I find them remarkable. There's also Bulwer Lytton. His *Pelham* deals with an illicit love affair in a thoroughly contemporary way.

**BURGESS** *The bosun in* Nigger of the Narcissus *is reading* Pelham *when the story opens. Strange that that same bosun should have to sign his papers with a cross when the story ends. No matter. Why not write a book, or certainly an essay, on the literary snobbism which prefers symbols and ambiguities to the straight art of storytelling?*

**The young Greene wanted to experiment, then discovered "the right way was...simplicity."**

**GREENE** I leave that to you.

**BURGESS** *In the same way, Eliot admired* My Fair Lady *but wouldn't take it with the right literary seriousness. Otherwise he wouldn't have accepted lines like "I'd be equally as willing for a dentist to be drilling than to ever let a woman in my life." Only Auden took popular lyrics seriously. He adored Lorenz Hart.*

**GREENE** He wrote songs with Richard Rodgers, didn't he? I met Rodgers and Hammerstein when they were doing a stage adaptation of *The Heart of the Matter.*

**BURGESS** *Not a musical, for God's sake?*

**GREENE** No, a very bad straight adaptation. I may not be musical but I've written popular songs. I like to put them in my novels, as you know. Now some of them have been set to music. They're broadcasting three of them on French radio.

**BURGESS** *Write the book of a musical and I'll do the music.*

**GREENE** Oh, I had this idea for a musical in which some girls steal chasubles and croziers at an episcopal conference and then get themselves up as bishops before the Archbishop of Melbourne arrives. Melbourne falls in love with Canterbury. There's a good telephone song there—"Cantuar calling Melbourne."

**BURGESS** *Do it, please. Auden, who took Hart so seriously, was responsible for the unHartian lines:*

*Is this a milieu where I must—*
*How grahamgreeneish, how infra dig—*
*Snatch from the bottle in my bag*
*An analeptic swig.*

*He's referring to a college where he's going to give a lecture, and there may be nothing to drink. Why should the analeptic swig be grahamgreeneish?*

**GREENE** I don't think he means my drinking habits. I can take alcohol—a couple of Scotches or dry martinis and a bottle of wine a day. My liver was vaccinated by my undergraduate thirst. No, grahamgreeneish seems to refer to a particular kind of fictional character I've created—white men going to seed in outlandish places. Unshaven, guilt-ridden, on the bottle. One word I seem to be associated with is *seedy*—characters I mean, not myself. It's not a happy term, a bit vague. There are such people. But they seem to have become, in their transference to my fiction, symbols of something—mankind after the fall, perhaps.

**BURGESS** *Would it be right to say that your novels were the first fiction in English to present evil as something palpable—not a theological abstraction but an entity symbolized in glass-rings on the brothel table, joyless sex, dental caries, as in the Mexico of* The Power and the Glory, *hopeless and empty men in exile?*

**GREENE** Evil's in Hitler, not in dental caries. I see we're getting on to myself as a Catholic novelist. I'm not that: I'm a novelist who happens to be a Catholic. The theme of human beings lonely without God is a legitimate subject. To want to deal with the theme doesn't make me a theologian. Superficial readers say that


PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I'm fascinated by damnation. But nobody in my books is damned—not even Pinky in *Brighton Rock*. Scobie in *The Heart of the Matter* tries to damn himself, but the possibility of his salvation is left open. The priest's final words are that nobody, not even the Church, knows enough about divine love and judgment to be sure that anyone's in hell.

**BURGESS** *I'm a cradle Catholic, and you're a convert. Do you see much difference between the two kinds of believer?*

**GREENE** Converts can be rigorous, of course. Evelyn Waugh showed great theological rigor when attacking some of my earlier work.

**BURGESS** *I admired him greatly, but he scared me. I wanted to visit him but never dared. What do you think of the post-Waugh novel in England?*

**GREENE** Beryl Bainbridge is very good; Muriel Spark too, of course. I used to read Frank Tuohy. And William Golding. R.K. Narayan I still love.

**BURGESS** *Don't you find the British novel parochial?*

**GREENE** There was a time, in the 19th century of course, when it could be both parochial and universal. Not now perhaps. I don't read much American fiction. Bellow? I liked *Henderson the Rain King*—a remarkable picture of Africa for a man who'd never been there. John Updike, no. The Southerners, no. Faulkner is very convoluted. Patrick White? I liked *Voss*.

**BURGESS** *Both Bellow and White got the Nobel Prize. When are you going to get it?*

**GREENE** I was asked that question by a Swedish journalist. How would you like it, he wanted to know. I said I looked forward to getting a bigger prize than that.

**BURGESS** *Which one?*

**GREENE** Death. Let's go and eat lunch.

*(We couldn't walk to the good local restaurant, because of my left leg, so we went to a rather inferior one round the corner. We sighed nostalgically for good solid British food.)*

**GREENE** I miss English sausages. I don't like them all meat, on French lines. I like a bit of bread in them.

**BURGESS** *I've been tempted to fly to London just to pick up sausages and then fly back again. Sausages are called bangers, and this brings me back again to Dr. Fischer and his banger party—real bangers I mean, explosives. Here you have a man who loves to humiliate and finds his humiliands among the rich and greedy, who will even eat cold porridge at dinner for the sake of the munificent presents they get afterwards. Who are prepared, at the end, to play a kind of Russian roulette with Christmas crackers. One contains a bomb which explodes on pulling. The others have checks for two million Swiss francs. Fischer is misanthropic and cruel. Is he also evil?*

**GREENE** No, he's just a very sad man. The big Catholic verities like good and evil—you won't find these in my later work.

**BURGESS** *I find compassion.*

**GREENE** Yes, I think you're meant to. We'd better leave. Can you walk as far as the station?

**BURGESS** *With the help of my stick.*

**GREENE** (*mischievously*) That stick makes you look venerable, Anthony. (*with glee*) Look at the respect you're getting from the *patron*.

**BURGESS** (sourly, in pain) *And you still have something of the look (Jesus Christ, my leg's going into spasm) of the (God help me) the (blast the bloody thing) juvenile delinquent.*

**GREENE** Yes, yes. Yes, something of that. If you miss your train, come back to the flat. We can talk more about God and literature and so forth.

**BURGESS** *The horror, the horror.*

**GREENE** The juvenile delinquent, yes. ■

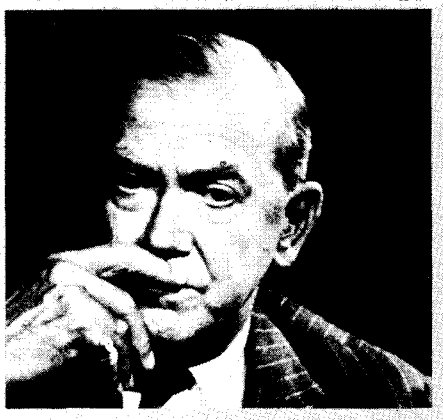
# Intrigue on the French Riviera

Shortly after Anthony Burgess returned to Monte Carlo, Graham Greene announced a daring new nonfiction book: an exposé of links among the police, the courts, and the underworld in Nice. Members of the "criminal *milieu*," he has written, "are protected by the police and collaborate with them closely. The police are on their payroll, and justice is powerless." Greene bases these charges on his own sleuthing.

It seems that in 1960, while he was researching *A Burnt-Out Case*, Greene became friendly with a French-Swiss family living in Africa. Six years later, when he moved to Antibes, he discovered the family was living not far away in Juan-Les-Pins. They renewed their friendship, the wife became Greene's secretary, and the daughter, Martine, a surrogate niece.

Martine worked as a TV announcer in Monte Carlo and in 1972 married a suave real estate salesman named Daniel Guy. They divorced in 1979. The settlement, says Greene, was "monstrous." Martine got custody of the two children, but she had to live within 500 yards of her ex-husband and could never leave work later than 8:30 P.M. According to Martine, Daniel snatched their older child after the settlement, roughing up his father-in-law, while Martine sprayed Daniel with tear gas. Afterward, the French courts gave Daniel custody of the child.

Martine told all this to Greene, adding that during their marriage, Daniel had associated with "unsavory characters" and had made such remarks as, "We've got the cops sewn up, and it's costing us plenty." Greene investigated and discovered that Daniel had served at least three prison terms for theft and violence during the 1960s. A former mistress of Daniel's, who tried to warn Greene off the case, was grabbed soon after by an armed stranger who broke her nose. The police refused to investigate.



©KARSH, 1982

Daniel admits his criminal record, but he claims the remaining charges are lies and that he can produce plenty of character witnesses, "many of them police officers." Greene, meanwhile, is convinced that the justice system in Nice is hopelessly corrupt. He's detailed his charges in a book to be called *J'Accuse*. If he can't find a publisher prepared to deal with the law suits that will inevitably arise, Greene says, he intends to publish the tract himself.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Thomas H. Middleton

# The Boo-Boo Watchers

For the past few months, I've greatly enjoyed receiving a leaflet called "Cursors!—Of the Washington Post." It is a collection of examples of bad journalistic writing culled from that paper. Much of this writing is, of course, bad only by the standards of a very good newspaper and would pass unnoticed in the average periodical.

One of my favorite gaffes is from the *Post* of last August 15. It says, "*Romeo and Juliet* go through the throes of young romance...." I always try to figure out what's wrong with the "cursor" before reading the explanation. Usually, I succeed; but this one stumped me. The explanation says, "The italicized play, a hawkeye points out, is singular; the two characters who 'go through the throes' etc. aren't italicized." Of course.

Another "cursor" that appeals to me is a quotation from August 29: "Enceladus, although about 10 times smaller, seems to resemble Jupiter's Galilean satellite Ganymede."

"Ten times smaller" struck me as awkward at best—a phrase I hope I'd never use; the explanation makes it clear that "10 times smaller" is not merely awkward, it is absurd: The reader who passed this on points out that "if an object is one time smaller, it is 100 percent smaller, and effectively doesn't exist. Something that's 10 times smaller must have a size of -9."

Ever since I started receiving "Cursors!," I've been puzzled by the title. It is obviously a play on the word "Curses!," but I couldn't understand where the word "cursors" came from. I was frustrated, knowing there was a pun lurking in there, but unable to grasp what it was. When I looked for "cursor" in the dictionary, I found "a part of a mathematical instrument that moves to and fro upon another part." That described the little glass runner that clung to my slide rule back in my high school days, but I couldn't see how that little gismo was relevant to journalistic gaffes.

Serendipity struck when I fiddled with a friend's word processor. Word processors and home computers have cursors. These cursors are little rectangles of light that blink to tell the operator where his next entry will appear on the screen. The little blinkers can be guided all over the screen, giving the operator great flexibility in instant editing. I've been told that word processors have just about taken over for typewriters in the offices of most major newspapers. I assume this modern cursor (from the same roots as "corsair," "courser," "courier," and all those other rapid runners) is the genesis of "Cursors!"

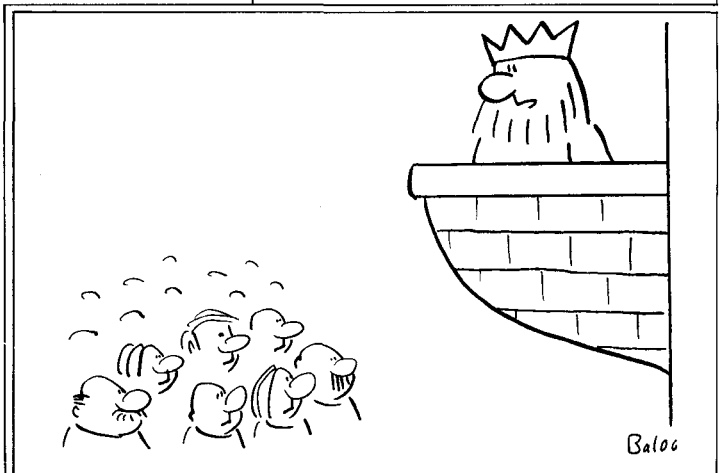
"Cursors!" is undoubtedly an excellent idea for most periodicals. Judging from the clippings that interested readers send me from newspapers and magazines all over the country, they could all use a good deal of after-the-fact proofreading by their staffs, as well as by their readers. Having your boo-boo included in a list of boo-boos and passed around the office should be embarrassing enough to make you more careful in the future, and it's just possible that such embarrassment would dramatically improve before-the-fact proofreading.

The Los Angeles *Times*, our biggest daily here in southern California, is one of America's better newspapers, but it needs good proofreading desperately. A review in the Sunday "Book Review" section on February 21 of this year referred to a time "when Harry D. Truman was in office."

You remember him. He came between Franklin S. Roosevelt and Dwight S. Eisenhower.

The previous day, the *Times* carried a story of the type that is rich meat for the *Post*'s "Cursors!" There was a front-page story headlined "Mysterious, Self-Cloning Microorganism Found." It told of a "previously unknown kind of infectious microorganism, neither virus nor bacterium, that apparently can make copies of itself in human and animal cells despite the fact that it has no genes to call its own....The pathogen is a small protein for which its discoverer, Dr. Stanley B. Prusiner, has coined the word 'prion.' It is pronounced 'pree-on' and is a combined form of 'protein' and 'infectious.'" That's all it says about how the pathogen was named. Prion "is a combined form of 'protein' and 'infectious'"? That line must have left many thousands of us scratching our heads in bafflement. I can only think that Dr. Prusiner said, "We call this a prion—you know, a combination of 'protein' and 'infectious,'" and the writer said, "Hold it! Wait'll I write this down. Got a pencil? Thanks. Paper? No paper? Wait a sec, I'll jot it on the back of this bubble-gum wrapper. What was that again?" and by the time he had prion's etymology recorded, the thought of asking, "How did you get 'prion' from 'protein' and 'infectious?'" had simply fluttered from his mind. His readers do have a right to wonder, though, and the writer has a responsibility, if not to tell them, at least to wonder along with them.

Copy editing seems to have fallen on bad times. ■




"You misunderstood -- I said I'd have the budget balanced by the time I'm 84."



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Stanley Kauffmann

# How They Muffed Those Stories

Remarks," Gertrude Stein reportedly remarked, "are not literature." Well, ideas are not plays. Amlin Gray has an idea in **How I Got That Story**, a good one, but he lolls on it instead of developing it, and the result is retread instead of exploration and advance.

The cast consists of two actors and many characters, all of them written in sufficiently limber dialogue. One actor, Don Scardino, plays one character, an American reporter who comes to cover the war in Amboland (Vietnam), where the play is set. The other actor, Bob Gunton, does more than 20 characters, male and female, American and Amboleses. Gunton is listed in the program as playing the Historical Event.

GERRY GOODSTEIN

**Bob Gunton and Don Scardino in Amlin Gray's Vietnam parable, *How I Got That Story*.**

That last is the good idea—to have the Vietnamese experience presented as a series of "turns" by one actor, to underscore its basic mendacity with arrant theatricality, to heighten the cruelties and futility, the corruption, the wasted courage and sacrifice by showing them as different faces presented by the one Historical Event. But that's where Gray's invention stopped. To this idea he added only one trite character, a naive American, a wet-behind-the-ears Midwest reporter who goes down the long slide in Amboland from eager beaver to cynic to heart-riven sympathizer with the enemy to a homeless wreck unwanted by either side—in short, who fulfills the pattern we expect when we see his bright dewiness at the start. Not many of us need to go over once again the making of the Vietnamese quagmire, not after all the plays and films, not after the spate of books (preeminently Michael Herr's *Dispatches*), not after the war itself was brought into our rumpus rooms by TV. But essentially Gray's play does no more than retell that story.

Scardino, not previously a very impressive actor, has been helped by the director, Carole Rothman, to give the most authentic, least consciously wistful performance of his that I've seen. Gunton has shown in *Evita* (as Perón) and elsewhere that he is highly competent. Here he is equally competent and also overpraised. Ask any actor whether he would rather play one big part, as Scardino does, or 20 vignettes—ranging from a tough U.S. press chief to a villager to a dragon-lady dictator to a bar girl, etc., etc.—and if he's sane, he'll jump at the 20; because a) sketching is easier than painting if you have any talent at all, and b) sharply contrasted bits—which are easy for a professional—always score big with the groundlings. (Among whom I'd include most critics.) I come not to bury Gunton but to appraise him.

If Gray had more political and human insight, if he had employed his good idea to something more than basically facile repetition, he might have got something pertinent out of it. The Reporter is surely a metaphor for America, and the increasingly apparent fact is that—apart from the sufferings of many individual Americans—the country as a whole, in terms of political and human wisdom, learned very little indeed from Vietnam. But suppose that Gray had used a wise-guy reporter who encountered the whirl of brutalities and "Oriental inscrutability" presented by the Historical Event and who (as some did) beat the experience of the Event into the mind-shape that he had brought with him and that he took home with him. At least this would have made the play less of a dip into used theatrical-cinematic-fictional materials and would certainly have made it more ironically relevant to our present and our seeming future. As is, Gray was overly pleased with his one good idea and, figuratively, quit work there; the result is just another piece of ritual American self-flagellation, with more masochistic pleasure in it than perception.

For some time it's been a truism that off-Broadway has lost its original adventurous character, has become a locus for Broadway-on-the-cheap. This would include *How I Got That Story*,



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which is no more daring in subject or method than such Broadway productions of the past as Rice's *The Adding Machine*, Kaufman and Connelly's *Beggar on Horseback*, Green's *Johnny Johnson*, and dozens more. What's now startling is how very much more active off-Broadway is than Broadway. In the month of March, only one Broadway show opened—a revival of *Little Johnny Jones*, a 1904 musical. And these doldrums, which left many theaters empty at what's usually a busy time, came along just when protests were being mounted against the demolition of two Broadway theaters, the Morosco and the Helen Hayes. It grates the backbone to see theaters torn down; still it's hard to think that the partial conversion of Broadway into a shopping mall is anything other than a recognition of fact. Besides, off-Broadway is trying to do much of Broadway's work for it. Recent examples:

• **Poor Little Lambs.** This first produced play by Paul Rudnick is the fast and funny book for a college musical that's been sent out into the world without the garments of a musical. Naked, the play falters. There's a lot of singing in it—the story centers on the celebrated Yale singing group, the Whiffenpoofs—but that doesn't make it the true musical it needs to be. So, though the dialogue crackles with sharp cracks and the show is charged with youthful energy, the play is thrown back on its characterizations and plot, which can't sustain it. This wouldn't be the case in a musical, where our character and plot expectations are lower, almost supplementary to the score and the dancing.

Rudnick's plot has to do with the efforts of a Yale woman student to get into the "Whiffs," her difficulties, and her affair with a member of the group. (The one Jew. There's one of everything, like an infantry platoon in a war movie.) This plot, as Rudnick realizes, could not be widely engaging away from Yale unless it had some general thematic base, and his play is meant to stand as a comic battering of entrenched male chauvinism.

Which, heaven knows, needs some battering. But Rudnick says it all takes place "during the current academic year," and it doesn't ring right. I teach part-time at Yale—in a graduate school but with some undergraduate contacts—and I'd say that the man-woman atmosphere Rudnick depicts is much more like the Yale of 10 or 12 years ago, when women began to arrive, than today. Besides, no one in the play mentions that there's a women's equivalent of the Whiffs called the Blues. The girl might still want to get into the Whiffs to breach the male bastion, but if the play were really contemporary, someone would surely have told her to go join the Blues.

Blanche Baker plays the lone girl and thinks herself a bit more adorable than I do, but she's skillful. So are most of the young men, especially David Naughton as the Jew, Kevin Bacon as a glossed-up Dead End Kid, and Gedde Watanabe, the Japanese-American. Jack Hofsiss, who directed the first production of *The Elephant Man* at this same theater (St. Peter's Church), seems to prosper best in small spaces. With the help of David Jenkins's cleverly designed sliding panels and of Peter Anastos for (presumably) the staging of the singing numbers, Hofsiss has directed this quite different play with lively pace and clear, clean points.

• **The Dining Room.** A. R. Gurney, Jr. has written the Gentile counterpart of James Lapine's *Table Settings*, which was done at the same theater (Playwrights Horizons) two years ago. Lapine's play was about an urban Jewish family and centered on their dining table—a quite conventional family play, the script of which had been figuratively cut into snippets and shuffled so that the unconventional time sequences could seem to lend it depth. Gurney has done virtually the same thing with a conventional chronicle play about a New England Wasp home. To the dining room come the different generations of a family, friends, lovers, prospective new owners of the house; but instead of a chronological parade, we see their appearances overlap and interchange, see them older before younger, see a character from a succeeding scene enter unseen by other actors in the current scene so that there's "comment." All this hocus-pocus, in itself almost a convention by now, has been applied to banal characters, complications, and dialogue. If you taped a month of a soap opera, then jumbled the tapes, you'd get—with a slightly lower order of writing—much the same result.

All the cast do well enough, but not doing well in these familiar roles would be—or ought to be—cause for withdrawal of their Actors Equity cards. Likewise for the director, David Trainer. My sole astonishment is at Gurney's energy in being able to address this mass of platitudes, spurred only by the technical trickery of the time mix. ■

# The

From monarch to farmer, the Danes are balletomanes. But for more than two centuries they kept their special brand of classical and romantic ballet locked up within their ancient kingdom. It was not until the 1950s that the **Royal Danish Ballet** ventured forth to enchant London and other European capitals with its bounding dancers and its effervescent repertory. In short order, the company convinced international audiences that ballet at its best is not exclusively Russian, and that Danish ballet is also made of prime materials.

This June, the Royal Danish Ballet—older than Russia's Bolshoi and Kirov companies—returns to America for engagements at Washington's Kennedy Center (June 1 through 13) and New York's Metropolitan Opera House (June 15 through 26). The touring repertory will span 200 years of Danish choreography from the oldest ballet extant, *The Whims of Cupid and of the Ballet Master*, choreographed in 1786 by Vincenzo Galeotti (ballet master of the Royal Danish Ballet from 1775 to 1816), to *Letters to Orfeus*, choreographed in 1982 by company dancer and choreographer Arlette Weinreich. In between the oldest and newest ballets, audiences will see the dance-theater masterpieces of Denmark's incomparable August Bournonville, the 19th-century genius of Danish choreography; dances by Hans Beck, Bournonville's successor; and by the Americans, Glen Tetley and Alvin Ailey.

Ballet in Denmark has been supported by royalty from its beginnings in the 1500s right down to the present. The late King Frederik IX, for example, attended the ballet constantly, conducted the Royal Orchestra, and with his childhood memories of old ballets, assisted in the reconstruction of partly forgotton Bournonville masterworks.

Today, the Royal Ballet is under the patronage of Queen Margrethe II (an ardent balletomane), though it is supported by all taxpayers. The queen herself takes weekly ballet lessons at the old


PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Royal Danes Are Coming

Royal Theater in a studio set aside for her royal exertions. Queen Mother Ingrid also goes for weekly ballet instruction (mostly in Bournonville style) as do the Crown Prince and his brother.

Over the years, the royally sponsored company has produced an impressive array of international stars: Erik Bruhn, who became the greatest *premier danseur noble* of the 1950s and 1960s; Peter Martins, now a star dancer and choreographer with the New York City Ballet; the virtuosic Peter Schaufuss, now dancing with the National Ballet of Canada and London Festival Ballet; Adam Luders and the brilliant young Ib Andersen, both with the NYCB.

**Lis Jeppesen and Frank Andersen, center, in the Royal Danish Ballet's *Coppélia*.**

One international star who has found fame without leaving the company is Fredbjørn Bjørnsson. He will be with the company when it returns to the U.S. next month, just as he was in 1955 when the very first contingent (10 principal dancers) of the Royal Danish Ballet came to America to dance at the Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival. Dancing in *Coppélia*, Bjørnsson was probably the finest Franz of his generation, the boy with a roving eye for the girls and a spirit as heady as akvavit. Today, he acts *Coppelia's* key mime role of Dr. Coppélius, the mysterious, seriocomic old toy maker, and in this, too, he is perfection. This season, we will also see him as an irresistible troll in Bournonville's delicious *A Folk Tale* in its first New York and Washington presentations.

Because of the dramatic nature of the Bournonville repertory, Bjørnsson has been able to remain a principal even after retiring from youthful roles. Also, like other principals of the Royal Danish Ballet, Bjørnsson acts in straight plays inside and outside the Royal Theater. But then, ever since Bournonville's days, Danish actors have performed in ballets and Danish dancers have acted in plays.

Much like Bjørnsson, the radiantly beautiful Kirsten Simone has moved from being the company's *prima ballerina* in such classics as *Swan Lake* and *The Sleeping Beauty* to *prima mima*. Now she brings her loveliness and acting skills to parts requiring womanliness and depth of character rather than girlishness.

The vast repertory of the Royal Ballet ranges from elegant court ballets through the highly moral (though wonderfully ebullient) Bournonville ballets to contemporary dances filled with mayhem, murder, carnal desire, and nudity. Indeed, at one performance of Flemming Flindt's *The Triumph of Death*, in which nudity is rampant, a young couple arrived at the Royal Theater in Copenhagen naked but properly ticketed, and demanded to be seated. Theater officials, though not entranced by this request, could not fault the argument that since nudity was permitted on one side of the footlights, it shouldn't be banned on the other side. An easy compromise was agreed upon: If Her Majesty were not in attendance that night, they could be seated undraped; but if the queen decided to attend, coats would be required. (As it happened, the queen did not attend.)

The Danes, with their skill in preserving (not embalming) what they have mastered, present to this day a matchless *Petrouchka* (Fokine) and a glorious *Apollo* (Balanchine), among other ballets by these masters. In fact, the Royal Danish Ballet performs Fokine ballets far better than today's Soviet dancers do—and the company's current director, Henning Kronstam, was one of the most handsome, godlike, and masterful of all interpreters of Balanchine's *Apollo*.

These days, when Kronstam dances, he is principally a mime and a great one. The new *Letters to Orfeus* was made as a star vehicle for him by Arlette Weinreich, who gleefully refers to herself as "the oldest corps de ballet girl in the world." Weinreich, who never attained principal rank, was dancing when the Royal Danes first came here a quarter of a century ago. She has elected not to perform mime roles exclusively, preferring to jump and skip and run in corps de ballet assignments, her youthful good looks and high spirits seemingly undiminished.

And so once again, the Royal Danish Ballet comes to us with its unique repertory that embraces the oldest and the newest ballets as well as dance shapes and forms from Russia, the United States, and Denmark itself. Indeed, near the finale of Bournonville's *Napoli*, the Royal Danes race from upstage toward the footlights and in a culminating leap, open their arms as if to embrace an entire audience as well. No other dancers make love like this. ■


PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Carter Ratcliff

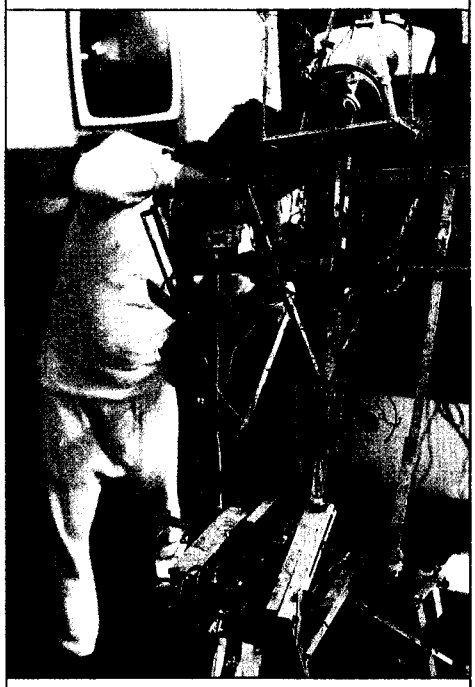
# Video Art: Paik's Peak

One of the premises of the avant-garde has always been that art is as much a matter of attitude as of painting canvases and crafting sculpture. The artist's credentials reside in his point of view, not in his skill as a producer of highly wrought objects. From this position flow the ramblings of the conceptualists and the scruffy photo-documentation of earth workers and performance artists.

Many avant-gardists use the snapshot camera and the portable typewriter in order to generate instant pictures and instant texts—along with the illusion that it is possible for the artist's vision to leap directly from his mind to each and every other mind in the audience. Instantaneousness feels like magic to some, especially those artists who pass up the Instamatic for the video Portapak. Their images appear with the speed of vision itself, and not only that, *the images move.* According to the video aesthetic in its most extreme form, the medium lets the audience see with the artist's own eyes. Communication is total, and the technology is so simple to use a child could master it.

The trouble with "magical" mediums is that they offer the artist no resistance. When he can realize his silliest idea at will, he often does. Typewritten texts and amateurish photo-documents occasionally draw some interest from the ideas and events to which they refer. But video art usually refers to the artist's infatuation with his equipment, so most of it is unspeakably boring. Video is just too easy, the proof of this axiom being the fact that it took an authentic visionary—**Nam June Paik**—to make it difficult. Since the early 1960s, the Korean-born Paik has been rewiring television's innards. The result is video that does offer resistance to the artist's vision, lots of it, and in his struggle with the medium, Paik has come up with extraordinary images. His early single-screen works seem to turn images inside out, to disassemble them and reassemble them bit by bit into rhythmic, energetic abstract sequences.

It would appear that Paik is constitutionally incapable of being dull, though he explains the liveliness of his art in another way. "I come from a poor country," he has said, "so I have to be entertaining." And challenging too. The latest institution to respond to this manic provocateur is New York's Whitney Museum of American Art, which is showing more than 60 of his works, April 30 through June 27. During the run of the show there will be a performance piece by Paik and his long-time collaborator, Charlotte Moorman, plus another joint effort that will bring Paik together with the German-based artist Joseph Bueys, via satellite hook-up.



**Paik reconstructing "Robot K456": Technology and a visionary sensibility.**

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART

This is the first full-fledged retrospective ever given to a video artist. As well as tapes and video "sculptures," there are musical scores and improvised instruments from the 49-year-old Paik's early career in the avant-garde circle that centered on the Studio for Experimental Music in Cologne. There, during the late 1950s, Paik first began attracting notice. His colleagues included such composers as Karlheinz Stockhausen and John Cage, who was by that time less a composer than a manager of noise.

Caught up in the possibilities for chance effects in music (or, rather, audio performance), Cage liberated Paik's own tendencies toward the chaotic and even the violent. His performance piece, "Hommage à John Cage," consisted, in part, of tipping a piano over on stage. Paik's relationship to the grand tradition of Western music has always been troubled, to say the least. Movies and television calmed him and expanded his sensibility to a visionary scale. He saw these mediums as international, not the property of one culture or another, but of humanity as a whole. This is understandable in a Korean-born artist whose earliest remembered dream image is Shirley Temple's face.

In 1964, Paik visited New York. He has made the city his base of operations ever since, though he has also spent a good deal of time at the studios of WGBH in Cambridge, Massachusetts, where he and Shuya Abe, a co-experimenter, developed a video synthesizer. What Rube Goldberg did in cartoons for the machine age, Paik and Abe have done for the electronic era. Their synthesizer, of which several variations have appeared over the last decade or so, begins with video signals from a number of ordinary sources and subjects them to the ministrations of an elaborate console, which ends by transforming them utterly. The evening news becomes a pattern of lush, infinitely varied patterns. The idea—as simple as it is powerful—is to change TV-viewing from a passive consumption of images to an active process. When you're at the controls of the Paik-Abe synthesizer, what you see is up to you.

This gigantic gadget's origins are in a "sculptural" work from 1965, "Magnet



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and TV," a 17-inch set adjusted so that the viewer can redesign the image by passing a magnet back and forth in front of the screen. Having thus rendered television an abstract medium, Paik went on to a series of complex, often bewildering video collages. Among the densest is "Merce by Merce by Paik" (1978), which begins with shots of Merce Cunningham dancing. These opening shots are actually the work of video artist Charles Atlas (Paik, though a cult figure and hardly a diffident personality, has nonetheless a genuine willingness to defer to others when the occasion demands). The next section of "Merce by Merce" enmeshes images of the dancer with those of Marcel Duchamp being interviewed at various times in his life. There are also bits and pieces of a videotape showing Duchamp's grave. These images are by Shigeko Kubota, who collaborated with Paik in collaging the second section of "Merce by Merce." This piece turns out to be, among other things, a meditation on life and death, time and non-time, in an age that defines itself at least in part by the flow of electrons across the surface of a TV tube. Paik has said, "Once you are on videotape, you are not allowed to die." His entire oeuvre implies a corollary to that proposition, which runs something like this: Life in our time is unbearably constrained if you have no control over the video image.

Even a small degree of such power is liberating, at least for Paik. The first thing to be freed is his sense of humor. "I make technology look ridiculous," he says. There is more than a touch of the absurd in his "TV Bra for Living Sculpture," two small television sets harnessed in 1969 to cover the breasts of Charlotte Moorman during a performance on the cello. As Moorman played, nude from the waist up, her bow generated patterns on the two screens. Paik's "TV Chair" (1968) imprisons a television set, screen-up, beneath the seat of a kitchen-variety chair. This looks like a mild comment on household jumble in an electronic age—until Paik suggests a specific use for it, as he did during a 1975 appearance on Tom Snyder's *Tomorrow* show. Interviewed by remote, the artist's first move was to usurp the interviewer's role. In the course of questioning Snyder about *his* use of television, Paik took a seat on the "TV Chair." To Snyder's intense and highly evident discomfort, the "Chair" was playing a tape of Snyder's face.

PHOTOS COURTESY WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART

**Three stills from the 1978 videotape "Merce by Merce by Paik": A meditation for an age that defines itself by the flow of electrons across the surface of a TV tube.**

Yet Paik has a gentler side—his "TV Garden" (1974) presents 30 sets, each on its back staring ceilingward, interspersed amid 30 palm trees. If Paik's video-collage and synthesizer images are his answer to painting, and his collaborations with Charlotte Moorman and the "Hommage à John Cage" his response to musical tradition, then such environmental works as "TV Garden" pose comparable challenges to sculpture and to architecture.

"Hanging TV ('Fish Flies on Sky')" transforms the ceiling from a dead surface into a grand exercise in spatial dislocation. Instead of one suspended television set there are 30, and they all show color tapes of fish flickering in and out of view. The ceiling comes alive as aquatic creatures take to the upper regions of the air and we get a feeling of submersion—but never suffocation. Paik's art is a vast, untidy mansion with room for any number of collaborators and every new wrinkle that video technology manages to produce. Out of this near-chaos comes a steady stream of suggestions on how to take command of television before it imprisons us for good.

Even Paik's most rigid work, the "TV Buddha" of 1974, has a liberating quality. An 18th-century Japanese statue of the buddha sits gazing into a screen that beams the figure's own image back at him. This is the ultimate in closed-circuit television—an object and its image locked into an electronic eternity. Technology has completely absorbed the spirit, or so it seems, until the viewer notices that it is he, not the wooden figure or the image on the screen, who is doing the meditating here. If there is a buddha anywhere in the vicinity of this work, it is the viewer himself. That may be an absurd notion, but absurdity has always provided Paik with his most powerful weapon in his ongoing struggle with the oppressive logic of technology. ■

After New York, the Paik exhibit is tentatively set to travel to the Museum of Contemporary Art in Chicago, the National Galerie in West Berlin, and the Museum Moderner Kunst in Vienna.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Judith Crist

# A "Dr. Strangelove" for the 1980s

Time for a film that updates *Dr. Strangelove* (and let's not forget the rest of the title, *Or, How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb*). Strange to recall that 18 years ago the critic for the *New York Times* found Stanley Kubrick's film "malefic and sick" (though worthy of a spot on his Ten-Best list by the end of the year) or that the youngsters of the early 1970s could not believe that as long ago as 1964 anyone shared their cataclysmic world view. Stranger yet that George Orwell's 1984 is the year after next.

In 1982, the heart of the matter has not changed but the technology has; the world is no longer a stage but a network television show, with terrorism, death, and destruction timed for the celebrity newscaster and his prime-time program. In the Strangelovian tradition, Richard Brooks's **Wrong Is Right** confronts our penchant for self-righteous self-destruction in contemporary terms—at top speed and top volume—with deep cogency and high comedy. Its topicality is its most frightening aspect, and its laughter is a refreshment in a world as smug as it is cynical.

Brooks's story is set in "that elusive time between now and later... when dark is light, down is up, foul is fair, and wrong is right," when technology is inescapable, and a black woman is vice-president of the United States. Brooks's hero is Patrick Hale, the king of all newscasters, making wonderful shows out of strikes, wars, politics, even social progress, as evidenced in his coverage of The Happy Farm, where for a mere $400 one can therapize oneself by acting out fantasies of violence (killing parents is the most popular). Hale, portrayed by Sean Connery at his sophisticated Bondian best, is self-knowing, feeling he was "invented" for his job, a man without commitments ("like the rest of television"), who considers that the best thing he's done is not having written his autobiography.

On a trip to an oil-rich North African sheikhdom to interview the ruler, King Awad, an old friend, Hale stumbles into a mess of political intrigue, encountering a reporter who isn't what she seems, an arms dealer with two suspicious suitcases, and terrorists out to rule whatever's left of the world when they've gained their ends. The suitcases contain two atom bombs that are up for grabs. What ensues is a mad mélange of White House maneuvers, political infighting, dirty tricks, and spies spying on spies, complete with terrorists blowing themselves up in Times Square—all for the TV cameras, all geared to Hale's deadlines.

We're out of the War Room here: We're into the Oval Office, with everybody bugging everybody. "The CIA has taken the rap for the last seven presidents," says G.D. Spradlin's Philindros, head of the organization, as he forces George Grizzard's President Lockwood to spell out his plan for King Awad in no uncertain terms. Lockwood argues that the king "who wanted to waste Becket" didn't say "pop," "croak," or "score," but the CIA will no longer abide circumlocutions; the president must order Awad's death. Can a president commit justifiable homicide —especially when he confesses on TV with a dog at hand, noting that "dog" spelled backwards is "god"? And when the bombs are up for grabs, will the president, his oil-rich Texas opponent, or the poverty-stricken terrorists make the highest bid?

Brooks, who in 40 years has written, directed, and/or produced some 35 films (among them *Blackboard Jungle*, *Elmer Gantry*, *The Professionals*, *In Cold Blood*), started out as a journalist and radio commentator. Beyond the chills and thrills and satiric pleasures of a spy-and-chase thriller, Brooks's deepest focus is on the newsman who serves, basically, as master-of-ceremonies, serving up our visions—and knowledge—of the world between commercials: "Make 'em laugh, make 'em cry—make 'em buy and buy and buy" is Hale's bitter chant. Even more bitter to face is who is using whom—and bitterest of all, how the world is saved from atomic holocaust.

In addition to Connery, top-notch performances are provided by Grizzard and Spradlin; Robert Conrad, Katharine Ross, Rosalind Cash, Henry Silva, Leslie Nielsen, Hardy Kruger, and Robert Webber. The production is luxurious, with locations in New York, Washington, Marseilles, and the Middle East. The cinematography is dazzling, the action nonstop, and the comedy refreshingly black. Like Kubrick in *Strangelove*, Brooks takes the Swiftian approach: Ironic laughter is the sane man's weapon against the insanities of our time. ■

**Connery as a TV newscaster making entertainment out of disasters in *Wrong is Right*.**

MARCIA REED

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Irving Kolodin

# The Making of a Genius

Richard Wagner completed his opera **Die Feen** in 1834 when he was only 21 years old. Recently, the New York City Opera opened its spring season by presenting a concert version of his early score, and the performance evolved into a fascinating interplay demonstrating a novice's beginnings and a master's future. It was the first American hearing of *Die Feen*.

The plot is derived from a tale by the prolific Count Carlo Gozzi. It concerns a king who falls in love with a beautiful fairy queen. She, by returning his love, sacrifices her immortality.

The opera's many details are sometimes confusing, sometimes contradictory: Even at 21, the composer-to-come of everything from *Rienzi* to *Parsifal* was not given to brevity. Intact, *Die Feen* runs nearly four hours. But reduced by conductor Antonio de Almeida to perhaps two hours and a half, the concert version showed that, even at 21, the life and power in Wagner's blood stream could not be denied.

Over the years, some piano music that Wagner wrote as a youngster has been recorded. Most who have heard it are in almost uniform agreement: Whoever wrote it would never be a composer of consequence. But *Die Feen*, which followed soon after, gives early indications of a long-standing, *differing* agreement. Wagner was inherently a man of the theater, and it was the excitement, the combination of lights and action that gives rise to drama, which converted a person of uncertain talent into a genius.

The opera's palpable theatricality aroused some thoughts on the true source of the life and power in Wagner's blood stream. As is well known, some debate has long existed over whether Wagner, born in 1813, was the son of a minor police official in Leipzig, Carl Friedrich Wagner, or of the actor, Ludwig Geyer. The actor was a family friend of the Wagners, and after Carl Friedrich's death in 1814, Geyer married the widow, Richard's mother. *Die Feen*'s *effectiveness* suggests the possibility that Wagner inherited "theatrically inclined" genes from Geyer.

The promising overture, which has some history of performance as a concert piece, is followed by a first act that is excessively "talky." It is much concerned with the intricacies of the story, with establishing the identity of the king (skillfully performed at Lincoln Center by John Alexander of the Met) and the attractions of the fairy Ada (sung with conviction if no great vocal appeal by Penelope Daner, who was in the cast of a performance in Wuppertal, Germany, that persuaded Beverly Sills, as general director of the New York City Opera, to give the work its American premiere).

BETTMANN ARCHIVE

**The young Wagner: A man of the theater.**

But the dramatic elaborations of Act II bring to attention some of the authentic Wagner touches found in most of the works of his maturity. Included are the mystical kind of "magical" character distortion to be found in *The Flying Dutchman*; traces of Tannhäuser's inability to distinguish between passion for Venus and love for Elisabeth; and spells similar to those cast by the Nibelungen in the *Ring*, or by Isolde in *Tristan*.

The regret of the fairy queen over giving up her immortality aggravates relations with the king, who returns to his native land. Here young Wagner turns, with effective theatrical purpose, to thoughts derived from Gluck in *Orfeo* (where the Shades separate Eurydice from her lover), or from Mozart in *The Magic Flute* (where courage against difficulty is tested), or from Weber in *Der Freischutz* (where a magic bullet is so important musically *and* dramatically).

As the action progresses, curious indications of things to come make a musical appearance: the use of a harp (à la *Tannhäuser*) to accompany a tenor's love song; a sense of choral participation that boiled higher in Act II of *Lohengrin*; a forceful reaction to dark deeds that prefigures the *Ring*. Indeed, the brass-flavored prelude that precedes Act III of *Die Feen* has a subtle similarity to the brass-flavored prelude to Act III of *Die Walküre*, which became internationally known as "The Ride of the Valkyries."

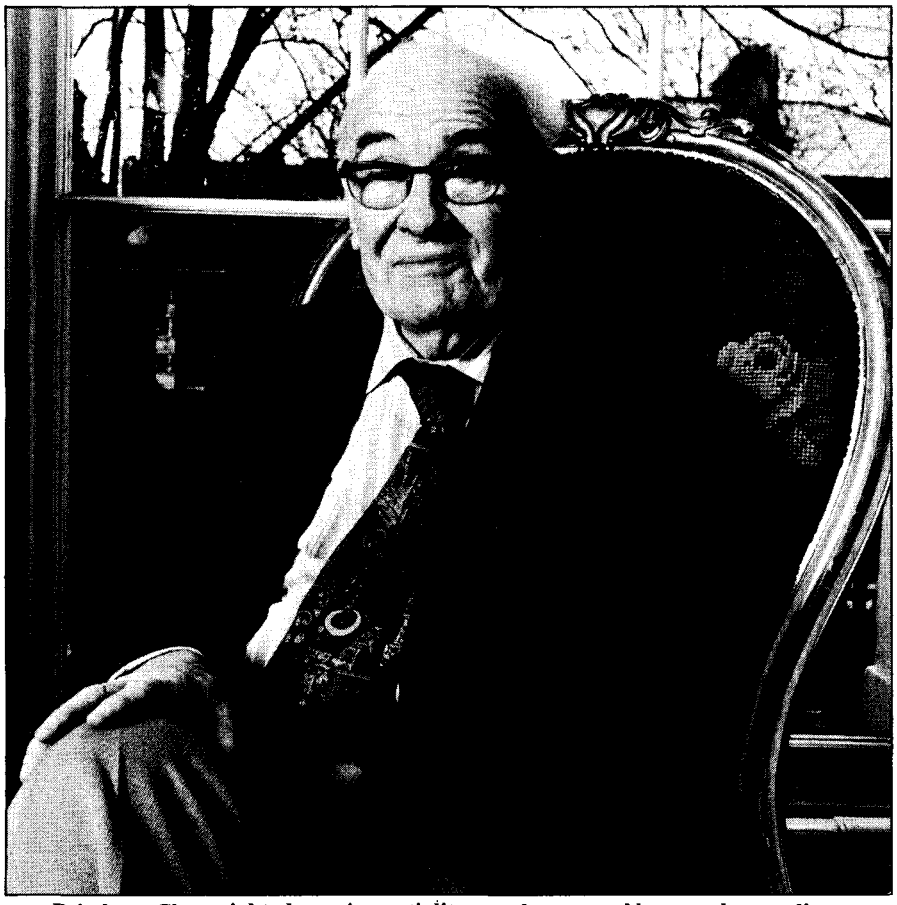
Does this, then, suggest that Beverly Sills should go forward to convert this concert version into a full staging of *Die Feen*? Not in my opinion. Paraphrasing Shakespeare, Almeida's reduction has preserved much of the good about *Die Feen*, but allowed most of the evil to be interred with Wagner's bones.

The problems, often thankless, of learning unfamiliar parts and making do with fewer rehearsals than are needed, gave special credit, in the New York City Opera's results, not only to de Almeida, Alexander, and Daner, but also to others. Among them were the able Diane Curry as Farzana, a colleague to Ada; the resourceful June Anderson as Lora, the king's sister; the versatile Carol Gutknecht as her handmaiden, Drolla; and especially two men of good low voices, Scott Reeve as Harald, the king's general, and Boris Martinovich, as a magician.

The concert version of *Die Feen* ended with some unearthly doings (including rumblings and flashes) that solidify the final reconciliation between king and fairy. They prompted the young Wagner to potent musical effects. ■



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



©1982 NANCY RICA SCHIFF

**Pritchett: Clear-sightedness, impartiality, gentleness, real love, and no malice.**

# V.S. Pritchett's Stories: His Greatest Triumph

**Collected Stories**
by V.S. Pritchett, Random House, 521 pp., $20

Reviewed by Paul Theroux

SIR VICTOR PRITCHETT, 81, has been writing short stories for almost 60 years. He has also written novels, travel books, biographies, and at least six volumes of literary criticism; his two-volume autobiography is already regarded as a classic. Each of his books displays vitality, humor, and tremendous imaginative strength. He has a gift for the unexpected word or phrase. His writing is both passionate and serene. There is no hatred in it at all. Can that be said of any other writers today? The short story, Pritchett has said, "is the glancing form of fiction that seems to be right for the nervousness and restlessness of contemporary life." And in his introduction to *The Oxford Book of Short Stories* (1981) he describes the form in a wonderful way: "The novel tends to tell us everything whereas the short story tells us only one thing, and that, intensely." Pritchett's literary achievement is enormous, but his short stories are his greatest triumph. And one can say with perfect confidence that there is nothing like them in the language, because every short-story writer of brilliance makes the form his own.

Paul Theroux's most recent novel is *The Mosquito Coast.*

The astonishing thing about this book is that although it is called *Collected Stories* and is twice the size of the *Selected Stories* (1978), it is still incomplete. These 30 magnificent stories are only part of Pritchett's output. For example, five from his most recent collection, *On the Edge of the Cliff* (1979), were omitted; and five from *Blind Love* (1969) were also left out. So this *Collected Stories* does not include "The Spanish Bed," "The Vice-Consul," "The Honeymoon," or "The Chainsmoker." Going back even farther, two of the stories in which Noisy Brackett figures are not here—though "The Key to My Heart" is. There are a dozen more that could have been included. The point is that Pritchett has left out as many stories as he has collected—presumably for reasons of space. It is a pity he didn't have room for them all, but it is excellent to have the expectation of a further volume.

What we have here is masterful. The stories seem to have no echoes or influences; they are whole, bright moods—never false-sounding, never mannered—always fresh. Anyone of intelligence can spot Chekhov's luminous shadow here, but it is not a configuration of style or language; it is a quality of wisdom compounded of clear-sightedness, impartiality, gentleness, an absence of malice, and real love. All great short-story writers have this wisdom; and good ones aspire to it. The rest are showing off or getting even, or else using this hellishly difficult literary form in order to shock, baffle, surprise, or titillate the reader.

There are, of course, certain conventions in the form, but as I said earlier the greatest practitioners invented their own kind of short story. Kipling did so in *Plain Tales From the Hills*, and Joyce in *The Dubliners*, and James, Hemingway, Faulkner, and Katherine Mansfield in collections that proclaimed the uniqueness of their vision. This necessity for each writer to reinvert the form is as evident in Saki's *The Chronicles of Clovis* as it is in M.R. James's *Ghost Stories of an Antiquary* or Borges's *Ficciones.*

It is also true of Pritchett's stories, which could not possibly be anyone else's. Typically, the Pritchett story is



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

unhurried and somewhat rural. And there is a salesman or a cyclist or someone a little cabin crazy—a sharp-tongued spinster. Nearly always, someone is distinctly out of his element, in love, or moving to a new house, or stuck with strangers. The Pritchett story is full of interesting weather and sweet smells, and everyone has a different face. Pritchett never lapses into stereotypes. He always scruples to differentiate between characters, and shows us what individuality means. This is not merely a literary exercise or a skillful use of language. It is a belief in human variation.

He is able to tell a great deal about someone in one sentence, as in the story "The Saint"—a serious comedy about a religion somewhat like Christian Science—where the visiting preacher Mr. Timberlake is summed up: "He had a pink square head with very small ears and one of those torpid, enamelled smiles which were said by our enemies to be too common in our sect." Or another perfect sentence from an almost surrealistic story, "The Fall": "Peacock felt a smile coming over his body from the feet upwards."

"He had been a bland little dark-haired pastry-fed fellow from the North," begins another portrait in "A Debt of Honour." "He was a printer but had given that up, a man full of spit when he talked and his black eyebrows going up like a pair of swallows." These are never random descriptions, word-floods through which a face appears in the turbulence. They are lightly done and so enjoyable—making the reader's task so effortless—that it is not until the story is over that one realizes that the spell has been cast, a face has been glimpsed, a friend made. There is no moralizing, there are few symbols: These people are flesh and blood. The stories do not demand to be studied; they are unforgettable pleasures.

Pritchett himself has outlined the difficulties facing the short-story writer. He has done so with fine intelligence. In fact, I cannot think of another writer, aside from Henry James, who both writes short stories, and writes about them, with equal brilliance. The novelist is expected to be discursive, Pritchett says, and he can sustain his narrative in this sprawling fashion, but "the writer of short stories has to catch our attention at once not only by the novelty of his people and scene but by the distinctiveness of his voice, and to hold us by the ingenuity of his design."

It doesn't sound particularly difficult, does it? But in practice these are hard requirements. The best illustrations of them, of course, are in Pritchett's own openings. The first paragraph of the chirpy antiques dealer in "The Camberwell Beauty" is superb but too long to quote. Here is the opening of "Sense of Humour":

It started one Saturday. I was working new ground and I decided I'd stay at the hotel the weekend and put in an appearance at church.

"All alone?" asked the girl at the cash desk.

It had been raining since ten o'clock.

"Mr. Good has gone," she said. And Mr. Straker. He usually stays with us but he's gone."

"That's where they make their mistake," I said. "They think they know everything because they've been on the road all their lives."

"You're a stranger here, aren't you?" she said.

"I am," I said. "And so are you."

"How do you know that?"

"Obvious," I said. "Way you speak."

"Let's have a light," she said.

"So's I can see you," I said.

That was how it started. The rain was pouring down on the glass roof of the office.

As a reader and critic, Pritchett is the most open-minded of men; this same attitude characterizes his writing—it is not complacency but compassion. The attitude is as rare today as his kind of prose—the light touch, the suggestion of sparkle, the underlying seriousness. Reading these stories, I began to think how profitable it would be for any aspiring writer to look closely at them. I wish someone had put this book in my hand 20 years ago to remind me that you have to be a whole person and tell the truth to write well. And you have to read everything and experience love and enjoy some happiness for your stories to be as full of life as Pritchett's.

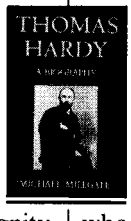
One is wary of offering plot summaries or interpretations. Most of these stories are masterpieces, and the best advice one can offer is that given in the First Folio of Shakespeare by John Heming and Condell: "Read him therefore; and again and again. And if then you do not like him, surely you are in some manifest danger, not to understand him. ■

# Thomas Hardy's Grim Vision

**Thomas Hardy: A Biography**
by Michael Millgate, Random House, 641 pp., $25

Reviewed by Anthony Burgess

THERE WAS a time when, on both sides of the Atlantic, Thomas Hardy was considered a pathetic though orotund voice of post-Darwinian despair—the village atheist brooding over the village idiot. Victorian England had been shaken to its spiritual core, what there was of it, by Evolution and the Oxford Movement, both of which assailed the dignity and authority of the Church of England and initiated the process by which Anglicans became little more than members of a kind of holy cricket club (perhaps the term is a tautology). If you could not, like Cardinal Newman, embrace Rome, you had to accept that the universe was a running-down engine, that God either did not exist or was a fumbling demiurge bored with his creation, and that life was a very dubious gift. Hardy was an impressive product of this process of breakdown, a literary giant perhaps but an amateur philosopher who pushed pessimism to unacceptable limits. It was better not to have been born. As flies to wanton boys are we to the gods; they kill us for their sport.




Nowadays we are less inclined to relegate Hardy to a transitional period between an age of qualified faith

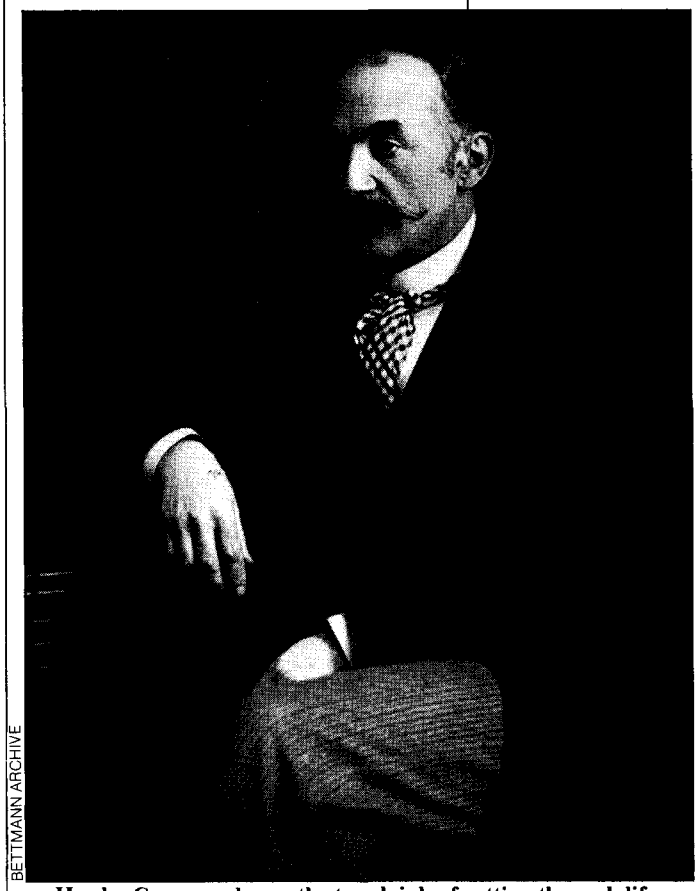

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Tennyson's *In Memoriam*) or faith unqualified (Browning's almost anything) and the cult of Natural Man that began with D.H. Lawrence and continued with Ernest Hemingway. We are inclined also to agree with Hardy himself that it is as a poet that he must be celebrated, that the novels are merely the things he produced for money. Not that the novels remain unread. They are read, though, as adjuncts or commentaries: The fictional reality is better taken through the medium of film (*Far From the Madding Crowd* and *Tess*) or the television serial (*The Mayor of Casterbridge* and *Under the Greenwood Tree*). Hardy, in his later days, saw the virtues of dramatization of his works. He also foresaw, with *The Dynasts*, the possibilities of the cinema, which had not yet been invented. And, so far as his poetic craft was concerned, what once looked clumsy is seen now to be modern. In other words, Hardy is as up to date as Conrad.

Michael Millgate's biography covers in minute detail a long life whose events were the publication of stories, novels, and poems. Like Conrad, Hardy began with a practical trade and moved to a creative one, but there was less adventure in architecture than in navigating the China Sea or the Congo. The real story of a writer's life is to be found in his writing. And a good biographer—as Millgate is—must explicate preoccupations of plot and style and worry over symbols. That Hardy was much concerned with sex is richly evident. He was copulating in his eighties, but respectably and within the confines of marriage. He was a man of conventional fidelity, but he produced in his novels a whole harem of dream-partners.

His long marriage to Emma Gifford was not an easy one, though his loyalty—which culminated after her death in a mythopoeic devotion that his second wife, the melancholic Florence Henneker, found very depressing—assumed heroic proportions. Emma's uncle, an archdeacon whom she idolized, "is said to have referred to her as the most horrible woman in the world." The American Rebekah Owen, "ostensibly her friend," left a posthumous portrait of her "in virginal white muslin and blue ribbons, with fat feet in baby-slippers and open-work stockings posing before her tea visitors." She had literary pretensions and, though she did not always like what her husband wrote (especially *Jude the Obscure*, which nobody else liked either), she was prepared to hint that she herself had penned some of his better passages. Hardy put up with her but "was in the end obliged to have recourse to that policy of maximum separateness which Emma had been the first to promulgate."

His second wife found him a great writer but "not a great man." There was a strong streak of parsimony in him that looked like vindictive stinginess. A grocer who regularly supplied Max Gate, the Hardys' home, which became a place of pilgrimage, told me that he had scales in the kitchen to weigh the butter and sugar. This scrupulousness made him a fearsome justice of the peace. During World War I, he fined another grocer 15 pounds (a lot of money then) for selling ground rice at a halfpenny a pound too much. This did not make Florence's shopping any easier. He was terribly incorruptible and would not accept a knighthood, though, like other distinguished writers courted by prime ministers, he could not very well refuse the Order of Merit. He was a tough man, and his writing is, though often diffuse, very tough indeed. Life is hard, by God, and a man must be hardy to get through it.



BETTMANN ARCHIVE

**Hardy: Concerned over the tough job of getting through life.**

In old age, celebrated, prosperous, his home a national shrine, he did not temper his native pessimism one iota in gestures of complacency or triumph. He remained a believer in the fumbling demiurge (close to Schopenhauer's *Wille*) that did not care about his human creation: Life was a terrible thing but one must be stoical enough not to seek an end to it. Millgate is right, however, in calling him a "pessimistic meliorist": There were beneficial possibilities in the ingenuities of scientists and technicians; the toughness of life could be mitigated (though he was slow in installing a bathroom at Max Gate, and his cook served ghastly dinners); and man would even learn the good sense to put an end to war. In other words, his pessimism was of an old-fashioned cozy kind that his death in 1928 saved from the rupture of its somewhat doctrinaire complacency: He knew nothing of Auschwitz or Hiroshima or Vietnam (though some of his poems on the Boer War are remarkably apposite to the third of those horrors). There is something merely dyspeptic in the Hardyan gloom, which makes it as endearing as the images of young men cutting their throats in A.E. Housman's *A Shropshire Lad*. But there is nothing endearing about the stark blackness of *Jude the Obscure*, which is still the most painful book to read—after *King Lear*, perhaps Hardy's favorite Shakespeare play—in the whole literary canon. Its reception depressed Hardy and turned him from the novel to the astonishing efflorescence of verse that was the glory of his old age.

The poetry is as tough as the prose, but it can melt sometimes in a purgative melancholy almost Shelleyan (he saw himself as belonging to the Shelley tradition) or an artfully ingenuous celebration of the Dorset countryside.

Anthony Burgess is a contributing editor of *Saturday Review*. His latest novel is *Earthly Powers*.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lines like "And hill-hid tides throb, throe on throe" were once regarded as a willful recidivism, a forcing on Normanized English of the ancient Saxon mud-clogged heaviness. And the prosaicisms, which were no more than Hardyan honesty, were deplored by the Georgians, who burbled mellifluously about nature as seen from a weekend cottage. We feel differently now, and we marvel at the maintenance of his own brand of poetic integrity in extreme old age.

Why load men's minds with more to bear
That bear already ails to spare?
From now alway
Till my last day
What I discern I will not say.

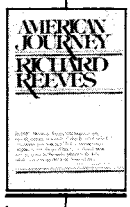
That was meant to be his last word, but Florence Hardy spoke of a "great outburst of creativity" late in 1927 that only the act of dying quenched. Millgate's fine biography compels us to marvel again at the workings of creative genius and ponder its curious irrelevance to the tough business of getting through life. Which, when you come to think of it, is one of the ironies that Hardy was so adept at articulating. ■

# In the Footsteps of Tocqueville

**American Journey: Traveling With Tocqueville in Search of Democracy in America**
by Richard Reeves, Simon & Schuster, 385 pp., $15.95

Reviewed by Robert R. Harris

IN 1831 a young French aristocrat named Alexis de Tocqueville journeyed to America with a friend, Gustave de Beaumont. Their ostensible mission was to prepare an official study of the U.S. prison system, which was seen at the time as an important advance in penology. But the 25-year-old Tocqueville had grander plans. He was out to write a book that would establish his reputation. And he did.




Tocqueville's life-long obsession would prove to be the evolution of democracy. He traveled throughout the United States for a year, returned to France, and a few years later wrote *De la démocratie en Amérique* (1835-40). A seminal study of the U.S. political system and of American manners and mores, *Democracy in America* immortalized Tocqueville as democracy's Darwin.

*Democracy in America* is astute, prescient, timeless, and impossible not to quote. Journalist Richard Reeves, author of *A Ford, Not a Lincoln*, *Convention*, and other books, was intrigued to discover that Tocqueville kept travel diaries—reporter's notebooks filled with questions asked and answers given. "I was in awe," writes Reeves. "I decided then that...I would try to take those notes and recreate Tocqueville's journey: travel the same roads, see the same things or what had replaced them, talk to the modern counterparts of the men and women he questioned."

This he did, following Tocqueville's footsteps through New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore, Cincinnati, Detroit, Louisville, Nashville, Memphis, New Orleans. Reeves talked with local newspapermen, workers and union leaders, business and community leaders, lawyers, scholars (Eugene Genovese, Christopher Lasch, Derek Bok, Stanley Hoffman, Richard Neustadt, David Riesman, Daniel Yergin), writers (Garry Wills, Betty Friedan, Jerzy Kosinski), politicians (Richard Nixon, Hugh Carey, Ed Koch, Gary Hart, Jerry Brown), and fellow journalists (Clay Felker, Gloria Steinem, James Reston, William Safire, Strobe Talbot).

Reeves found that, after 150 years, Tocqueville still has much to say about social and political life in America. Evaluating how the country—and its experiment in democracy—has fared is a more complex matter. And while Reeves dutifully explores that complexity, he does not sort it out with much originality. He asked questions, recorded answers, and jotted down his own observations. Unfortunately, he did not do very much more. Reeves has published *his* reporter's notebook, and it is by no means a work of consummate intelligence and imagination as is *Democracy in America*.

It may be unfair to expect that if Reeves had taken the time to analyze his raw material, as Tocqueville did, he would have been able to match the genius of *Democracy in America*. But *American Journal* would have benefited from a longer gestation period. For example, early in the book, Reeves is confronted in Newport, Rhode Island, with a choice of 79 radio stations, eight TV channels, six newspapers, and 250 magazines. "One of the things I wanted to find out," he says, "was how Americans sorted" all this information. "How did one choose what he or she had to know, wanted to know—didn't want to know, didn't care to know, couldn't handle?" Maybe Reeves found out, but the patient reader doesn't.

Yet despite its unrealized potential, *American Journey* does have a likable fascination about it. It is interesting in the same way polls are. Americans don't just want to keep up with their neighbors, they also want to know what's on their minds. And all the opinions that Reeves recorded amount to a kind of national gossip about life in a democracy today. Reeves thus chattily updates Tocqueville without deepening or redefining his vision.

Tocqueville identified three characteristics that seemed to him to define America—its citizens' "breathless cupidity," its dissolution of a rigid class system, and its potential to evolve into a "tyranny of the majority." In his disjointed, meandering way, Reeves touches upon and updates all three notions.

Reeves quotes Tocqueville on the avarice of Americans:

A people, which like all great peoples, has but one thought, and which is advancing toward the acquisition of riches, sole goal of its efforts, with a perseverance and scorn for life that one might call heroic, if that name fitted other than virtuous things.

But Americans' "demonic commerce" is really just one expression of the American Dream, which Tocqueville snidely called every American's "futile pursuit of complete felicity which always escapes him." What Americans want can be summed up in a single word—*more*. Most get it. Moreover, for generations of Americans, material progress and social mobility went hand in hand. When the drive for social equity faltered, as it did for blacks, the government entered the scene and actively tried to break down lingering class divisions.

The federal government, Reeves notes, can deal directly with its citizens and can execute laws with or without state cooperation. Conversely, individual Americans have direct access to the central jurisdiction through the courts. The practical result has been to give minori-

Robert R. Harris is the literary editor of *Saturday Review*.

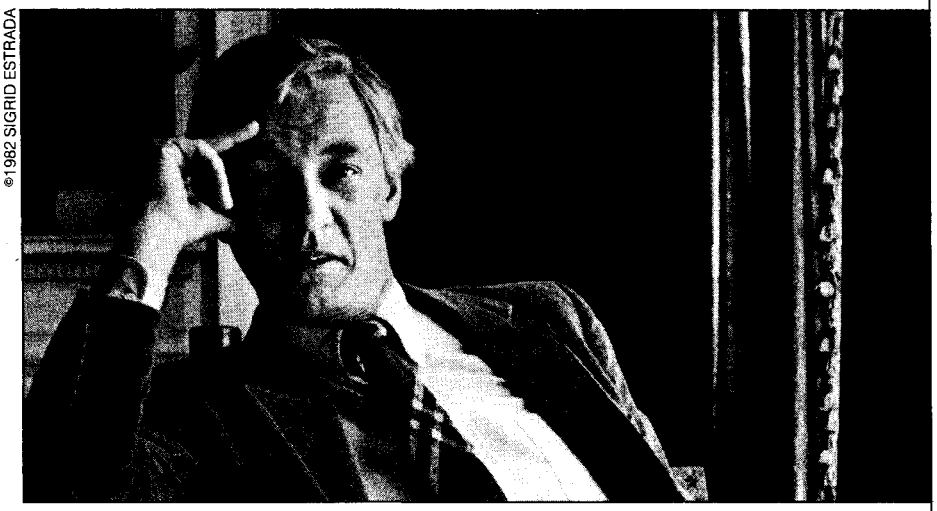


PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ties recourse to a higher, most often more-just authority. "The freedom of appeal—the mechanisms of fairness—inevitably centralized the governing of the people," Reeves writes. "Decision making inexorably rose to the highest levels." And the benefits are civil rights, equal opportunity, a free press, a staving off of a "tyranny of the majority." But the cost is also high—Big Government.

Federal, state, and local governments employ some 16 million workers; a million and a half federal regulations are issued every year; the country boasts almost half a million practicing lawyers compared to 12,000 in Japan, a country with half our population. (Reeves crams the book with shocking statistics of this kind.) This enormousness of government is intrusive, sometimes silly. Reeves tells of one man who sued the government because it would not allow him to use food stamps to buy food for his dog. (He lost.) But although most people do not like big government, Americans' feelings about it are really ambivalent. Individuals tend to warm up to big government when they find it necessary to plead for their own special interests. Even now anti-abortionists are urging the federal government to ban abortion constitutionally at the same time that they decry government's intrusion into their own lives as, for example, when busing affects where their children attend school.

©1982 SIGRID ESTRADA



**Richard Reeves chattily updates Tocqueville without deepening or redefining him.**

These ambivalent feelings coalesced for Reeves in a conversation with some Cornell students who opposed big government. "Students just don't expect very much from government," said one, "except, of course, student loans." And who, asked Reeves, did the students believe was responsible for the care of their parents in old age? "The government," they all agreed.

America, Reeves believes, has not yet fallen prey to the "tyranny of the majority." There is no doubt that when an individual (or group) feels such tyranny impinging on his "rights," he will look to government for justice. So far it has mostly worked. As Reeves points out, the United States is remarkably stable politically. Our dilemma is how to have less government and still protect individual rights and welfare. And it is most difficult at a time when many would apparently agree with Richard Nixon, who told Reeves that "what people resent is this business of...pushing blacks too far for their own good, making them doctors and everything else." The majority of Americans, faced with economic hard times, seem to believe that enough has been done for the poor. Much has been done, and as a result, much anger has been diffused. And Reeves would agree with Tocqueville that concern for the underclass is essential to democracy and preserves liberty for all. "If ever freedom is lost in America," the Frenchman warned, "that will be due to the omnipotence of the majority driving the minorities to desperation and forcing them to appeal to physical force." Reeves puts it even more harshly: "If democracy led to tyranny in my lifetime, I was convinced it would start with making the streets safe for the majority." But this statement is as overly bleak as it is overly simplistic. Is it too much to hope for safe streets without oppression?

Democracy is never efficient. It is risky, and, like a marriage, requires a great deal of work to survive. It's a sticky process; its lofty ideals are very hard to live up to in everyday life. Democracy must embrace opposing interests as well as disparate ideas, none more subtly contradictory than freedom and equality. Again, Tocqueville (it *is* impossible not to quote him) recognized freedom's duel with equality:

> There is indeed a manly and legitimate passion for equality which rouses in all men a desire to be strong and respected.... But the human heart also nourishes a debased taste for equality, which leads the weak to want to drag the strong down to their level and which induces men to prefer equality and servitude to inequality and freedom....

The pursuit of economic and social equality necessarily involves government in people's lives and thus limits freedom. And equality's leveling effect is always in opposition to the elitism that naturally arises from meritocracy. Reeves concludes that America has done well by democracy, freedom, *and* equality, and it has. That does not mean, however, that Americans can afford to ignore those tensions that democracy must always keep in balance. ■

# Fiction Briefs

**Almost Famous**
*by David Small*
*W. W. Norton, 391 pp., $13.95*

**Sleepwalking**
*by Meg Wolitzer*
*Random House, 194 pp., $9.95*

DAVID SMALL'S languid, bluesy novel is so elegantly crafted, it is hard to believe it's his first. The story of a young baseball star's emotional collapse after a car accident shatters his career, the novel is about how self-image and destiny fuel each other; how the familiarity of neurosis can seem more comfortable than breaking free; how every individual is responsible for his own happiness—or disillusionment.

Ward Sullivan—once smugly self-assured—loses all nerve after the accident. Retreating to his family's Pennsylvania farm, he constructs an exhaustive routine of trivial tasks, as if planning will fortress him from pain, shield him from emotional involvements. It doesn't, of course.

Though on the surface a quiet, ruminative novel, its events startle: A quarrel ends when Ward's date jumps from a moving car; on a drive to Maine, his father dies sitting next to him. Small


PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

writes of broken, bottled-up souls. Yet his prose is neither sentimental nor dour. He can be darkly comic, as well as teasing, whimsical, and wry.

Meg Wolitzer's *Sleepwalking*, another first novel, also underscores the futility of emotional isolation as an antidote to pain. But Wolitzer's protagonist—in what seems a female response learned by rote—tries to become a part of what frightens her most: She hopes to be engulfed.

Claire is a glum, soul-searching college freshman obsessed with the poet Lucy Ascher. Ascher, who committed suicide at 24, is for Claire a medium through which she can express her grief over her brother's death. Quitting Swarthmore, Claire becomes an *au pair* girl for Ascher's parents—two kindly marine biologists living in a desolate beach house—wrongly believing that immersion in their bereavement will mitigate her own.

Though Wolitzer, who is 22, is an unmistakably gifted writer, *Sleepwalking* is more a gallery of character portraits—some thin and shadowy, others sensitively rendered—than a fully realized novel. Still, hers is as respectable a debut as David Small's is stunning.

—ANDREA BARNET

**Virginie: Her Two Lives**
*by John Hawkes*
*Harper & Row, 256 pp., $10.95*

*VIRGINIE*, John Hawkes's ninth novel, shows glimmers of blue beauty. Narrated by an 11-year-old girl who exists simultaneously in two separate centuries, it is an erotic novel in the Sadian tradition. Hawkes alternates centuries and Virginies, though the voice is the same and their experiences are parallel.

The 18th-century Virginie is the accomplice of a teacher in a rural French school of female sexuality. The later Virginie tells her tale as her postwar Parisian house is consumed by flames. Through it all; she bears calm witness to her brother's erotic choreography of the lowlife characters he has collected. In both narratives, Virginie is modeled as purity herself, despite her proximity to these sexual escapades.

What is most impressive about this novel is the return of Hawkes's voluptuous narrative voice, which was noticeably missing in his last novel, *The Passion Artist*. The narrative is only occasionally interrupted by the half-baked philosophizing of Virginie's two male masters. Yet, although *Virginie* contains some compelling erotic writing, it is ultimately as unsatisfactory as finely wrought work done merely for exercise.

—JOHN BUCKLEY

**Take Five**
*by D. Keith Mano*
*Doubleday, 582 pp., $17.95*

*TAKE FIVE*, D. Keith Mano's seventh novel, is permeated by irreverence. Nothing is sacred, no one is spared. This ample burlesque takes off on an array of subjects—conceptual art, New York's borough of Queens, chastity, bestiality, the obese and the obsequious, among others. Like his hero, the scurrilous filmmaker Simon Van Lynxx, Mano "treats everyone like a Polish joke."

*Take Five* moves like a countdown in reverse through Simon's mind and misadventures as he grovels for backing to produce his projected masterpiece, *Jesus 2001*, to the final cut, his death. By then Simon has renounced his art, married a defrocked cleric, and his insensitivity is of a different nature. Simon is literally struck numb; for no discoverable reason his body quits on him. Mano suggests that the only true material sacrifice for a hedonist is that of his senses.

Mano is deft, enticing words into unlikely couplings (an ankle "stutters," a smell is "alienated"). Again like Simon, Mano "can't not free associate: each idea or thing is the pyramid top for an explosive geometrical progression down of ideas and things." But this is risky, susceptible to self-indulgence and idiosyncratic excesses that shut out the reader. Yet, while skittish and not wholly engaging, *Take Five* is funny, provocative, and spirited.

—SUE M. HALPERN

**L.A. Woman**
*by Eve Babitz*
*The Linden Press/Simon & Schuster*
*155 pp., $12.95*

SOPHIE LUBIN, the narrator of *L.A. Woman*, describes herself as "a daughter of Hollywood...keeping joints rolled and lit, a regular customer at the clap clinic, a groupie prowling the Sunset Strip." Her life is a movie in which she is the star, exempt from danger, protected by an image of tawdry allure that "men drive into telephone poles over." For Sophie and her companions, success means thriving on the brink of destruction, and their world is a kaleidoscope of eccentric characters and hedonistic dalliances played out against a backdrop of palm trees, Cadillac convertibles, and sun. At 17, Sophie's two ambitions are to learn the art of sexual foreplay and to have dinner parties like her mother. Both accomplishments serve her during brief stints as actress, photographer, and theater cashier, but nothing prepares her for a relationship with rock star Jim Morrison, whose promise of danger presents a challenge for which even Sophie is "Not Woman Enough."

This quirky, episodic book is as deceptive as the city it portrays. Babitz's prose shines so brightly with wit and vigor that it occasionally obscures the story's thematic development, giving the impression that she does not have a tight rein on her subject. Yet a closer look shows that Babitz has interwoven style and substance so subtly that it is hard to tell where one leaves off and the other begins, epitomizing the ephemeral and elusive state of mind that is Hollywood.

—CAROL VERDERESE

**Leah and Lazar**
*by Elizabeth Swados*
*Summit Books, 253 pp., $13.95*

LEAH AND LAZAR are sister and brother. Lazar is cruel, witty, domineering—a young man at the mercy of his own flamboyant delusions. His worshipful little sister tests herself in the fast lane as a resourceful liar at 12, a hooker at 14, and a musician saved by her art five years later.

Elizabeth Swados's first novel has the same erratic, cinematic imprint as the controversial theatrical productions she has created for producer Joseph Papp. The world she evokes is inhabited by suburbanites who vacation in Florida and return home to factory towns where underground chemical fires turn lakes into toxic swamps. People are maimed for life. Popular culture is the only signpost, and an unreliable buoy. Neurosis may be self-destructive, but at least it keeps people from being ordinary.

Swados's gift is for startling images that precisely summarize a situation's emotional resonances: e.g., Leah screening home movies of her childhood in the attic while her withdrawn mother lays out a party dress for her Sweet Sixteen downstairs. But Swados's bland, observant tone undercuts the novel's already discontinuous narrative. It's hard to respect or care for two spoiled adolescents as they rush headlong into disasters of their own devising.

—DEBRA CASH


PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The World 'n General

GENERAL TOURS takes you to
CHINA
IN
GREAT STYLE
14-19 days
from $1099* to $1825*
plus airfare

FANTASTIC VALUE —
— MODERATE PRICE!

General Tours now offers FIVE CHINA PROGRAMS for 1982 PLUS Southeast Asia extension to Bangkok and Singapore on our Grand Orient Tour.

- wide-body jets
- American tour manager
- easy pace for maximum enjoyment
- all meals in China
- full sightseeing
- East/West Coast departures
- outstanding itineraries— many featuring Xian and Kweilin
- Unique Russia-China combo

*per person double occupancy from NY

ASTA USTOA MEMBER PACIFIC AREA TRAVEL ASSOCIATION
Member of the First Family of Travel

What A Way To Go!

GENERAL TOURS, INC.
711 THIRD AVE.
NY,NY 10017
212-687-7400
SR/4/82

YES! TAKE ME TO CHINA IN GREAT STYLE! Please send my free copy of
THE CHINA BOOK
name _____
address _____
_____ zip _____
my travel agent: _____
_____

**A Change of Scene**
*by Elizabeth Cullinan*
*W.W. Norton, 192 pp., $10.95*

ELIZABETH CULLINAN's second novel tells of a flighty, somewhat dreamy, young woman who flees her native New York to live for a while in Dublin. Alternately charmed, baffled, and exasperated by the city and its disheveled, colorful inhabitants, she falls in with a succession of eccentric Irish archetypes. More generally, she becomes the quintessential innocent abroad who searches for legends that don't quite exist, finds only mixed blessings or cross-purposes, and returns home slightly sadder but wiser.

Cullinan's stories appear in the *New Yorker*, and she writes in that magazine's distinctly mild and strenuously casual manner. Preferring discretion to discrimination, her novel is plotless and pressureless. Often it resembles a meandering travel-diary in which detailed observation and callow reflection never fully mesh. The book must therefore rely upon the boisterous Dubliners for all its energy and life. The narrative itself is diffident to a fault, quiet almost to the point of extinction. *A Change of Scene* is at best, perhaps, a portrait of a superficial girl; and at worst that girl's superficial portrait of a city that forever eludes her. —PICO IYER

# Nonfiction Briefs

**The Journals of Sylvia Plath**
*edited by Ted Hughes and Frances McCullough*
*The Dial Press, 384 pp., $16.95*

IN THESE JOURNALS, which begin as Plath enters Smith College and close just before her separation from poet Ted Hughes, it is Plath's stoic face that we see—her poise, balance, and restraint. She is confessional, but never out of control; narcissistic, but not yet close to self-annihilation. She swings between radiant self-assurance and bitter self-disgust. Yet there is nothing to recoil from in her journals. Her suicide attempts, shock therapy, anger, and recriminations seem to have been neatly excised. Nonetheless, a haunting record of Plath's inner struggle remains.

Most varied are the early entries: her pragmatic student years at Smith, then Cambridge; her openly expressed eroticism, infatuations, envy of men; her droll, quirky, occasionally wicked descriptions of people; her sojourn in Paris; finally marriage to Hughes. But the most revealing passages come later. With the deepening urgency of her literary ambitions, her darkest moods sharpen. She is able to diagram them with increasing precision and remove.

Regrettably, this is where the journals end. Records did exist of the last prolific months of her life, in which she produced her most disturbing, incandescent poems, often at the rate of two or three a day. Hughes destroyed one of these journals to protect Plath's children (and, one suspects, himself); the other disappeared. But perhaps this is as it should be. The harsh brilliance of her final poems overwhelmed her urge to live. Autobiography—a life outside her work—had already ceased to matter.

—ANDREA BARNET

**China: Alive in the Bitter Sea**
*by Fox Butterfield*
*Times Books, 429 pp., $19.95*

"YOU SHOULD IMAGINE China as a giant flight of stairs. There is a person on each step. Each person knows only what is on his step. No one sees the whole stairway from top to bottom. It is too vast." This is but one of many aphorisms recorded in Fox Butterfield's portrait-survey—a book long on anecdote (it is admittedly patterned on colleague Hedrick Smith's 1976 best seller, *The Russians*), rich in cultural fact, and heavy with gloom.

Butterfield arrived in Peking in 1979 as the first *New York Times* correspondent in China in 30 years. What he found—or was able to ferret out and view from *his* step—was a very poor, rigidly stratified and disillusioned nation of a billion "survivors" still in trauma from Mao's horrendous Cultural Revolution. The people, Butterfield reports, are "chastened, cynical, and numb." Police spies are everywhere in this book, and most of Butterfield's conversations with Chinese are clandestine, with identities disguised. The terror has abated only enough to allow corruption. Officials have their Red Flag cars and other privileges. Poverty is rampant. Much daily business is transacted extra-legally. The regime is out of touch with the young, many of whom want to get out.

Yet Butterfield also reports that China was ever thus, that individualism was always subservient to the group—the position on the stairway—and that Communism is simply the latest phase of an authoritarian/totalitarian ethos that


PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

goes back to Confucius. Thus the book is both dour and inconclusive. It is also at times engaging, touching, and insightful —and for any China-bound traveler, a useful if repetitive primer on the nether "coping" side of Chinese moods and manners. —ELIOT FREMONT-SMITH

**Poets in Their Youth**
*by Eileen Simpson*
*Random House, 227 pp, $15.50*

"WE MUST TRAVEL in the direction of our fear," wrote poet John Berryman. Unwittingly, he voiced the credo that's come to be the hallmark of his generation of postwar American poets. Eileen Simpson, Berryman's first wife, herself a writer, chronicles the heavy price of that journey.

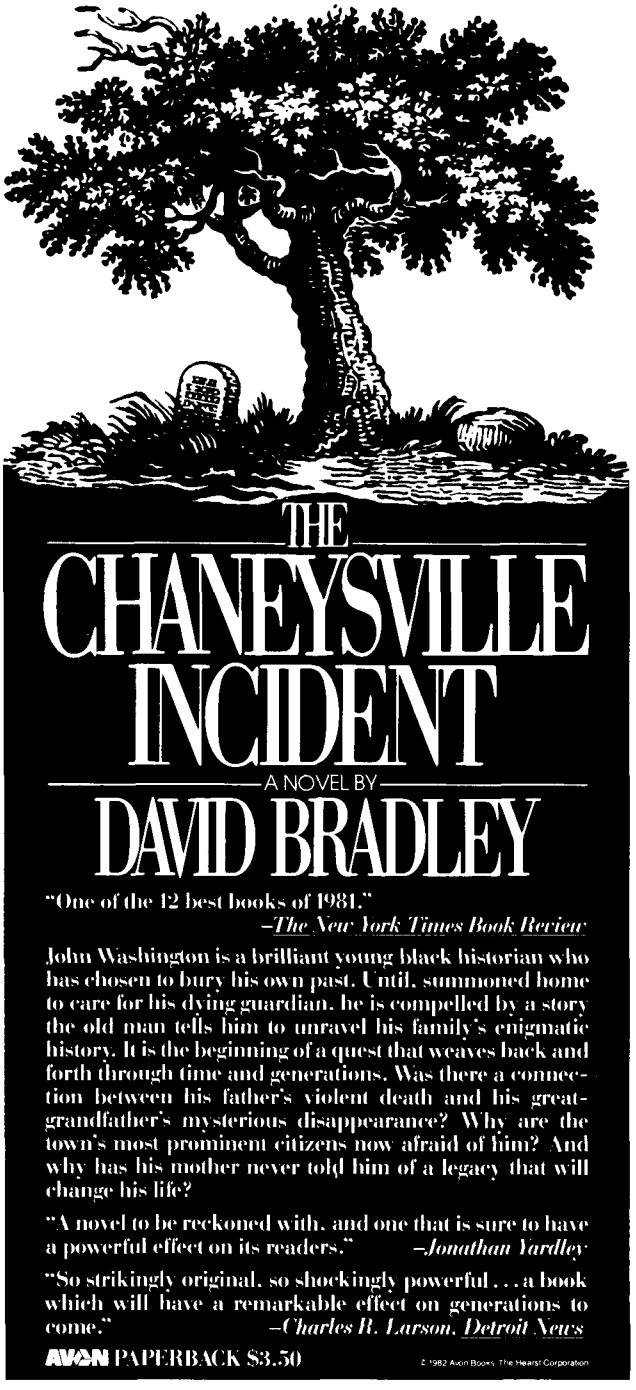
A cross between Sylvia Plath's *The Bell Jar* and Cyril Connolly's *Enemies of Promise*, Simpson's book exposes the pathology of writing. While the narrative centers on Berryman, its wider focus takes in Robert Lowell, Randall Jarrell, Theodore Roethke, Delmore Schwartz, and their mentors—Allen Tate, Edmund Wilson, and W.H. Auden. A therapist by training, Simpson offers harrowing psychological portraits: a depressive Delmore Schwartz crippled by early fame; a manic Robert Lowell ricocheting between electroshock and Benedictine retreats. Riddled with writer's block or insomnia, each poet succumbed to a lethal litany of sedatives and stimulants, alcohol and adultery.

*Poets in Their Youth* reels with abortive suicides, bad seductions, disintegrating marriages. Yet it is deeply moving. An invaluable first-hand witness—and survivor—Simpson has written a sensitive, sharply observed memoir.
—ALEXANDRA JOHNSON

**The Man Who Was Vogue:**
**The Life and Times of Condé Nast**
*by Caroline Seebohm*
*The Viking Press, 316 pp., $17.50*

"EXCLUSIVITY, AFFORDABLE LUXURY, and the highest quality" were the tenets on which Condé Nast built his publishing empire during the first half of this century. His deliberate effort to appeal to a small but elite segment of American society made his magazines—*Vogue*, *Vanity Fair*, *Glamour*, and *House and Garden*—required reading for those who aspired to belong to the *beau monde*. Yet despite Nast's role as an arbiter of fashion, he emerges in this biography as a shy, methodical man who felt ill at ease at his own lavish parties and who carefully sustained his glamorous exploits with "an uncompromising underpinning of facts and figures."

Caroline Seebohm painstakingly illustrates Nast's obsessive list-making, his assiduous gathering of statistics, his constant analysis of advertising and circulation figures, and his vigilant evaluations of the quality of his magazines. This gives the reader a clear sense of Nast's uncanny ability to be simultaneously conservative and visionary in establishing business policy. However, in her determination to reveal the substance of Nast's work apart from his public images, Seebohm sacrifices some entertaining flourishes. I found myself wishing for more detailed descriptions of his extravagant parties, his relationships with the famous, and, more importantly, his personal involvements. Omissions like these leave Nast a shadowy figure. Nevertheless, Seebohm's history of his magazines is a solid account of the medium that changed the way American women look at themselves.
—CAROL VERDERESE


THE
CHANEYSVILLE
INCIDENT
A NOVEL BY
DAVID BRADLEY
"One of the 12 best books of 1981."
–The New York Times Book Review
John Washington is a brilliant young black historian who has chosen to bury his own past. Until, summoned home to care for his dying guardian, he is compelled by a story the old man tells him to unravel his family's enigmatic history. It is the beginning of a quest that weaves back and forth through time and generations. Was there a connection between his father's violent death and his great-grandfather's mysterious disappearance? Why are the town's most prominent citizens now afraid of him? And why has his mother never told him of a legacy that will change his life?
"A novel to be reckoned with, and one that is sure to have a powerful effect on its readers." –Jonathan Yardley
"So strikingly original, so shockingly powerful . . . a book which will have a remarkable effect on generations to come." –Charles R. Larson, Detroit News
AVON PAPERBACK $3.50
© 1982 Avon Books, The Hearst Corporation

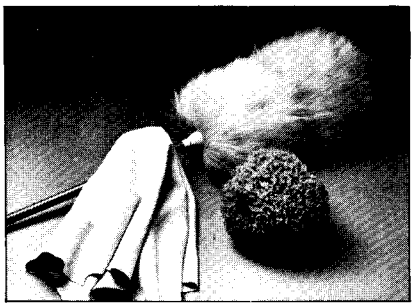

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ADVERTISEMENT

# TOOLS FOR LIVING™

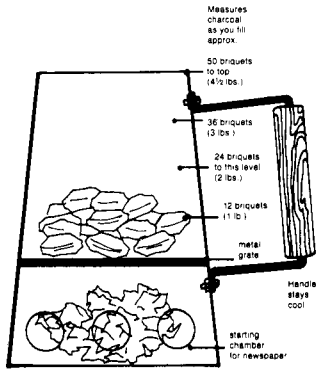
When *Tools for Living* originated eight years ago it was with the idea that complete information about our products would be the key to our success. We believed then, as we do now, that our readers wanted to learn everything they could about an item they were interested in buying. That's why we developed our editorial, often long-winded approach to mail order advertising. In this way you are better able to make your own judgments as to whether you like, want or need a particular item. We're always happy to answer any further questions you might have about our products. At *Tools for Living* we like to think we're a product information service as well as a dependable marketplace for unique, useful, fine quality products.

## NATURAL CLEANING KIT



When doing any job it's always a pleasure to work with the finest tools available. The job is easier, the results are better. With this in mind we set out to put together the highest quality cleaning kit on the market. We found that you can't always improve on nature. The lambswool duster, ocean sponge and chamois cloth are our overwhelming favorites. On its own the 20″ long duster actually attracts and holds dust like a magnet. The static charge in the lambswool causes dust literally to leap off surfaces where it has accumulated, making this just the thing for dusting china, crystal, pictures and other fragile items. Another natural cleaning tool is the ocean sponge. Unlike synthetic varieties this sponge displays a superior absorbency due to an intricate system of internal canals. It readily absorbs and retains moisture making it ideal for washing, picking up spills or applying cleaning materials. For more delicate jobs you'll want the incredibly soft, supple and highly absorbent chamois cloth. It is a special oil-tanned, suede-finished leather prepared from various skins. It's gentle enough to use on eyeglasses but still rugged enough to use on your car. Given proper care your chamois will last for years. We can send you this fine three piece cleaning kit including duster, ocean sponge and chamois cloth for just **$19.00** ($2.95) #A472.

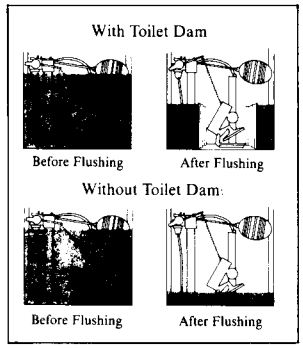
## EASY EMBERS


Measures charcoal as you fill approx.
50 briquets to top (4½ lbs.)
36 briquets (3 lbs.)
24 briquets to this level (2 lbs.)
12 briquets (1 lb.)
metal grate
Handle stays cool
starting chamber for newspaper

The biggest hassle with charcoal cooking is getting the charcoal lit. To keep frustration levels among outdoor chefs manageable, a whole line of charcoal-starter fluids has come onto the market. But they are expensive, and it seems absurd to use a petroleum-base product in this era of short supply when it's far quicker, safer and tastier to fire your coals with Easy Embers charcoal lighter. Using a fireplace-like draft and newspaper, Easy Embers will ignite 4½ lb. of charcoal—enough to fill a large Weber kettle grill—in less than 10 min. You simply light one or two balled sheets of newspaper stuffed in the base of the heavy-gauge steel cylinder. The intense flames will ignite the charcoal briquets, placed on a steel grate just above the coals. When the briquets are fully ignited, simply pour them out of the container into your grill. Easy Embers is entirely safe to use. The grate is securely fastened to the cylinder so there's no danger of it falling out and burning the cook. The easy-to-grasp wooden handle doesn't even get warm. And because no fluids are used, there's no chance of lighter fluid flare-up. **$15.00** ($2.95) #A288.

## TOILET SANITY

A government study shows that 45% of the water used by the average American family gets flushed down the toilet. That is 90 gal. per day for the family of four. Such extravagance is unconscionable. The conventional flush toilet uses 5 to 8 gal. of clean fresh water each flush, when 2.5 to 3 gal. is sufficient. What can we do about this insanity? Use toilet dams. Putting a dam in the tank saves 1/3 to 1/2 the flush without reducing the toilet's effectiveness. (It doesn't reduce the *pressure* of the flush, just the amount of water used.) Putting dams in all your toilets could cut your overall water use (and bill) up to 20%—a vital savings in the parts of the country now affected by drought and a sensible step for everyone to take. For **$11.00** ($1.95), #A259, we can supply first-quality toilet dam units made of stainless steel and thermoplastic rubber. It comes with a 5-year manufacturer's guarantee. It requires no tools (or special effort) to install and will pay for itself in a matter of months.

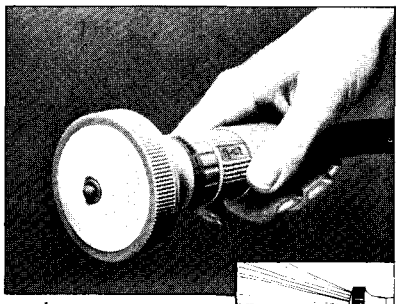



## SALTMETER

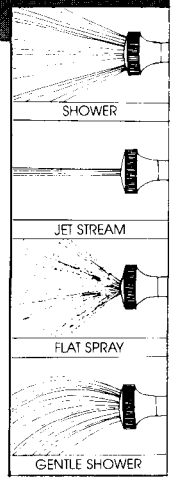
Today we know that salt is a major health hazard. The human body needs about 1/10 of a teaspoon of salt per day, an amount easily available naturally. But current estimates suggest the average American consumes *20 times* this basic salt need. This overindulgence is a prime factor in a number of national maladies, principally high blood pressure, depression and premenstrual distress. Salt is addictive. Tolerence develops with use, so it gradually takes more and more to satisfy our salt craving. The extent of the national addiction is clear by the amount of salt put in almost *all* prepared foods. There are unexpectedly large amounts of salt in cornflakes, white bread, chocolate pudding and most other processed foods. So salt sanity involves more than throwing away the saltshaker or cooking without added salt. It means measuring the salt content of every prepared food that you use in order to assure that your total daily intake is not high enough to create medical problems. The Saltmeter is the only product on the market that enables you to measure directly the salt content of food and liquids. This lightweight (2½ lbs) portable unit plugs into any standard outlet. Insert the probe in a food or liquid sample and you get a quick accurate (to 2%) readout of salt content (Mix dry or oily foods with a bit of distilled water to obtain a reading). The scale is calibrated both in parts-per-million and milligrams-per-hundred-grams and is color-coded to show low, medium or high salt levels at a glance. The Saltmeter is a near necessity for anyone on a restricted salt diet (and its purchase is tax deductible if your doctor has prescribed such a diet). But the Saltmeter is equally a preventive tool, a way to assure that you keep your overall salt intake at levels that are unlikely to cause health problems. It is especially important to see that babies' food is free of added salt, so they do not get launched on the salt-addiction cycle early in life. The Saltmeter costs **$100.00** ($9.95) #A469 and comes with a copy of Marietta Whittlesey's *Killer Salt*, which tells about the dangers attending a high-salt intake and includes tables of the natural salt content of various foods.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

## FLOW CONTROL HOSE NOZZLE

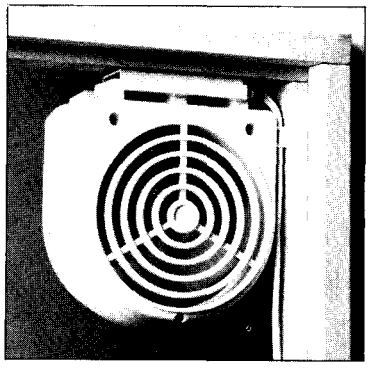


The biggest problem with most hose nozzles is getting and maintaining the desired water flow. Too much water pressure can damage plants, too little and your plants aren't adequately watered. For other jobs, like washing the car, lawnmower or cleaning your house gutters, a faulty nozzle can make the task all but impossible. The answer is Nozzle Five. This hose nozzle allows you to set the water flow to any of five positions just by turning the slider controls located in the handle. Use the shower setting for heavy watering or car washing, gentle shower for potted plants or window boxes, flat spray for misting foliage and the jet stream for force cleaning patios, decks and gutters. The fifth setting is a stop action which is especially convenient since it eliminates running back and forth to the faucet to shut off the water. Nozzle Five is constructed of durable, non-corrosive plastic and costs just **$11.00** ($1.95) #A481.




## FAN FOR ALL SEASONS

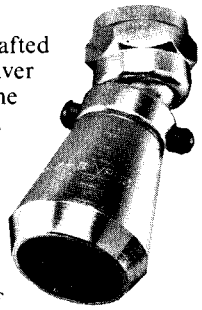
Have you ever noticed how one room can be chilly while the very next room tends to be warm? It has to do with many things, including how the sun hits a room, the size of the heating or air conditioning unit and other factors. In any case, you don't have to put up with such discomfort once you've installed the Con-Serv room-to-room temperature balancing fan. This little fan mounts high in the frame of a doorway (it tucks unobtrusively on the outer side so the door can be closed) and directs and balances the air flow. Since warm air tends to rise to the ceiling, it makes good sense to have a fan up there. And since it's reversible you can use it all year-round . . . recirculating the warm air down into the room during the winter months, moving cool air-conditioned air more efficiently in summertime. It can actually help save quite a few dollars on the costs of heating and cooling as you stay comfortable without having to adjust the thermostat. The Con-Serv temperature balancing fan has a 110-volt motor with a 10-foot cord and an in-line switch. It's quite easy to mount and comes with a mounting bracket, screws, clips and complete instructions. It weighs a mere 2 lb. 3 oz. and measures 5½″ × 5″ × 3½″. You can obtain this fan from us for just **$28.00** ($3.95) #A397.



## LIFETIME GARDEN TOOLS

Gardening is such satisfying activity that it deserves the best of tools. With this handy cultivating set, you will get more done with less effort than ever before. The combination heads—shovel, pick, weeder, and chisel chopper—will take care of just about any planting, weeding, rooting, cultivating, edging or cleaning job you have. (Campers can use them to dig fire pits and latrines and to trench tents, among other things.) These implements are light and their size is scaled for convenient hands-and-knees handling. The hardened steel heads are secured on 15″ ash handles with sure-lock tops. They are so well made that they really do come with a *lifetime* guarantee. If you like gardening now, treat yourself to these fine tools and see how much better it gets. The cultivating sets are **$20.00** ($2.95) #A471.

## SAVINGS IN THE SHOWER



*Tools For Living* has discovered a finely crafted shower head called the Deluxe Fuel Saver manufactured by Con-Serv, which cuts the use of water—*hot water*—in the shower from 5 or 8 to 2.45 gallons per minute. Remember, heating water throughout the year is second only to the cost of heating the house. With the conventional shower head, the average family of four uses 300 to 400 gals. of water—much of it heated—every day. According to U.S. Department of Energy figures, with the Deluxe Fuel Saver that same family uses 70% less water in the shower and realizes a savings of between $150 and $350 depending on the utility rates. Con-Serv designed the new Deluxe Fuel Saver without compromising comfort or high quality. Although the amount of water is significantly reduced, it is aerated and accelerated—utilizing the Venturi principle—for an invigorating shower. It delivers a comfortable yet forceful spray—forceful enough to quickly rinse shampoo suds out of a long mane of hair. The Deluxe Fuel Saver also offers a "trickle valve" that allows you to stop water flow while soaping up. Made of chrome-plated solid brass, the Deluxe Fuel Saver is accompanied by a limited one-year warranty. It installs easily over the standard ½″ shower head arm with pliers or a wrench—no plumber is needed. We offer the Con-Serv Deluxe Fuel Saver for **$16.00** ($2.95) #A351.

ORDERING INSTRUCTIONS AND GUARANTEE: We ship via United Parcel Service wherever possible to insure prompt delivery. The cost of each item is shown followed by its shipping and handling charges in (  ). Be sure to add the cost **plus** shipping and handling charges for each item ordered to arrive at the **total price** of each item. If you are not satisfied for any reason, return the article to us within 30 days, and we'll exchange it or refund the cost, per your instructions.

**TOOLS FOR LIVING**
Dept. SR 052; 400 S. Dean St.; Englewood, NJ 07631

Send to (PLEASE PRINT)_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ ZIP_____

Enclosed is a check or money order for $_____ payable to **TOOLS FOR LIVING.**

We honor ☐ MasterCard ☐ VISA Expiration Date_____

Account #_____

Signature_____

(Sorry, we cannot handle Canadian, foreign or C.O.D. orders.) Please allow 30 days for delivery from our receipt of your order.

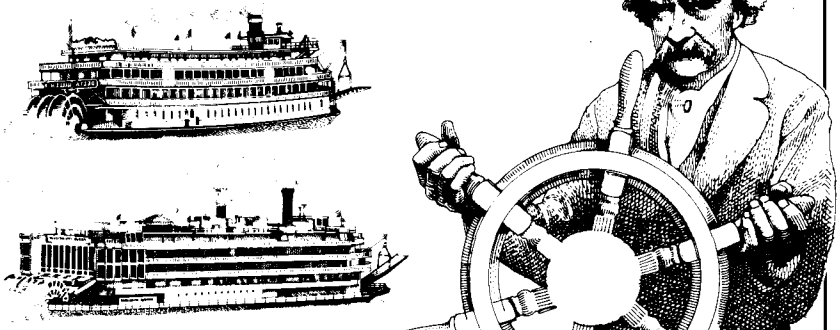
FOR FASTEST SERVICE ON CREDIT CARD ORDERS CALL 800-228-5505, TOLL FREE 24 HOURS A DAY.

| Item No. | Qty. | Description/ Color | Item Price | Shpg. & Hndlg. | Total Price |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | | | |
| | | | | | |
| | | | | | |

SR 052 Total Amount

PRODUCED 2006 BY OSZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# STEAMBOATIN'
## IT'S STILL THE ONLY WAY TO TRAVEL.



Cruises from 2 to 14 nights.

FREE FULL-COLOR BROCHURES
The Delta Queen Steamboat Co.
Distribution Department, Box SW11 511 Main Street, Cincinnati, Ohio 45202
Please send me your 1982 deluxe, full-color brochures.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

SW11


# BOOKS

**Diana Cooper**
*by Philip Ziegler*
*Alfred A. Knopf, 336 pp., $16.95*

NO ONE PERSONIFIED Evelyn Waugh's Bright Young Thing—that stylized partygoer of the 1920s and 1930s—better than Lady Diana Cooper. Celebrated for her beauty, breeding, and bohemianism, she inspired novels by Waugh, D.H. Lawrence, Arnold Bennett, and Nancy Mitford, and she magnetized men from Churchill to Kennedy. These and other luminaries parade through these pages spewing epigrams like confetti.

Philip Ziegler traces how this illegitimate daughter of the Duke of Rutland came to symbolize the shiny excesses of post-Edwardian life. From a fantasy childhood at Belvoir castle to its natural adult extension—the stage—Cooper became the high priestess of condoned adolescence. With her husband diplomat, Duff Cooper, she led a life of dress-up and willful fantasy.

Cooper's dandyism exerts a macabre fascination. Unrepentant snobs dedicated to art for artifice's sake, the Cooperites nonetheless make for good reading. While this is a biography that speaks to the already initiated—Anglophiles truffling for cultural anecdotes—it's impossible not to admire Ziegler's wry handling of nude tennis matches, eccentric P.G. Wodehouse peers, and a dunderhead Prince of Wales. Ziegler not only preserves the screwy charm of Cooper's three-volume autobiography, he improves upon it. —ALEXANDRA JOHNSON


# EUROPE BY CAR

45 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10020
Phone: (212) 581-3040
9000 SUNSET BLVD., LOS ANGELES, CALIF. 90069
Phone: (213) 272-0424
SAVINGS ON CAR RENTAL • PURCHASE
ALSO EURAIL/YOUTH PASS


**Mussolini**
*by Denis Mack Smith*
*Alfred A. Knopf, 418 pp., $20*

THIS IS THE definitive biography of a third-rate thug who helped to transform history. Denis Mack Smith of Oxford, the world's leading Mussolini authority, demonstrates that Mussolini was the driving force behind fascism and a key instigator of World War II. Obsessed from childhood with the "beauty" of brutality, he cut such a "revolting and ridiculous" figure that no one but Hitler took him seriously—until it was too late.

A boorish, undistinguished statesman, Mussolini was nevertheless a deft popular journalist and public speaker. His genius at manipulating crowds to commit fantastic acts of violence gave him "the pleasure of feeling like a sculptor wrestling with his material, 'violating' it, moulding it into shape." As developed in these speeches, fascism became less a coherent ideology than a "military style," a hatred of "peacemongers" and intellectuals, and a love of "that supreme, inexorable violence which is the chief motor force of world history."

This is a masterful, incredibly ugly book. Although rigorously researched, it moves swiftly in a crisp, understated style that sketches Mussolini's atrocities in bleak black-and-white outlines and allows them to speak for themselves. It ends with the stark image of Mussolini strung up by the heels, "mocked and vilified by the mob"—the same mob he successfully manipulated into stringing up so many others. —JACK SULLIVAN

**Hannah Arendt: For Love of the World**
*by Elisabeth Young-Bruehl*
*Yale University Press, 616 pp., $25*

HISTORY DID NOT allow Hannah Arendt to become the kind of thinker who dwells on the being of being. Her life and philosophy concentrated on action. Born in 1906 in the same East Prussian town where Immanuel Kant taught, Arendt became the protege of existentialist philosopher Karl Jaspers and the mistress and muse of Martin Heidegger. Hitler and the war exiled her; after eight years in Switzerland and France, she arrived among the New York intelligentsia.

In this "philosophical biography," Elisabeth Young-Bruehl does not offer many colorful details of Arendt's workaday life. However, she does carefully document the impulses that shaped Arendt's thinking: her enmity to pure theory without deeds, her loyalty to the German language, and her far less permanent commitment to Zionism. Young-Bruehl intelligently situates Arendt's thought in its European and American context and, in appendixes, provides revealing materials from Arendt's papers, including her poems. Much of what Young-Bruehl has to say about Arendt's mind is illuminating, but the Hannah Arendt whom New York intellectuals still describe as fierce, brilliant, obstinate, and infinitely generous does not really shine through.

—JULIE V. IOVINE



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saturday Review

# CULTURAL
# TV CALENDAR

Rudolf Nureyev as Petrushka; CBS Cable, May 18, 8:30 PM.

## WHAT TO WATCH IN MAY

**PREVIEWS** "CARMEN"
THE BRANDENBURG CONCERTOS
"THE COUNTRY GIRL"
AND MORE

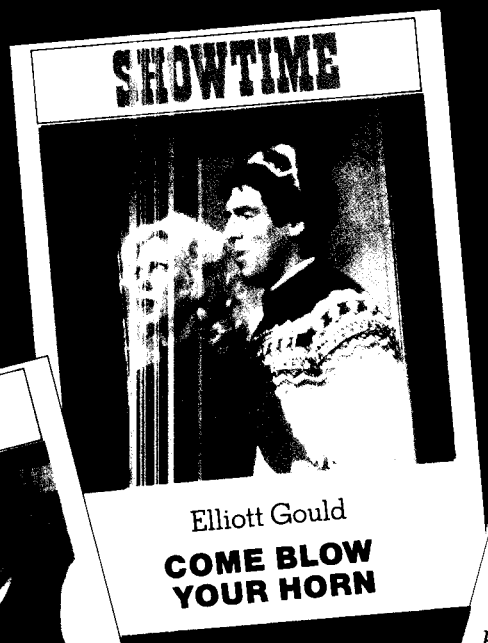
**SELECTED LISTINGS** ART, DANCE, DRAMA, FILM, MUSIC

PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# BROADWAY ON SHOWTIME

Jason Robards

**HUGHIE**




Elliott Gould

**COME BLOW YOUR HORN**

Faye Dunaway Dick Van Dyke

**THE COUNTRY GIRL**

Melba Moore Robert Guillaume
Sherman Hemsley

**PURLIE**

Danny Aiello Scott Baio

**GEMINI**

A New Theatrical Tradition—BROADWAY ON SHOWTIME!
The pay T.V. network that started it all continues to present the best in theatrical productions. Each month see Broadway's brightest stars on SHOWTIME!

SHOWTIME

We're tuned in to you.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Previews

## Bach Lovingly Performed

**Bach's Brandenburgs**
Bravo, May 30, 8:00 PM.

WHEN JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH was seeking a court position with the Margrave of Brandenburg, he pulled together the scores of his six finest concerto grossos, and sent them to the margrave—who never had them performed. In fact, it was not until more than 100 years after the original 1721 dedication, in 1850, that the concertos were finally published.

Today, of course, the Brandenburgs, with their sprightly lyricism, their well-ordered, sparkling sound, are among the chief joys of the Baroque repertory. And for conductor Gerard Schwarz and the Y Chamber Symphony, they hold a special significance: It was in December 1976 that the small ensemble of first-rate New York musicians first came together to play Bach's concertos for a special holiday performance. Now performing regularly as a group, the Y Chamber Symphony performs the Brandenburgs every holiday season, and the Bravo production shown this month was taped live last New Year's Eve.

## Everybody's Favorite Opera

**Carmen**
CBS Cable, May 1, 8:00 P.M.

*CARMEN* IS PROBABLY the world's most popular opera. The 1875 work abounds with irresistible melodies—most notably the "Habanera" and the "Toreador Song." Composer Georges Bizet died tragically young at 36, composing *Carmen*, his masterpiece, only months before his death from a chronic throat infection. Following the opera's debut, however, pedants complained that *Carmen* wasn't a genuine opera, since parts of it were spoken. So in October 1875, four months after Bizet's funeral, composer Ernest Guiraud, an American living in Paris, set the spoken dialogue of Bizet's original score to music, and it is in this form that most operagoers know the opera today.

This month, CBS Cable returns *Carmen* to its original form. Starring are Grace Bumbry as Carmen and Jon Vickers as Don José, the soldier seduced by Carmen then thrown over for a glamorous bullfighter. This *Carmen* is a Salzburg Festival production, accompanied by the Vienna Philharmonic under the direction of Herbert von Karajan.

## Odets's Drama About Alcoholism

**The Country Girl**
Showtime, May 16, 8:00 PM. Repeats May 20, 24, 29.

DURING THE 1930s, many observers were predicting that Clifford Odets would become the Great American Playwright. In 1935, his first successful play, *Waiting for Lefty*, about a strike vote at a taxi drivers' union, identified him as a spokesman for the political left, as did his more accomplished *Awake and Sing*. But after 1940, his talent seemingly dried up and, with one exception, critics despaired. The exception was a modest play that recaptured some of the human insight that had characterized his earlier, more politicized works. Titled *The Country Girl*, it was the story of an alcoholic actor trying to make a comeback, and it became a solid success for Odets on Broadway in 1950. George Seaten's 1954 movie version of the play fared no less well, winning Grace Kelly an Oscar for her portrayal of the actor's wife and featuring an arrestingly strong performance by Bing Crosby as the actor.

©1982 C. DAVID BATALSKY
**Faye Dunaway in *The Country Girl*.**

Now *The Country Girl* comes to cable TV. Showtime's production, made especially for cable, stars Faye Dunaway, Dick Van Dyke, and Ken Howard. Dunaway plays the wife. Van Dyke takes on the role of the actor courageously: He too, he admits, has battled alcoholism.

## Oppenheimer's Agonies

**Oppenheimer**
PBS, May 11, 9:00 P.M. Continues May 18, 25, June 1, 8, 15, 22.

AFTER AN EMOTIONAL meeting with Harry S. Truman in the fall of 1945, J. Robert Oppenheimer, the father of the atomic bomb, turned to the president and said, "There's blood on my hands." Like an atomic age Doctor Frankenstein, Oppenheimer was both awed and shamed by the monster he had unleashed on the world. This month, PBS will begin a seven-part series, originally produced by the BBC, dramatizing Oppenheimer's public and private agonies.

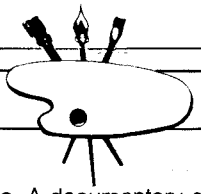
As a talented theoretical physicist at Berkeley in the late 1930s, Oppenheimer was a firm opponent of fascism, and like many of his day, for a while he believed that Communism was a valid defense against the mounting Fascist threat. During World War II, fearing that the Germans might harness atomic energy first, he agreed to work on developing an A bomb. By 1943, he had become director of the Los Alamos laboratory where, under his guidance, the bomb was perfected. But he became plagued by doubts about what he had done, and after the war he campaigned to limit and control atomic weapons. With the rise of McCarthyism in the early 1950s, Oppenheimer's early left-wing political affiliations came under scrutiny, and he fell victim to the anti-Communist hysteria, cast out as a "security risk."

Actor Sam Waterston portrays Oppenheimer. Waterston is probably best known for his low-key, gently comic roles. Oppenheimer is a departure, a heavy role in a major drama—and his performance was widely praised by British critics. The entire production won the British version of America's Emmy as the best dramatic series of last season.


PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# CULTURAL TV

## Selected Listings



### ART

**Hopper's Silence.** A documentary on the 20th-century American realist by Edward Hopper's friend, art critic Brian O'Doherty. *CBS Cable, May 2, 10:00 PM.*

**Triumph in Stone.** Alec McCowen narrates this documentary on the Gothic cathedrals of France. *English Channel, May 15, 1:00 PM.*

**Caravaggio**. A documentary on the Italian Renaissance painter. *ARTS, May 23, 10:00 PM. Repeats May 27.*

**Soft Self-Portrait.** The life and art of 20th-century Surrealist painter Salvador Dali. *ARTS, May 24, 10:00 PM. Repeats May 28.*

**Turner—The Sun Is God.** English painter J.M.W. Turner: a dramatized documentary. *ARTS, May 26, 9:00 PM.*

### DANCE

**A Portrait of Giselle.** Sir Anton Dolin narrates this overview of the greatest performers of this ballet's title role. *ARTS, May 3, 9:00 PM.*

**The Firebird.** The Dance Theater of Harlem performs Stravinsky's ballet. *PBS, May 5, 9:00 PM.*

**Balanchine's Davidsbündlertanze.** A recent creation of George Balanchine and the New York City Ballet is based on the life and music of 19th-century composer Robert Schumann. *CBS Cable, May 11, 8:30 PM.*

**Giselle.** The Bolshoi Ballet presents the classic Romantic ballet, with Natalia Bessmertnova and Mikhail Lavrovsky in the main roles. *Bravo, May 16, 8:00 PM. Repeats May 27.*

**Petrushka.** Starring Rudolf Nureyev, the Paris Opera Ballet's production of Mikhail Fokine's ballet, set to Stravinsky's score. *CBS Cable, May 18, 8:30 PM. Repeats May 23.*

**Swan Lake.** Natalia Makarova and Anthony Dowell dance with the Royal Ballet at Covent Garden in Tchaikovsky's ballet. *CBS Cable, May 22, 8:00 PM.*

**Bournonville Dances.** A tribute to the 19th-century Danish choreographer, performed by the New York City Ballet. *PBS, May 24, 8:00 PM.*

**The Romantic Age.** Ballets from the Romantic era (mid-19th century) are performed by Alicia Alonso, Carla Fracci, Ghislaine Thesmar, and Eva Evdokimova. *ARTS, May 31, 9:00 PM.*

### DRAMA

**Tartuffe.** Molière's play about a deceitful and lecherous villain is directed by Pierre Badel. *TéléFrance, May 2, 9:00 PM.*

**Candida.** Blythe Danner stars in Shaw's probing commentary on love and marriage, directed by Austin Pendleton. *CBS Cable, May 3, 9:00 PM.*

**The Letter.** Lee Remick stars in this adaptation of W. Somerset Maugham's tale of a bored wife's affair and the murder that ensues. Set in Malaysia. *ABC, May 3, 9:00 PM.*

**Sticks and Bones.** David Rabe's Tony award-winning play, produced by Joseph Papp, about a blinded Vietnam veteran who must readjust to civilian life. *ARTS, May 4, 10:00 PM. Repeats May 8.*

**Georges Dandin.** Molière's cutting comedy of a rich farmer who tries to better himself by marrying a gentleman's daughter, only to discover he is being used for his money. This production was taped at the Comedie Française. *TéléFrance, May 16, 9:00 PM.*

**Troilus and Cressida.** Shakespeare's enigmatic drama of lovers during the Trojan War, directed by Jonathan Miller. *PBS, May 17, 8:00 PM.*

**The Plough and the Stars.** Sean O'Casey's play, set at the time of Ireland's 1916 Easter Uprising, sparked riots when it was first performed in 1926. *ARTS, May 19, 9:00 PM.*

**The Potting Shed.** Graham Greene's drama about a man's search for faith after his family's rejection stars Paul Scofield and Anna Massey. *CBS Cable, May 24, 8:30 PM. Repeats May 30.*

**Shades.** Three plays by Samuel Beckett, and documentary footage of the Irish playwright. *ARTS, May 25, 9:00 PM. Repeats May 29.*

**The Three Sisters.** Trevor Nunn directs members of the Royal Shakespeare Company in Chekhov's complex, brooding tale of a family bogged down in the provinces. *CBS Cable, May 29, 8:00 PM.*

**Le Misanthrope.** Jean Rochefort and Marie-Christine Barrault star in this version of Molière's classic drama. *TéléFrance, May 30, 9:00 PM.*

**Hamlet.** Derek Jacobi stars as Shakespeare's tragic hero. *PBS, May 31, 8:00 PM.*

### FILM

**The Man Who Loved Women**. A romantic comedy of a bachelor who is continually infatuated, directed by François Truffaut. *Bravo, May 4, 8:00 PM.*

**Stevie**. Glenda Jackson's much-acclaimed character study of poet Stevie Smith. *Cinemax, May 4, 9:00 PM.*

**Zazie**. Louis Malle's surreal 1960 film about a tough 11-year-old Parisian girl and the people she encounters. Starring Catherine Demongeot and Phillipe Noiret. *TéléFrance, May 6, 10:30 PM.*

**The Story of Adele H**. Isabelle Adjani's much acclaimed portrayal of Adèle Hugo, in love with a young soldier, in François Truffaut's film. *Bravo, May 7, 8:00 PM (subtitled); May 10, 9:30 PM (dubbed).*

**Man of Marble**. Polish director Andrzej Wajda—winner of the International Critics Prize, Cannes, 1978—follows the story of a young filmmaker wading through propaganda to reconstruct Poland's Stalinist past. *CBS Cable, May 8, 8:00 PM.*

**The Middle of the World (Le Milieu du Monde)**. A man running for Parliament becomes obsessed with a waitress. Directed by Alain Tanner. *TéleFrance, May 9, 9:30 PM.*

There are a dozen national networks listed here that offer cultural programs—four broadcast networks and eight cable systems. Because cable packages vary, no single community in the U.S. can receive all of the programs in these listings. Broadcast times listed are Eastern Time, and networks occasionally make last-minute changes. For further information, contact your local station or cable franchise operator. The networks in our listings are:

**Broadcast** ABC, CBS, NBC, PBS

**Cable** ARTS, Bravo, CBS Cable, Cinemax
English Channel, HBO (Home Box Office)
Showtime, TéléFrance USA



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

**The Fire Within (Le Feu Follet)**. The last 48 hours of a dissolute man heading toward suicide are depicted in Louis Malle's 1963 film. *TéléFrance, May 13, 10:00 PM.*

**Small Change**. François Truffaut's joyful portrayal of childhood adventures. *Bravo, May 14, 8:00 PM (subtitled); May 18, 8:00 PM (dubbed).*

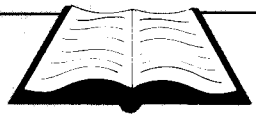
**The Tree of Wooden Clogs**. Winner of the 1978 Cannes Film Festival, Ermanno Olmi's movie focuses on the day-to-day lives of a group of poor Italian peasants at the turn of the century. *CBS Cable, May 15, 8:00 PM.*

**Dodes'Ka-Den**. Japanese director Akira Kurosawa's first color film, this impassioned work about Tokyo slum dwellers won the Academy Award for best foreign film in 1972. *CBS Cable, May 20, 8:30 PM.*

**Human, Too Human (Humain, Trop Humain)**. A documentary on a Rennes Citroen plant, directed by Louis Malle in 1972. *TéléFrance, May 20, 10:30 PM.*

**Ugetsu**. Kenji Mizoguchi's mystic film of two peasants who leave their families to make their fortunes in 10th-century Japan. *CBS Cable, May 27, 8:30 PM.*

## LITERATURE



**Conversations on the Arts and Letters.** Studs Terkel and Calvin Trillin discuss censorship with novelist Kurt Vonnegut. *ARTS, May 1, 10:00 PM. Repeats May 12.*

**Conversations on the Arts and Letters.** Studs Terkel and Calvin Trillin discuss the business of books with Gay Talese, Christopher Lehmann-Haupt, and Judith Rossner. *ARTS, May 2, 11:25 PM.*

**In Search of Shaw**. A documentary about the writing of Michael Holroyd's biography of Shaw. *CBS Cable, May 3, 8:30 PM.*

**Evelyn Waugh**. A documentary on the English novelist. *ARTS, May 18, 10:15 PM. Repeats May 22.*

**Conversations on the Arts and Letters.** Studs Terkel and Calvin Trillin host a discussion of images of women, with guests Erica Jong, Colette Dowling, and Nora Ephron. *ARTS, May 23, 11:25 PM.*

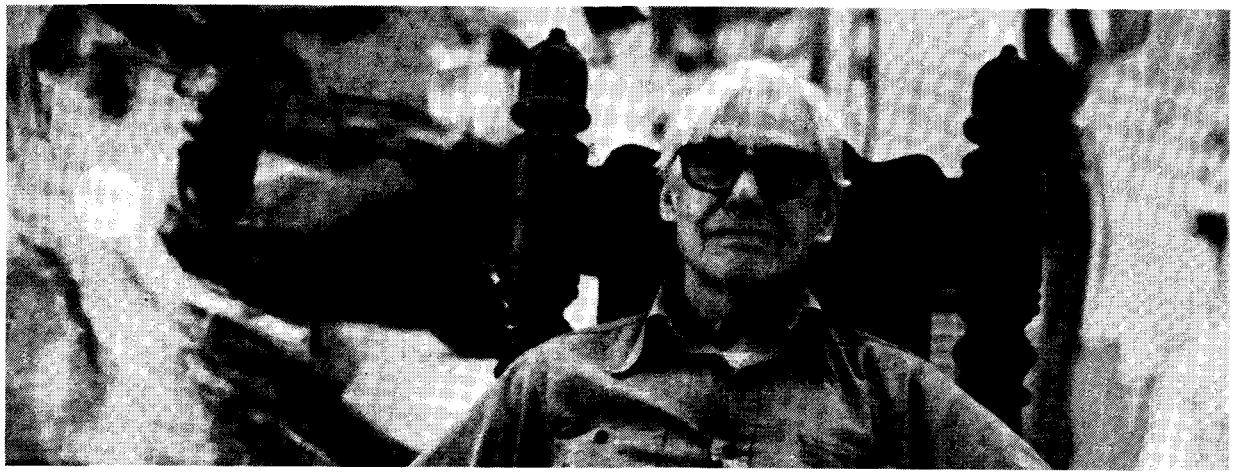
## MUSIC

**James Galway: The Man With the Golden Flute**. Flutist Galway preparing and performing Joaquin Rodrigo's *Concerto Pastoral. ARTS, May 2, 9:30 PM. Repeats May 6.*

**The Golden Horn: Barry Tuckwell**. A profile of the "king of the French horn." *Bravo, May 3, 8:00 PM. Repeats May 12, 20, 25.*

**James Galway and Kyung Wha Chung**. The flutist and violinist team up for several Bach trio sonatas. *Bravo, May 4, 10:00 PM. Repeats May 10, 21, 29.*

**Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center (Part I)**. Soprano Judith Blegen joins the chamber group for music by Ravel, Handel, Scarlatti, Benedict, Strauss, and Brahms. *CBS Cable, May 7, 8:30 PM.*

de Kooning ON de KOONING

is a one-hour film portrait of Willem de Kooning, one of America's most important living artists. In a rare collaboration with the filmmakers, this probing and intimate encounter concludes with a spellbinding sequence of the artist painting in his studio.

**"...THE MOVIE WILL APPEAR TO BE A KIND OF MINOR MIRACLE. ITS USEFULNESS, ITS POIGNANCE, IS CERTAIN TO INCREASE IN DECADES TO COME."** – PAUL RICHARDS, THE WASHINGTON POST

Check local PBS listings for time and station.

Made possible by grants from Masco Corporation and ARCO Atlantic Richfield Company. A Cort Production Presented by KERA-TV, Dallas © 1982 C.P.I.


PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Molière is in the Air!

May brings a triumphant festival of satire and farce when TeleFrance presents three plays by the great Molière.

You'll delight in watching the hypocrites and pedants who frequent his world get their pretentions hilariously deflated.

**Tartuffe (May 2)**

The Arch-hypocrite Tartuffe has his worst laid plans foiled through adulterous yearnings.

**Georges Dandin (May 16)**

A rich, upwardly mobile farmer seeks to rise above his class through marriage, and his misadventures erupt into one of Molière's most savagely funny farces.

**Le Misanthrope (May 30)**

Why is the eloquently scornful Alceste so embittered against mankind? A new interpretation of an old classic.

So stay tuned to the unique viewing experience of TeleFrance USA, where each month you'll enjoy the finest in cultural programs.

**MOLIERE FESTIVAL**
**May 2, 16 & 30**
**9pm (EST) on SPN**

**TELEFRANCE USA**
*Quality French Programming for the American Cable Audience*


## Selected Listings

**Lazar Berman**. The Russian pianist in West Germany performing an all-Beethoven program. *Bravo, May 8, 10:00 PM. Repeats May 13, 18.*

**Aida**. Verdi's opera about an enslaved princess, with Maria Chiara and Fiorenza Cossotto in the main roles, filmed at the Roman amphitheater in Verona. *Bravo, May 9, 8:00 PM. Repeats May 19, 24.*

**Peter Grimes**. Benjamin Britten's opera about an outcast fisherman, with Jon Vickers. *ARTS, May 9, 9:00 PM. Repeats May 13.*

**Lincoln Center Chamber Music Society (Part II).** Under the direction of Charles Wadsworth, the Lincoln Center group performs works by Torelli and Saint-Saëns. Barbara Hendricks joins them for Thomas Arne's *The Morning* and Bach's *Schafe Können Sicher Wieden. CBS Cable, May 14, 8:30 PM.*

**Rachmaninoff's Piano Concerto No. 2**. Alexis Weissenberg solos with the Berlin Philharmonic under Herbert von Karajan. *CBS Cable, May 21, 8:30 PM.*

**Mozart in Jerusalem**. Works by Mozart performed by flutist Jean-Pierre Rampal and violinist Isaac Stern. *ARTS, May 23, 9:00 PM. Repeats May 26, 27.*

**Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra**. Ormandy conducts *Schéhérazade* and other pieces from the Russian repertoire. *CBS Cable, May 28, 8:30 PM.*

**Luisa Miller**. Verdi's opera, starring Placido Domingo and Katia Ricciarelli as the ill-fated lovers. *ARTS, May 30, 9:00 PM.*

### POTPOURRI

**Bravo Magazine**. A look at Ruth Andrien, principal dancer in Paul Taylor's company; flutist James Galway; pianist Ruth Laredo; and voice teacher Margaret Hoswill. *Bravo, May 2, 8:00 PM. Repeats May 15, 17, 26.*

**When I Think of Russia**. Six Russian performers and artists in exile, including poet Joseph Brodsky, pianist Vladimir Ashkenazy, and dancer Mikhail Baryshnikov, discuss their separation from their homeland. *CBS Cable, May 12, 8:30 PM.*


# CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted at the discretion of the publisher. Rates for insertions within a contract year (minimum ad, 10 words): 1 time, $3.75 per word; 3 times, $3.35 per word, per insertion; 6 times, $3.15 per word, per insertion; 12 times, $3.00 per word, per insertion. Box numbers, SR Box numbers and telephone numbers count as two words each. Names of cities and states count as one word each. No charge for zip codes. For advertisers using SR Box numbers, please include an additional $3.00 (domestic) or $5.00 (foreign) handling charge for forwarding service during a contract year. CLASSIFIED DISPLAY: ONE COLUMN WIDE, NO FRACTIONS. ONE INCH = $210. TWO INCHES = $420. To avoid delay in publication, please include your permanent address, telephone number and sample, brochure or supportive literature about the product/service being advertised. Mention preferred issue date and suggested heading. Full payment must accompany order and be received by closing date (6 weeks prior to issue date). Send check or money order, made payable to Saturday Review, to Classified Department, Saturday Review, 150 East 58th Street, New York, N.Y. 10155. *Replies to SR Box numbers should be sent to the same address.*

## BOOKS

FREE color catalogue offers scores of hard-to-find home library accessories. Antioch Bookplate Company, Box 28BH, Yellow Springs, Ohio 45387.

GOOD USED BOOKS—WIDE VARIETY. Intelligent selection. Libraries buy regularly; you can too! History, fiction, social sciences, literature, miscellaneous subjects. Send dollar for listing of 20,000 titles & prices. Editions, Desk SR, Boiceville, N.Y. 12412.

PUBLISHERS' OVERSTOCKS, BARGAIN BOOKS 2,000 titles, all subjects! Free catalogue: Hamilton's, 98-60 Clapboard, Danbury, Conn. 06810.

MINIATURE BOOKS. Catalogue $1.00. Mosiac Press, Dept. 48, 358 Oliver, Cincinnati, OH 45215.

USED BOOKS. Music, Dance, Theater, Film. Lists. Box 8938. Minneapolis, MN 55408.

HERPES HANDBOOK. Comprehensive guide to oral, genital herpes. $2.00. Oregon Medical School. L220K. Portland, Oregon 97201.

## BOOKS—OUT-OF-PRINT

THOUSANDS OF OUT OF PRINT BOOKS in stock. Send wants to Murray's, 115 State St., Springfield, MA 01103.

NAME THE BOOK—WE'LL GET IT! Free search service. Chicago Book Mart, Box 636B, Chicago Heights, Ill. 60411. Est. 1948.

FREE SEARCH SERVICE and every book guaranteed. You name it —we find it! International Bookfinders, Inc., Box 1-SR, Pacific Palisades, Calif. 90272.

YESTERDAY'S BOOKS LOCATED FOR YOU...no obligation. Book service, Box 3253R, San Clemente, Ca. 92672 1053 (714) 492-2976.

## BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

MISEMPLOYED? Start a successful used-book store! Details SR Box 1009.

HOME IMPORT MAIL ORDER Business. Start without capital. Free Report. Mellinger, Dept. R1395, Woodland Hills, California 91367.

NEW MAILORDER METHOD MAKES FORTUNES! Send self-addressed stamped envelope: Method, Box 90383-Z, San Diego, CA 92109.

BIG PROFIT! Selling information by mail. Free details: Mardel Company, Box 145-Dept. Z1, Bloomfield, NJ 07003.

THOUSANDS WEEKLY MAILING LETTERS. Name, address. Box 696-N, Norwalk, CT 06856-0696.

CONDUCT HUMAN RESOURCES SEMINARS. Regional sessions provide complete training. North Star. Box 666, Hiram, Ohio 44234.




PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WIN SWEEPSTAKES, LOTTERIES & BINGO! Rush stamped self addressed envelope for offer—details. Rob Clark, Dept. S, PO Box 518, Moorhead, MS 38761.

**Buy Gold & Silver Scrap**
**Available everywhere. Big profit. Experience, Investment unnecessary! Write for FREE INFORMATION:**
**L. C. Meredith**
P.O.Box 11216 Reno. NV 89510

## CAMPS

SUNAPEE ARTS CAMP with outstanding waterfront. Music and drama. Co-ed 7-14. 25th season. 8, 5, or 3 weeks. Golden Arrow Road, Georges Mills, N.H. 03751.

BELLE TERRE GYMNASTICS CAMP FOR GIRLS. (607) 538-9434, So. Kortright, N.Y. 13842.

**Summer Computer Camp in Vermont ...the Best of Both Worlds!**

Boys & Girls 11-16... We offer a unique combination of traditional camp activities like sailing, swimming, hiking, tennis, soccer and basketball as well as HANDS ON COMPUTER TRAINING WITH MICROCOMPUTERS AND A MAINFRAME. 2 & 4 weeks.

Shelley Richardson
CHAMPLAIN COLLEGE COMPUTER CAMP CAMP
Room 60, PO Box 670
Burlington, VT 05402 (802) 658-0800

## CATALOGS AND BROCHURES

ADIRONDACK MUSEUM. Write for our free booklet listing books, prints suitable for framing and color slides of paintings and exhibits. Blue Mountain Lake, NY 12812.

"FILM SCRIPTS, LARGEST COLLECTION AVAILABLE. HUGE CATALOG, $2.00. CITRON, 2210 Wilshire, #506, Santa Monica, CA 90403."

## EDUCATION

LEARN MEDIA WRITING & PRODUCTION SKILLS at the eighth PUBLIC COMMUNICATION INSTITUTE, June 30-July 30. Interested in writing for the new science media? Try the SCIENCE COMMUNICATION INSTITUTE, June 15-25. Contact Summer Institutes, SCHOOL OF PUBLIC COMMUNICATION, BOSTON UNIVERSITY, 640 Commonwealth, Boston 02215. Call 617/353-3447.

SELF-DESIGNED INDEPENDENT STUDY. The M.A. or B.A. scholar working off campus receives support and criticism from a faculty advisor. Study reflects the student's needs, interests and aspirations. Student designs study plan with faculty assistance. Plans are frequently transdisciplinary, integrating theory with practice drawing on resources in student's community. Adult Degree Program B.A. students have 12-day residencies twice yearly; twelve semesters annually. M.A. students have no residency, but work with field faculty in the student's community. Financial aid available. Equal opportunity admissions. Admissions Office Box S, The Goddard Programs, Vermont College, Montpelier VT 05602. (802) 229-0522.

BOYNTON. A HARD SCHOOL, in beautiful farm surroundings, for boys who want to learn. Christian emphasis, rigorous academics, self-help, simple living, moderate tuition. Accepting applications for ninth-grade for school year 1982-83. Contact A.J. Boynton, Jr., Orford, New Hampshire 03777.

***NUTRITIONISTS—A New Career Field***

Be a **Certified Nutritionist**
- Food Stores
- Health Care Facilities
- Schools
- Community Organization
- Food Service Businesses
- Your Own Nutrition Counseling Practice

**Home Study Program** Includes
- Physics & Chemistry
- Human Physiology
- Nutrients-Food, Vitamins Minerals
- Diet Management
- Buying/Storage/Cooking
- Nutrition Counseling

Toll free call 1-800-821-5234 312 W. 8th Street
**NUTRITIONISTS INSTITUTE OF AMERICA · Kansas City, Mo. 64105**

**PARIS AMERICAN ACADEMY**

ASSOCIATED WITH RENOWNED ARTISTS - ECOLE DU LOUVRE SORBONNE - MAJOR FASHION HOUSES

- **ACADEMIC YEAR**
  *Oct. 15 - May 20*
  Fine Arts - French
  Art History - Fashion
- **SPRING TERM**
  *Feb. 3 - May 20*
- **SUMMER IN FRANCE**
  *July 1 - 31*
- **FASHION WORKSHOPS 4 WEEKS**
  *Jan. • June • Sept.*
  Design - Textiles
  Draping - Visits

BILINGUAL CLASSES
PRIVATE APARTMENTS
IN LATIN QUARTER

ENROLL :
9 rue des Ursulines
PARIS 75005 FRANCE
Tel. : 325 35 09

## EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

JOBS ON SHIPS! Men-Women. American. Foreign. Worldwide Travel. No experience necessary. Guide $3. Seafax, Dept. W-10, Box 2049, Port Angeles, Wash. 98362.

OVERSEAS—ALL OCCUPATIONS! Worldwide Directory and complete information—$3.00. Opportunities, Box 19107-MT, Washington, DC 20036.

OVERSEAS EMPLOYMENT—$20,000-$60,000 Free Report! Employment International, Box 29217-MV, Indianapolis, Indiana 46229.

TEACHING ADMINISTRATIVE POSITIONS. Recruiting for Private Schools Northeast U.S. All subjects -elementary and secondary. Development Directors and Business Managers. No fees to candidate. Send resume to: Educational Resources Group, Box 211, Solebury, Pa 18963.

AUSTRALIA - NEW ZEALAND - THE WORLD! Big pay. All occupations. Transportation. Tax free. Computerized reports $3.00. Jobworld, Box 681-W, Cypress CA 90630.

GET EDUCATION JOB YOU WANT: Many school, college teaching, administrative openings. USA, Abroad Write SASE: EIS, Box 662X, Newton, Massachusetts 02162.

## FOR EXCHANGE

EXCHANGE/RENT HOMES for economical vacations. Free brochure. HOLIDAY EXCHANGES, Box 878S, Belen, N. Mex. 87002.

## FOR SALE

ROYAL LINEAGE CHART. Charles and Diana, Prince and Princess of Wales. Traces 40 generations through 14 centuries; 216 entries, 106 monarchs, including Charlemagne, King Alfred, William the Conqueror, St. Louis, Robert Bruce, Catherine the Great. 17"x22" parchment paper. $4.00. Edwin Productions, Box 2424LS, Bloomington, Indiana 474022424.

GET OUT OF YOUR JEANS! Pure cotton drawstring pants. Durable comfort. Natural, Black, Sky Blue, Navy, Russet, Plum. Send waist/hip measurements. $15 postpaid. Free catalogue, swatches. DEVA, ST5, Burkittsville, MD 21718.

**TYPEWRITERS**
**SAVE UP TO 60%**
**FACTORY DIRECT BRAND NAMES**
We sell only well-known brands—SMITH-CORONA, OLIVETTI, OLYMPIA, BROTHER, ROYAL, etc. Full warranty, packed in sealed cartons. Most orders shipped in 48 hours to your home.
FOR FASTER SERVICE CALL (609) **452-7500** FREE CATALOG
**AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL TYPEWRITER CO.**
745 Alexander Rd. Princeton, NJ 08540 (dept AA)

## GIFTS

PERSONALIZED BOOK EMBOSSER...new low price! Dovers, Box 1831, Appleton, WI 54913.

## GOURMET INTERESTS

NOSH WITH PANACHE. 6 elegant, unusual desert recipes. $3.00. SASE. Munchkins. 2208 Woodlawn Avenue, Boise, Idaho 83702.

SHOPWISE: Organizer Kit for Quick, Thrifty Shopping and Planning Gourmet Menus. INCANDESCENT BULB COMPANY $6 each, 2 for $10. SR Box 2648.

MAUI ONIONS. Sweet, mild, delicious. World's finest. Free brochure, price list. Write: Ili Ili Farm. Box 150. Kula, Maui, Hawaii 96790.

HOMEMADE YOGURT. Easy, surefire method. $1.00. Brown, 3201 Brunell, Oakland, CA 94602.

IMMIGRANT'S POLISH recipes and memories, beautifully printed: $5. Box 304, Hamilton, NY 13346.

EXOTIC PERUVIAN DELICACIES. Six entrees $3.00 SASE. Kahura Uyu Llamas, 15350 Hwy 83, Colorado Springs, CO 80908.

OUTRAGEOUS, DELICIOUS, FICTIONALIZED Recipes. "Crazy Martin Vs. The Bayou Terror." $3.00. CMG, PO Box 88, Moylan, PA 19065-0088.

## HOUSES FOR RENT

ITHACA, N.Y. Walk to Cornell campus for lectures, concerts. Fairview Heights...A new environment for apartment living designed by Marcel Breuer. Write to Fairview Associates, 100 Fairview Square, Ithaca, N.Y. 14850, or call Mr. Sullivan, (607) AR 2-3420.

IRELAND—Charming cottage in unique burren area of County Clare for rent or sale. (201) 748-9159 evenings.

OAK PARK—The unique Chicago suburb famous for its Frank Lloyd Wright architecture and diverse population. Free apartment referral agency helps you find the perfect place! Just 12 minutes from Chicago's Loop by public transportation. Excellent schools, day care, year-round recreation. Ms. Wright, Oak Park Housing Center, 1041 South Blvd., Oak Park, IL 60302. (312) 848-7150.

MOVING TO CLEVELAND? FOR FAMILIES ON THE GROW. Rent a two-family in beautiful Shaker Heights. Space and privacy. Best transportation. Schools that teach. Shaker Heights Housing, 3380 Lee Road, Shaker Heights, Ohio 44120 (216) 751-2155.

PROVENCE. Villa Alpilles hills. From October. Suitable academic study in peace and quiet beauty. SR Box #2653.

COMFORTABLE COUNTRY HOUSE. Garage, Acreage. Near Thousand Islands, NY. $250 Monthly. 315-265-9242.

FRANCE. Unique lakefront apartment in medieval village 15 miles from Geneva. Available November through May. Phone: Fryer (713) 978-6331.

## LITERARY SERVICES

RESEARCH, writing, translations, expertly done. All


PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

topics. Reasonable. Professional author. Alex White, 207 Allen Avenue, Allenhurst, N.J. 07711. (201) 531-4535.

RESEARCH, WRITING, EDITING—all areas. Prompt professional, confidential. Visa-Mastercard. Box 25918R, Los Angeles, 90025. (213) 477-5493.

WRITERS UNLIMITED. Writing. All fields. Professional team. Confidential. Prompt. Box #4391, Washington, D.C. 20912 (202) 723-1715 Master charge/Visa.

RESEARCH, WRITING, STATISTICS—Highest quality reasonable rates. RESEARCH SERVICE, Box 30112, Chicago 60630 (312) 282-5289.

EDITING, REVISING, MANUSCRIPT TYPING, Cassettes. Marye Myers. Box 1019 South Pasadena, CA 91030-1019.

POETRY PUBLISHED FREE. Details free. Editor, Box 1151-S, Kingsport, TN 37662.

SELF PUBLISH. 100 copies 24-p poetry softbound booklets, $75. Free information: LHS, POB 241, Bronx, NY 10471.

**MAKE CROSSWORDS?**

Publisher seeks 15× 15 crossword puzzles, preferably with themes or month-related subjects. Should be medium to hard. Also need various word games. Pays current rates. More if camera ready.
Contact:
J. Raydell, Publications Co.
1220 Maple Avenue
Los Angeles, CA 90015
(213) 747-6542

RESEARCH: REASONABLE PAGE RATE. One question or book background. Content editing ancient, medieval history. Experienced, confidential. Writer's Service Agency, Box 1438, St. Charles, MO 63301 (314) 723-1113.

LITERARY AGENT WANTED to locate publisher for book re: the treatment of multiple personalities. Candace M. Keogh, 425 E. Ellis, Tempe, Arizona 85282.

## MUSIC

PLAY SPANISH GUITAR without the aid of conventional notes and play melody harmony and chords. Book $6.95 postpaid. Irvin Emrich, P.O. Box 1109, Rogers, Arkansas 72756.

ORGAN AND CHORAL RECORDS. For free catalog write Gothic Records, PO Box 743-D, New York, NY 10101.

## MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

HARPSICHORDS, FORTEPIANOS, CLAVICHORDS, VIRGINALS. Kits and superb finished instruments. Catalogue free. Zuckermann Harpsichords Inc., Box 121-S, Stonington, Conn. 06378.

SPERRHAKE HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS. Robert S. Taylor, 8710 Garfield Street, Bethesda, Md. 20817.

BURTON HARPSICHORDS, Spinets,, and Clavichords—Professional instruments in kit and completed forms. For brochure, write Burton Harpsichords, 4921 N. 57th, Box 80222S, Lincoln, Nebr. 68501.

ZUCKERMANN HARPSICHORD KITS, Professional custom instruments. Also TUNE YOUR HARPSICHORD painlessly, quickly, any temperament, with Widener AccuTuner. Full details write YVES FEDER HARPSICHORDS, Box 640, Killingworth, CT 06417.

GRAND PIANOS WANTED—Steinway, etc. Any condition. Call: 1-800-368-2754.

## NECKTIE NARROWING

WIDE TIES RECUT AND RESHAPED to the new narrower look. $5.25 per tie—4 tie minimum. Send for free tie mailer or mail direct. Satisfaction guaranteed. Roblin Tiemaster, Glen Cove, N.Y. 11542.

## PERSONALS

TOP CASH PAID FOR LETTERS and documents of famous people. Immediate decision, immediate payment. Ask TODAY for free brochure, "How to Sell Your Autograph." Catalogues issued. Charles R. Hamilton, 25 East 77 St., N.Y.C. 10021. (2120 628-1666.

MEXICO—RANCH HOTEL - in private valley, sunshine, swimming, massage, rest. Room and meals; $30-$35. Brochure from APDO 1-1187S, Guadalajara, Mexico.

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS IN DEPTH. $20. Elisabeth King, 121 Madison Ave., N.Y. 10016.

SLEEP LEARNING equipment, tapes, books, Alpha devices. Strange catalogue free. Autosuggestion, Box 24-W, Olympia, Wash. 98507.

MEDITATION SERVES SELF AND OTHERS. Bimonthly course free; contributions encouraged. MEDITATION, P.O. Box 566S, Ojai, CA 93023.

SINGLE BOOK LOVERS GETS CULTURED single, widowed or divorced persons acquainted. Nationwide. Established 1970. Member B.B.B. Write Box AE, Swarthmore, PA 19081 or call (215) 566-2132.

**THE EAR DOCTORS' EARPLUGS FOR NOISE or WATER protection**
is MACK's Pillow Soft EARPLUGS. Stay soft silicone. Moldable! Covers ear opening only! Guaranteed! See the pharmacist at Thrifty, Thrift, Treasury, Haag, Peoples, Eckerd, Cunningham's, Sommers, Petty's, Hook, Lane, Consumers, Super D. $1.69 for two pair or send $2.00 Ppd to McKeon Prod., Dept. R, 121 Elm Park, Pleasant Ridge, MI 48069.

LETTERS OF AUTHORS, scientists, statesmen, musicians, military leaders, etc. bought, sold. Collections, single items. Catalogues issued. Kenneth W. Rendell, Inc., 154A Wells Ave., Newton, Mass. 02159.

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS $25.00 by a graduate of the Graphology Workshop. The New School for Social Research, Mary L. Orloff, SR Box 2303.

*TRY CAROL BROWN,* Dept SR., Putney, Vt., 05346 for your Natural Fiber Fabrics. Wide Choice—Irish Tweeds—Liberty Lawn—Handkerchief linen—etc. SASE for circular.

LEARN 10 LANGUAGES A YEAR while striding for exercise. 200 Language Club, Box 1727, Beverly Hills, Calif. 90213.

FINE ARTS NETWORK - the cultured single's alternative with integrity and CLASS! Intelligent professional singles nationwide-age 20-late 70's! Information? Box 4714SR, Cleveland, OH 44126.

CLASSICAL MUSIC LOVERS' EXCHANGE-The link between unattached music lovers. Write CMLE, Box 31, Pelham, NY 10803.

HANDWRITING analysis for success. $15. Frank Kopecky, P.O. Box 1748, Vacaville, Calif. 95696-1748.

INTELLIGENT, LIVELY PROFESSIONAL lady seeks mature man with similar qualities. California. SR BOX 2645.

LITERATE SINGLES connect via CONTACT HIGH. Refreshingly different. Guaranteed! Details: Box 500-SR, Mendocino, California 65460.

**THE WORLD'S RELIGIONS**
**are gifts of God.**
**The divine founders are**
**mankind's spiritual teachers.**

**Orthodox Baha'i Faith**
**Box 1424**
**Las Vegas, NM 87701**

COLLEGE DEGREES BY MAIL! Renowned, prestigious Universities offer fully-accredited Bachelors, Masters, Ph.D.s. Free revealing details. Universal, Box 1162-SR2, Tustin, California 92680.

PENFRIENDS—England—USA, Make lasting friends through correspondence. Send age, interests. Free reply. Harmony, Box 89RV, Brooklyn, NY 11235.

JEWISH SINGLES—Meet friendly, intelligent high-quality men and women. (212) 734-5566. Monday-Thursday 1pm-8pm.

WOMAN UNIVERSITY PROFESSOR, midwestern, tall, slender, attractive, lively widow seeks acquaintance with professional man in fifties. SR Box 2651.

SINGLE MUSIC LOVERS meet through sharing similar musical interests. Nationwide. Box 1381-A, Rapid City, SD 57709.

WE WISH TO SHARE OUR SECLUDED PROPERTY on the Bras d'Or Lake, Cape Breton Island with 15 compatible families. Warm tideless salt water; fine swimming, sailing, wildlife. Minimum lot size 5 acres, 600 feet water frontage. From $12,000 (U.S.). For further information write Frank MacIntosh, 145 Wolseley, Montreal West, Canada H4X 1V8.

NICE SINGLES, age 18-80, wish to meet others of good character, old fashioned standards. Free newsletter. Write your age, interests. Dept. SR, PO Box 454, Crossville, TN 38555.

SINGLES SEARCH—Self-selecting approach for cultured people. May-June—Reduced fee! Box 1578, Princeton, NJ.

BASEBALL CARDS—Memorabilia buy, sell, trade. Write for information. Sports Corner, 21 Eastbourne Drive, Spring Valley, NY 10977.

COMPETENT CONTEMPORARY ARTIST looking for agent. SR #2654.

ATTRACTIVE PROFESSIONAL LADY looking for mature man with warmth and vitality. SR#2655.

ATTRACTIVE FEMALE ARTIST willing to share her lovely home in Mexico with interesting male professional writer needing an inspirational spot to work. SR Box #2656.

PROFESSIONAL WOMAN 50 desires position companion to intelligent, older or disabled woman. Educated, classical music lover. Prefer Arizona, New Mexico. SR Box #2643.

BLONDE FORMER MODEL mid-30's seeks relationship with attractive gentleman 40-50. c/o Downstairs Mail. 132 W. 24th Street, New York, NY 10011.

## PUBLICATIONS

LOVE LIMERICKS? Join The Limerick League. Information. 1212 Ellsworth, Philadelphia, PA 19147.

## REAL ESTATE

GOVERNMENT LANDS...FROM $7.50 ACRE! Homesites, farming, vacationing, investment! "Land Buyer's Guide" plus nationwide listings—$2.00. LANDS, Box 19107-MV, Washington, DC 20036.

ISLOMANES. House, acreage historical island, Eastern Canada. Accessible - sea food. SR Box 2652.

NEW... FREE... SUMMER CATALOG! Top real estate values coast to coast! Please specify type property and location desired. UNITED FARM AGENCY, 612-UR West 47th, Kansas City, MO 64112.

SHENANDOAH VALLEY. Owner offers gracious country house. Reasonable. Prospectus: PO Box 371, Staunton, VA 24401.

CENTURIES OLD ITALIAN FARMHOUSE. 4 Bedrooms, modern kitchen, 2½ baths. Magnificent view. Near Assisi. Photos, details: Nordeen, 1826 Hickory, St. Louis, MO 63104.

**WRITERS PARADISE**
1875 Farmhouse & wildhouse refuge. Southern Tier, New York, approximately 25 miles northeast of Binghamton, New York. 18-room house, restored, oil & wood-burning furnace, solar heat, barns, sheds, garage, workshop, & much more. 145 acres, woods, streams, stocked ponds. Borders state land with abundant wildlife. $179,500. Separate 50 acreas, wooded, fully equipped hunter's cabin. $31,500. Owner financing available at 12%. Contact owner: RALPH MARTELL, at (607) 656-8968.

## RETIREMENT LIVING

SUCH GREAT PEOPLE answered our SR ad that we're running another: Non-profit life-care retirement community opening near Hartford, Connecticut mid-


PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1983. Interested? Write or call DUNCASTER, SR, 700 Prospect Avenue, Hartford, CT 06105. (203) 236-2240.

SEEKING INFORMATION On rural community group living, with individual cottages. Farming, animals, vegetable gardening. Near city for part-time job and cultural interests. Can make small investment. Ruth Males, PO Box 2143, Oklahoma City, OK 73101.

## SPECIAL SERVICES

NUCLEAR ARMS CONTROL HOTLINE—Call (202)543-0006 to get the latest on arms control and military budget legislation, and what you can do about it. Updated weekly. 100 Maryland Avenue NE, Washington, DC 20002. Council for a Livable World.

PARENTS—MEET SPECIAL NEEDS! Free brochure. Individualized Educational Playthings, Inc. Box 1273, Princeton, NJ 08540.

## STUDENT TRAVEL

EUROPE—U.S.A., Jr. High, High School. College students. Unique, lively flexible programs. Touring, Camping. French/Spanish study. Summer Ski. Tennis Camps. Wilderness Trips. China. 25th Year. STUDENTS ABROAD/CONTINENTAL FRONTIERS. 179-S North Fulton Avenue, Mt. Vernon, NY 10550. (914) 699-8335.

## SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

LA ROCHELLE, FRANCE. Study language, gourmet cooking, art. Luxury accommodations. Beaches, sports, trips. Escorted. FANCYFREE, 18 Hampton, Yonkers, NY 10710. (914) 779-8551.

## TRAVEL

THIS AD + $21.00 per person, double occupancy, entitles you to real value New York. Next time try CENTURY-PARAMOUNT HOTEL, 235 West 46th Street, N.Y.C. 10036, convenient theatres and everything; 650 rooms, with bath, TV, air conditioning. Singles-$38.00. Don't delay, reserve now. This is a "sleeper" in every sense.

SAN FRANCISCO TIME MACHINE—60's prices in 1982! Compare hotel rates to the prices of renting a studio apartment. Our rates start at $115.00 per week. Save your money for enjoyment of the fun and charm of San Francisco. Stay at the Gaylord, 620 Jones St., S.F. 94102. (415) 673-8445.

EXTRAORDINARY SOUTH PACIFIC EXPEDITIONS. Write Good Travel Tours, 5332 College Avenue, Oakland, Calif. 94618.

**GUIDE TO LITERARY PLACES IN AND AROUND LONDON:**
**A HANDBOOK FOR AMERICAN READERS.**

Going to London? Make the most of your time and money with information compiled by a bookish journalist—explicit directions to literary shrines, lists of pubs, booksellers, guided walks, holiday courses, much more. 166 pages. $9.95 postpaid.

**Sycamore Hill Press**
P.O. Box 283 S
Mineola, TX 75773

SAN FRANCISCO'S COMFORTABLE cheerful small hotel. Modest rates, kitchenettes, selected pets welcome. Near Union Square-cable cars. Beresford Arms, 701 Post Street, 94109.

SAN FRANCISCO'S BEST BUY—Hotel Cecil—one block from Union Square. A warm welcome awaits you in a charming European atmosphere. Courtesy coffee—Sun Deck—Family rates. Write for brochure: 545 Post Street, San Francisco, CA 94102., (415) 673-3733.

ROAM THE WORLD BY FREIGHTER! Visit exotic ports, enjoy leisurely shopping, sightseeing. Relax in spacious, air conditioned stateroom with private bath -at roughly half the cruise ship fare. TRAVLTIPS FREIGHTER ASSOCIATION has saved members hundreds of dollars on each trip. Membership ($15 year, $22.50-two years) includes Reservation Service, descriptive bimonthly publication, exclusive trip eligibility. Order with check, credit card, or request details. TravL-tips, Box 933C1, Farmingdale, NY 11737. (212) 939-2400.

HIMALAYAS BY PLANE, YAK, JEEP, from $4800. Capers, Box 5489, Beverly Hills, CA 90210.

TRAVELLING TO BRITAIN? We help you enjoy Britain economically. Custom-tailored itineraries. Free brochure; price list. INNERBRITAIN, INC. 3445 Wedgewood, Roanoke, VA 24015.

SCHOONER TIMBERWIND SAILS MAINE COAST. Week includes island hopping, new friends, wonderful food, exciting sailing. $390—no extras. Brochure: (207) 236-9063. Schooner Timberwind, Box 247 F, Rockport, Maine 04856.

SAN FRANCISCO ON $80.00 A WEEK INCLUDING MEALS! Unique residence club beats the high cost of living. The Monroe, 1870 Sacramento St., 94109. (415) 474-6200.

Drive and save in ENGLAND/SCOTLAND with coupons worth up to $460.00 in unique new *excellent lodging* guide. Send $5.85 (check/m.o.) name, address & zip to WILL ECKERT'S *14 GOOD BEDS IN BRITAIN, 131 N. Park Ave., Lombard, IL 60148.*

NATURE IS HAVING A LOVE AFFAIR with the best beach on Barbados at the CORAL REEF CLUB, SETTLER'S BEACH & SANDPIPER INN. Tropical gardens, sheltering cottages, villas & suites... stretched along a wide golden beach will seduce you... as will the food, the service, the pools, the entertainment... the ease of it all. Start your own affair with these West Indian resorts. Brochures: Ralph Locke, Box SR, 315 E. 72 Street, NYC 10021.

CHINA. Fall 1982. Family of Man Seminar, planned with United Nations, since 1968. Escorted sightseeing, meetings with distinguished persons. Limited membership. Immediate inquiries recommended. Box 1151, Brattleboro, Vermont 05301.

## VACATIONS

AN IMPOSSIBLY ROMANTIC private island paradise, in the Grenadines, with beach, pool, tennis, sailing and snorkeling. Limited to 50 guests. Brochure. YOUNG ISLAND. 315 E. 72 St., N.Y.C. 10021.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Beresford Hotel, 635 Sutter Street, San Francisco. 94102.

TAKE A THRIFT TRIP to San Francisco, the Hotel Manx, located in the heart of the city, 350 feet from Union Square, offers cable cars at the door. World famous shops, fine restaurants and theatres nearby. Reasonable rates. Write for color brochure. Hotel Manx, 225 Powell Street, San Francisco, Calif. 94102. (415)421-7070

SHENANDOAH VALLEY FARM. Beautiful serene secluded. Cottages. Dixons, McGaheysville, Va. 22840.

PARADOR MARTORELL, inn, swim, snorkel, relax by famous Luquillo Beach, Puerto Rico 00673.

LONDON? Stay at Penn Club, 21 Bedford Place WC1B 5JH. Friendly, central for theaters, libraries, museums, tours, concerts. Tel (214) 636-4718.

SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO—2 Bedroom Condominium, 3 Kiva Fireplaces, Enchanting Year-round. (415) 348-0178 weekdays.

RAFT & KAYAK IDAHO'S SALMON RIVER—Exciting rapids & serene floating through majestic mountain landscapes. Brochure: SALMON RIVER OUTFITTERS, Box 307R, Columbia, CA 95310. (209) 532-2766.

GOOSE COVE LODGE. Maine coastal resort at the end of beyond. Offers a very special vacation to all who would love 70 secluded acres of sandy beaches, rocky shores, towering green pines & open ocean. Brochure upon request: PO Sunset, Deer Isle, ME 04683 (207) 348-2508.

HIGH HAMPTON INN & COUNTRY CLUB. We're a country inn 3600 feet closer to Heaven than the sea. Spectacular mountain scenery. Private 18-hole golf course. 8 tennis courts. (Special golf/tennis package available.) Skeet & Trap. Stocked lake (bass & trout). Swimming. Boating. Archery. Stables. Hiking & Jogging Trails. Children's activities. Write or phone: 704-743-2411. High Hampton Inn, 166 Hampton Rd., Cashiers NC 28717.

PILGRIM'S INN. Deer Isle, Maine 04627. A colonial inn of warmth and distinction, far from anything madding, with interesting environs. Brochure available. (207) 348-6615.

VERMONT—ENJOY DELICIOUS food & superb accommodiations. Relax, hike, bike, jog, explore. Saxtons River Inn, Saxtons River, Vermont 05154 (802) 869-2110.

ENJOY A HOTEL in a garden setting, minutes from Los Angeles, close to Freeways, convenient to movie and T.V. studios, in the heart of the San Fernando Valley. Olympic-size pool. Restaurant, coffee shop, 200 rooms. Singles from $50. Doubles from $56. Ask for your bottle of wine, which is included in the price of your room. Sportsmen's Lodge Hotel, 12825 Ventura Blvd. Studio City, CA 91604. (213) 769-4700.

WESTERN ADVENTURE on authentic ranch. Fun for all ages. Operating stock ranch 50 miles north of Yellowstone Park. Riding, fishing, pack trips. All ranch activities. Write: 63 Ranch, Box R979, Livingston, Montana 59047. Telephone (406) 222-0570.

GALWAY BAY, IRELAND 3 bedroom home, magnificent view. (415) 563-8388.

1880's STONE COTTAGE, restored, modernized, secluded. Fireplace, trout stream. Housekeeping, week, month. Dorothy Meade, Agate Springs Ranch, Rt 1, Harrison, NE 69346. (308) 668-2362.

WANTALFEGO LODGE AND CABINS—Maine family vacation on Webb Pond in scenic Penobscot-Acadia region. Brochure: RD 1R, Franklin, Maine 04634.

LINEKIN BAY SAILING RESORT, Boothbay Harbor, Maine 04538. Fleet of sailboats, two masted schooner, sailing instructions, heated pool, tennis. Write for folder.

## WORKSHOPS

ALPINE WRITERS CONFERENCE, August 13-15. "Writing to Sell!" $150. Lucile Bogue, Director, Colorado Mountain College, Box 3690, Steamboat Springs, CO 80477.

THIRTEENTH ANNUAL SQUAW VALLEY COMMUNITY of Writers August Workshops for Screen, Prose, Poetry. P.O. Box 2352, Olympic Valley, California 95730.

THE MAINE WRITERS WORKSHOP 13th year in an 1820 saltwater greathouse on lobstermen's harbor offers limited enrollment & quality staff, June-Sept. Writer in residence Wm. Carpenter, winner of 3 major poetry prizes (including AWP 1981). Also one-week writing seminars in August: POETRY first 2 weeks with Carpenter & Richard Eberhart lecture, then FICTION & BASICS. $285/wk includes instruction, food, lodging, bay cruise. Discounts for early enrollment, more than one week or person, first enrolee. Box 82S, Stonington, ME 04681 (207) 367-2484.

JOHN CIARDI • HARRY CREWS • DAN JAFFE • JAMES McKINLEY • LISEL MUELLER • KATHRIN PERUTZ

GEORGE CUOMO • ANGELA JACKSON • PHYLLIS JANIK • RUTH MOOSE • MICHAEL PAUL NOVAK • GARY SANGE • PETER SIMPSON • SYLVIA WHEELER

**LONGBOAT KEY WRITERS CONFERENCE**

Readings • Lectures • Workshops

• Formal/informal contact with writers • Manuscript evaluation available

**August 9 -13**
**Longboat Key, Fla. (near Sarasota)**

Sponsored by the University of Missouri-Kansas City and BookMark Press. Write/call for conference/hotel brochures: UMKC Arts and Sciences Continuing Education, Dept. 30, 5100 Rockhill Road, Kansas City, MO 64110. (816) 276-2736, Ext. 300


PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

## SR Competition No. 32

Readers of this column doubtless know that the pages of Dickens will yield any number of (probably) unintentional iambic pentameter lines, just as Frenchmen occasionally commit an *alexandrin* by inadvertence. Driving into New York we regularly pass an automobile repair shop identified by this marvelous sign:

HANS KIMM
SMALL CARS

Two elegant spondees! Underneath, one reads the words: "Service for the German small car." Pure Gilbert and Sullivan! Somewhere in the recesses of that shop we see a man working on a Rabbit with a cheap and chippy chopper on a big black block. We remember our bookseller by the implacably trochaic tetrameter of his address:

Blackwell's
Broad Street
Oxford
England

As a pendant to our recent competition of "found poetry," we ask now that you send us actual examples of traditional metrical forms in unexpected places.

Entries for Competition No. 32 must be received by May 27 and the winners will be announced in the August issue. Send submissions to *SR* Competition No. 32, *Saturday Review*, 150 East 58 Street, New York, New York 10155. All entries become the property of *SR*.

## Winners of No. 29

This is May 1982, is it not? Remember Competition No. 25, with entries due in October 1981? Well, we are still receiving submissions for that contest! Not, of course, from people who hope to win—just from those who can't stop writing limericks that begin "There was once an old Senegalese...." And you thought we were joking when we expressed our regret at having awakened long-dormant addictions. Well, here is the news that will effect a cold-turkey cure if anything will. Our man in Dakar informs us that Senegal has coalesced with its neighbor Gambia to become the West African confederation of Senegambia. Anyone who can write a limerick beginning "There was once an old Senegambian" should proceed directly to the Incurable Ward.

This month's competition called not for limericks but for "found poetry." Finders were numerous, but poetry, to adapt the old solecism, was seldom. The copywriters of Mad. Ave. would be delirious to know how frequently their ads for airlines and Florida condos were perceived as poetry—though not by us. The predictable number of indecencies were copied down from bathroom walls. Nevertheless, amid the welter of the commercially sleek and the unprintably foul we found some genuine gold.

First prize to Phyllis D. German of Columbus, Ohio, who, in going through cartons of family papers, came upon authentic examples of American speech, perfectly preserved. In 1948, at the age of 88, her grandfather wrote the following about Colby Townsite, where he had homesteaded in 1885. We have arranged it in the style of an American poet whom it would surely have delighted, William Carlos Williams:

Not even was there
a survey
of a town,

or any indication of anything
toward the starting
of a town.

Not even the sight
of a house
or any improvement.
Just a broad
prairie
and a prairie-dog town.

And the second prize *also* goes to Ms. German (our first double winner), since her father, Leo L. Davis, appears to have inherited the family talent for expression. As a navy ensign sailing to France aboard the USS *Tiger* to fetch home some American soldiers after the war, he wrote this to his father, the homesteader, in April 1919:

It was cloudy and the sea was black.
An old-timer said, "We are having a long, rolling sea!"
And I agreed!
We were riding upon a surging, angry ocean of ink.
But then the sun came out.
The rolls turned white, and as they would break,
They threw a white spray
Sifting along the water.
It was like being lost in a field of snowdrifts
With drifts moving and sifting about.
The sea suddenly turned black as before;
A cloud obscured the sun.
The sea alternated this way, during the day,
But one thing doesn't change—
The rhythmic roll of the ship....

Finally, for a change of pace, third prize goes to John Mauff of Chicago, who sends us this sign that he copied down in a rustic lodge in upper Wisconsin years ago. The problem was that the electrical system objected to being called into action with unmannerly abruptness and force:

If the light you would evoke,
Push or pull or turn or poke
Only *once* the knob or switch,
Or the cord, depending which.
Otherwise the light gets broke.

## Puzzles

### Literary Crypt No. 177

RUM SNKKMET VZ PUVOU RUM EMCHERMED DVR UND FMOHYM N GHAERU MDRNRM HG RUM EMNKY. YNONAKNT

### Wit Twister No. 189

Edited by Arthur Swan

*The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash with a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.*

The brooding _____ wakens from its dream
As _____ steers her skiff along the stream.
The ospreys, startled, _____; shy cygnets hide,
Although her _____ scarce crease the glassy tide. A.S.

*Answers next month.*

## April Answers

### Literary Crypt No. 176

There is always one moment in childhood when the door opens and lets the future in. Graham Greene

### Wit Twister No. 188

editors, storied, steroid

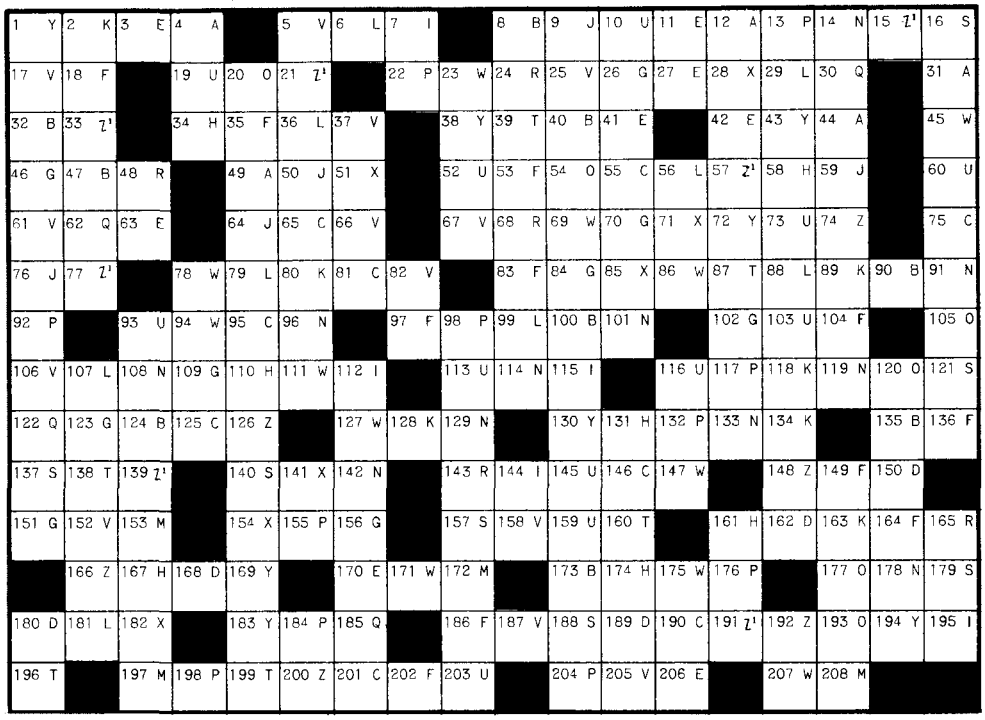
### Middleton Double-Crostic No. 218

(Jean) Shepherd: A Fistful of Fig Newtons

There's always a yellow cab... ready to beat you out for every precious inch. Nerves is what it takes, nerves of steel; cobalt steel. Fighting your way to the mouth of the Lincoln Tunnel at rush hour is no place for lady drivers with blue hair or frail stockbrokers with rimless bifocals.


PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Instructions:
If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle. Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.
The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of aline, a word carries over to the line below.
The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.
You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.



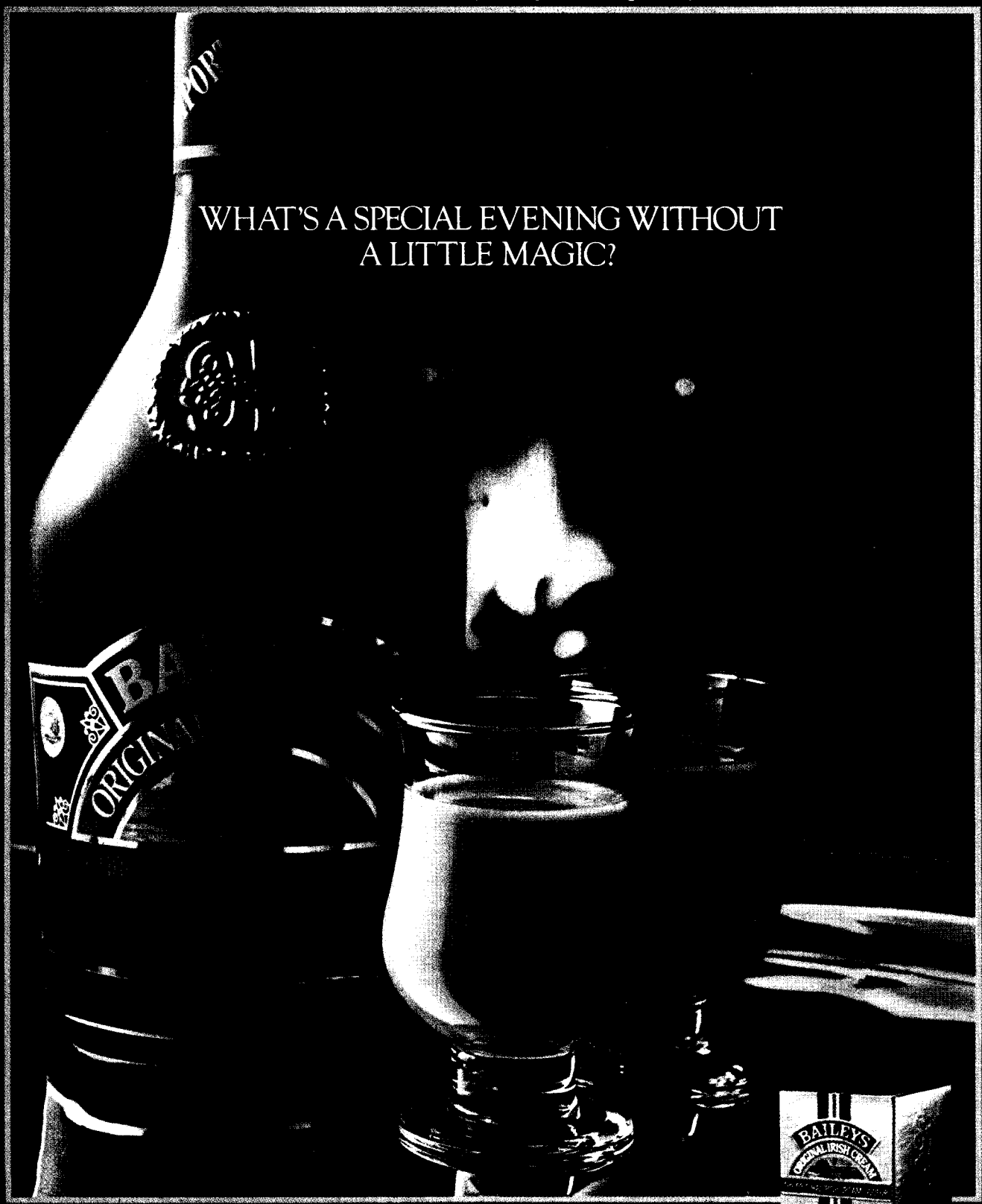

# Middleton Double-Crostic No. 218

| CLUES | WORDS |
|---|---|
| A. Polyphonic composition of a sacred text | 4 12 31 44 49 |
| B. Concise statements of principle | 90 8 32 40 47 124 135 173 100 |
| C. "Be not ——— over much" (Eccl. 7:16) | 190 201 55 65 75 81 95 125 146 |
| D. Sculptor of Nuremberg (C. 1455-1509) | 150 162 168 180 189 |
| E. Bunk, hooey | 206 3 41 63 170 11 27 42 |
| F. Rossini's last opera (2 wds.) | 164 186 202 18 35 53 83 97 104 136 149 |
| G. Hepcat, esp. to be seen later | 151 156 26 46 70 84 102 109 123 |
| H. "She named the child ———, saying, The glory is departed from Israel" (hyph., 1 Sam. 4:21) | 131 161 167 174 34 58 110 |
| I. Cheek, brass | 112 115 144 195 7 |
| J. Egyptian god of wisdom, learning, and magic | 64 50 59 9 76 |
| K. 1937 Maxwell Anderson play (2 wds.) | 80 89 118 128 134 163 2 |
| L. River formed by the confluence of the Kara and the Murad, in Turkey | 29 181 88 6 36 56 79 99 107 |
| M. Stiff flour pudding | 153 172 197 208 |
| N. Son of Catreus who mistakenly killed his father | 14 91 108 114 119 129 96 101 133 142 178 |
| O. Organism resulting from genetic change | 105 177 193 20 54 120 |
| P. Simpletons, dolts | 184 198 204 13 155 176 98 117 132 22 92 |
| Q. Edible root of the taro | 122 185 30 62 |
| R. Saul's successor as king of the Hebrews | 48 68 24 143 165 |
| S. Newest, fastest, freshest, sexiest | 121 137 140 157 179 188 16 |
| T. Expresses audibly | 87 138 160 196 39 199 |
| U. Steals (3 wds.) | 116 159 52 10 203 73 93 60 19 145<br>113 103 |
| V. American leading man and character actor (film "Champion," B'way "Death of a Salesman"; full name) | 106 82 5 158 205 61 67 25 187 152<br>66 37 17 |
| W. "Our forefathers had ——— but the score and the tally") Shakespeare "King Henry VI" (3 wds) | 69 111 171 127 147 23 94 45 78 207<br>175 86 |
| X. Archangel, companion of Tobias | 85 154 28 141 71 51 182 |
| Y. "Since ghost there's none to ——— thee" (Herrick, "Night-Piece, to Julia") | 183 1 38 72 194 130 43 169 |
| Z. Celestial bodies moving about the sun, usually eccentrically | 192 74 126 148 166 200 |
| Z¹. Outwits, swindles | 33 191 15 139 57 77 21 |


PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Imported by The Paddington Corporation, New York, N.Y. 34 Proof © 1981

# WHAT'S A SPECIAL EVENING WITHOUT A LITTLE MAGIC?




Baileys. A unique taste so silken, so full of character, only one word can describe it. Magic.

Perhaps it's that taste of magic that has made Baileys America's fastest growing liqueur.

BAILEYS. TASTE THE MAGIC.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Books

## Fiction

**The Collected Stories of Isaac Bashevis Singer** (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 610 pp., $19.95). These 47 tales by the Nobel laureate abound in spirits and demons and create a moral universe unique in 20th-century fiction.

**Dinner at the Homesick Restaurant**, by Anne Tyler (Alfred A. Knopf, 285 pp., $13.50). Gone is the jaunty, madcap mood of *Morgan's Passing*. Tyler has turned inward and compressed her focus to write a stunning psychological portrait of a family estranged from itself.

**Oh What a Paradise It Seems**, by John Cheever (Alfred A. Knopf, 100 pp., $10). This slight novel about an aging man's flirtation with rejuvenation forms a kind of coda to Cheever's work. It recapitulates the themes of the novels and short stories, and Cheever's own brand of secular transcendence is ever present.

**A Craving**, by Emily Arnold (Avon/Bard, 256 pp., paperback $2.95). This startling first novel about a young woman's alcoholism is distinguished by a compelling, clear-headed eloquence. The book's matter-of-fact tone enhances its emotional impact. A noteworthy debut.

## Nonfiction

**The Fate of the Earth**, by Jonathan Schell (Alfred A. Knopf, 211 pp., $13.95). This realistic and philosophical study of the effects of nuclear war is in places almost too terrifying and too despairing to read. Schell, a writer for the *New Yorker*, explains it all, including the fallacies of "deterrence" theory.

**Hometown**, by Peter Davis (Simon & Schuster, 331 pp., $14.50). This fascinating portrayal of a typical midwestern American town (Hamilton, Ohio) is both a genuinely impressive literary construction and a convincing look at the way we live now.

**The Young Rebecca: Writings of Rebecca West, 1911-17**, selected by Jane Marcus (The Viking Press, 392 pp., $25) and **1900**, by Rebecca West (The Viking Press, 192 pp., $19.95). *The Young Rebecca* is an intelligent and spirited collection of book reviews and essays, many dealing with feminist issues. *1900* is lavishly illustrated and riveting, as the energetic and pugnacious West comments on people and events of the time.

**This Was Harlem: A Cultural Portrait, 1900-1950**, by Jervis Anderson (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 245 pp., $17.95). In this clear, cool portrait, Anderson illuminates Harlem's rich culture and pulls together the voices of historians and participants.

**What's the Good Word?**, by William Safire (Times Books, 297 pp., $15.50). In his second collection of *New York Times* columns on language, Safire is solicitous yet unpretentious—a regular guy whose punny prose happily leavens etymological weight with wit.

**Years of Upheaval**, by Henry Kissinger (Little, Brown, 1283 pp., $24.95). By definition a one-sided view of American history from August 1973 to August 1974, the second volume of Kissinger's memoirs is nevertheless a fascinating account of the inside machinations that accompanied the Nixon administration's death rattle.

# Film

**Wasn't That a Time!** This splendid documentary on The Weavers, the quartet of folk singers at its zenith in the 1940s and 1950s and done in by the McCarthy blacklist, focuses on their 1980 reunion concert after 18 years apart. It's a joy to the ear, the mind, and the heart, marked by sophisticated sentiment and topical significance in its affirmation of what endures for all of us.

**Garde à Vue**. Claude Miller's tight, cogent, psychological thriller pits Lino Ventura, as a no-nonsense police inspector, against Michel Serrault (of *Cage aux Folles*), as an attorney suspected of the rape-murder of two children, in a stunning duel, with Romy Schneider exquisite as the lawyer's "well-bred slut" of a wife.

**Diner**. Barry Levinson's period piece—five days in the lives of a group of Baltimore buddies who hang around a diner in 1959—offers a perceptive and funny view of male relationships and attitudes that aren't as long-ago as we would like to think.

**La Vie Continue**. Annie Girardot is, as always, irresistible in Moshe Mizrahi's touching yet gritty story of a working-class widow striving for the "happy ending" that life, unlike the movies, seldom provides. Jean-Pierre Cassel offers romance and Pierre Dux, as her employer, provides wisdom.

# Theater

**Dreamgirls** (Imperial Theater, New York City). Life—zingy real-fake stage life—leaps out from the stage and never stops whirling in Michael Bennett's new hit about a trio of singers (resembling the Supremes) on their way to the top. The book is a patchwork, and the songs are only pleasant, but the singing, especially by Jennifer Holliday, and the production are first-rate.

**Cloud 9** (Theatre de Lys, New York City). Act I of this British play lampoons Victorian sexual hypocrisy in vaudeville style. Act II, performed more realistically, shows how liberated our society has become—and what a vacuum this liberation has created. The off-Broadway production is well acted, sensitively directed by Tommy Tune.

**Crimes of the Heart** (Golden Theater, New York City). Winner of the 1981 Pulitzer Prize for drama, playwright Beth Henley has a limited but authentic voice. She is a quietly tenacious pursuer of horror, a writer shaken into pitch-black comedy. The only thing that keeps her characters out of asylums is their mad humor about themselves.

**Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat** (Plymouth Theater, New York City). An exuberant and imaginative rock opera based on the biblical adventures of Joseph and his brothers. This lightweight, 90-minute production is colorful, and the performers are energetic. The show proves uniquely engaging to adults and children alike.

**Torch Song Trilogy** (Actors Playhouse, New York City). Harvey Fierstein's three-play, four-hour evening is the best theater around on the subject of


PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# SR RECOMMENDS

homosexuality. While Fierstein's writing is sometimes gag-tainted, he does present gays sympathetically as people, even for unsympathetic audiences.

## Records

**A Little Street Music** (Deutsche Grammophon 2536414*, $8.98). Programs of thrice-familiar horas, bourées, and trumpet voluntaries arranged for peculiar combinations of instruments make us wary. Imagine our surprise upon hearing the Cambridge Buskers—virtuoso flutist Michael Copley and accordionist Dag Ingram—perform everything from the Drunken Sailor hornpipe to the Rondo alla Turca with matchless musicality and wit. You haven't lived until you've heard Scott Joplin or *William Tell* on a sopranino recorder, with rollicking, polka-hall input from an accordion. Sound revolting? It couldn't be more delightful.

**Bolcom: Piano Quartet** (CRI SD 447, $8.95). William Bolcom's music is alive and affecting. It probes important themes—in the case of this U.S. bicentennial commission, "the tragic flaw in the American psyche that seems to lead inexorably to violence"—without losing its senses of humor or compassion. Listen to the way the Bartókian night music of the third movement unwinds through fantastical, eerie glissandi into the laid-back piano waltz of the intermezzo; then on to a brutal *marcia risoluto* close.

**The Art of Richard Stoltzman** (Desmar SRB 5014, cassette only, $17.98). Accompanied by pianist Irma Vallecillo, this remarkable clarinetist picks his way—in peerless sound—through some pretty pieces by Saint-Saëns, Honegger, Poulenc, and Debussy. He also plays beguilingly the Mozart clarinet concerto and a transcription of the bassoon concerto on a recent RCA disc. (RCA ARL1-3934*, $9.98.)

**Ponchielli: La Gioconda** (3-London digital LDR 73005*, $38.94). This quite ridiculous thud-and-blunder tale requires zero dramatic intelligence from singers, only big voices and a certain vocal abandon. This performance—thanks to big-guns sound from Montserrat Caballé, Agnes Baltsa, Luciano Pavarotti, Sherrill Milnes, and Nicolai Ghiaurov—is great fun, and elegant to boot. Bruno Bartoletti conducts the National Philharmonic. Lots of oom-pah in digital glory.

*cassette available

## Art

**Giorgio de Chirico** (Museum of Modern Art, New York City). Claimed by the Surrealists as a father figure, de Chirico preferred the more modest title of leader of the Metaphysical School, a small band of early 20th-century Italian painters. Ultimately, he was a loner, a master painter of enigmatic monuments and eerily deserted piazzas. His pictorial reveries have nonetheless been extremely influential. The latest to fall under his spell is a new generation of Italian painters as well as some Americans in the ranks of the neo-expressionists. This show concentrates on de Chirico's best decades, the 1910s and 1920s. (Through June 27.)

**Color as Form: History of Color Photography** (Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C.). For decades, photographic seriousness was thought to reside in the austerities of black and white. In recent years, colors have gotten a second look. This comprehensive survey of more than 250 color prints traces the aesthetics of full-spectrum photography from its origins to the present. (Through June 6.)

**Richard Diebenkorn: Intaglio 1961-1980** (Brooklyn Museum of Art). Diebenkorn, a leading West Coast painter, here transfers the delicacy of his abstract images, with their strong overtones of landscape, to a small format. Working in intaglio—a far less generous medium than paint on canvas—his results are surprisingly rich, a major triumph over the difficulties of a demanding medium. (Through June 6.)

SR's Phoenix Code

- Excellent
- Very Good
- Good
- Noteworthy

**Frederick H. Evans Photographs** (Philadelphia Museum of Art). More than 100 platinum prints by a leading figure in late 19th-century English photography. Evans's images of countryside and cathedral were central in the struggle to establish photography as a medium independent of painting. (May 14 through July 18.)

**Japanese Prints: Hokusai and Hiroshige** (Fogg Art Museum, Cambridge, Massachusetts). Wood-block prints by two Japanese masters of the medium. Each was a significant influence on the development of modernist painting in the 19th century, and both continue to surprise with the elegance of their visual shorthand, the delicacy of their colors. (Through May 27.)

## Dance

**New York City Ballet** (New York State Theater, New York City). A nine-week repertory season featuring 33 ballets, 21 by the troupe's artistic director, George Balanchine; six by Jerome Robbins; one by John Taras; three by Peter Martins; one by Jacques d'Amboise, and a suite of dances by the 19th-century Danish choreographer, August Bournonville. (May 4 through July 4, with a special Stravinsky Centennial Celebration scheduled for mid-June.)

**Alvin Ailey American Dance Theater** (City Center, New York City). This remarkably versatile company with its wide-ranging repertory of dance styles will feature two New York premieres, Rodney Griffin's *Sonnets* and Elisa Monte's *Pigs and Fishes*, plus revivals of Ailey's popular *Blues Suite* and *Streams*. (May 4 through 23.)

**Houston Ballet** (Jones Hall, Houston). The Texas company, directed by Ben Stevenson, closes its spring season with one of its most popular and enchanting works, Stevenson's version of Prokofiev's full-length *Cinderella*. (May 27 through 30.)

**The Mercury Ballet** (Theater of the Riverside Church, New York City). The company is unusual in the ballet field in featuring rarely seen ballets by British choreographers, this season including Frank Staff and John Cranko. (May 5, 7, 8, and 9.)


PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# BMW. ONE OF THE FEW CAR COMPANIES NOT CURRENTLY INTRODUCING IMITATION BMW'S.

The annual new-car introductions have ushered in cars so strongly resembling BMW's as to suggest new meaning for the term 'coincidence.'

And a good many of these newcomers claim to perform 'like' a BMW.

This sudden enthusiasm for BMW-like performance is rather amusing.

Because while it's possible to develop enthusiasm virtually overnight, the development of engineering takes considerably longer—a fact that's amply demonstrated by the BMW 320i.

THE BMW 320i VS. UNREASONABLE FACSIMILES.

The 320i is engineered according to a belief that hasn't changed for decades:

Namely, that performance is, and will always be, the ultimate measure of a car's worth—a belief that permits a car to grow by gradual refinement, instead of hasty responses to changing fashions.

The current preference for leaner, more efficient engines, for example, has caused no radical reshuffling of priorities at BMW. The 320i is powered by a 1.8-liter engine equipped with K-Jetronic fuel injection—and has been for years.

Nor has the 320i needed any instant re-engineering to deliver better mileage. It delivers an EPA-estimated 25 mpg, 36 mpg highway, figures that would be respectable even in an economy car.

(Fuel efficiency figures are for comparison purposes only. Your actual mileage may vary, depending on speed, weather and trip length. Your actual highway mileage will most likely be lower.)

In fact, despite all the flurry of emulation, the 320i—with its fully independent suspension, precise steering, and decades of technological refinements bred on racecourses—remains unique.

So much so as to awaken an almost unseemly ardor in automotive critics who are implacable for a living.

One nominates the 320i as "the sort of car enthusiasts turn into legend." He might have added that there are no reasonable facsimiles for legends.

INVEST IN AN ORIGINAL INSTEAD OF A REPRODUCTION.

Originals generally bring their owners higher prices than reproductions. Which could help account for the following:

According to the January 1982 NADA Used-Car Guide, while the value of other cars was dwindling considerably, the average 320i sold over the past 3 years retained a phenomenal 96.9% of its original price.

All things considered, the appearance of so many BMW surrogates is perfectly understandable.

If you suspect you might not be content to spend the next several years with a surrogate, we suggest you contact your nearest BMW dealer for a test drive.

**THE ULTIMATE DRIVING MACHINE.**

BMW. MUNICH, GERMANY

© 1982 BMW of North America, Inc. The BMW trademark and logo are registered trademarks of Bayerische Motoren Werke A.G.

REPRODUCED 2005 BY MOMOR
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# All's well that ends well.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1982

How's this for a happy ending? We put a quarter-inch of space at the end of our cigarette.

It keeps your lips from touching the tar that builds up on the filter.

Flush filters can't do that.

Which is why Parliament Lights are so tastefully light.

And that is a grand finale, indeed!

Only Parliament Lights has the famous recessed filter.

Available in
Soft Pack, Box and 100's.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings: 9 mg. "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine—100's: 12 mg "tar," 0.9 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '81.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED